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# THE INDEPENDENT

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THE MAGAZINE

WEEKEND REVIEW

## GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT: 88 PAGES OF FOOD & DRINK

**EWAN MCGREGOR,  
A LIFE LESS  
ORDINARY**

JOHN WALSH, REVIEW, PAGE 5

HOWARD JACOBSON • FERFAL KEANE • SUE ARNOLD • ANTHONY CLARE • SIMON HOPKINSON • IAN JACK • TRACEY MACLEOD

## Saddam's last-ditch plea to West

AS THE United States and Britain stood on the brink of unleashing air-strikes against Saddam Hussein, the Iraqi dictator claimed last night he was not trying to create a crisis but was pressing his case for an end to sanctions.

Simultaneously in Washington, President Bill Clinton seemed to offer the tiniest of grace periods for Baghdad, saying that air-strikes could yet be avoided if Iraq allowed the United Nations weapons inspectors to complete their work. "Saddam still has it with in his hands to end this crisis now," Mr Clinton declared.

In his first public comments since the latest dispute erupted at the start of this month, President Saddam said he would "accept positively" any initiative that met "these just and balanced demands".

The remarks, relayed by the Iraqi News Agency after a meeting with the Russian am-

BY RUPERT CORNWELL

awaiting only the final order to attack. Other reinforcements, including B-52 and B-1 bombers and a second aircraft carrier group, are on their way. Mr Clinton said Iraq was still trying to have sanctions removed without surrendering its weapons of mass destruction, and this was unacceptable. "None of us can tolerate an Iraq free to develop these weapons with impunity."

The attacks could start at any time. Britain and the US have made clear there will be no ultimatums, still less any protracted bargaining over the terms of a resumption of UN inspections - of which President Saddam's remarks last night could be seen as the forerunner. Both London and Washington are adamant the Iraqi dictator has a simple choice - either full compliance or face the consequences.

Some analysts believe strikes will begin in the next 36 hours, perhaps earlier, but other signals pointed to a few days' delay. A White House spokesman said last night that President Clinton still planned to leave for a week-long trip to Asia today, adding that Washington wanted a peaceful resolution.

A trip to the region next week by the Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, was still on last night, but could be called off at any moment. The aim of Mr Cook's trip is to gauge whether Egypt and Saudi Arabia - both of whom have warned President Saddam that the crisis is entirely of his own making - could make him change his mind. If hostilities had already started, the visit would be pointless.

"The Iraqis need no further warning," the US Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, said, while paying lip service to the notion that a diplomatic solution



A Muslim woman raising her hands during Friday prayers at Gelany mosque in Baghdad, where Muslim leaders yesterday heaped curses on the United States. Reuters

bassador to Baghdad, are unlikely to assuage the West, but are a first acknowledgement that a devastating attack is imminent unless he complies with the conditions of the UN.

However, the thrust of the language of Western leaders was as stern as ever, as a force of some 200 combat aircraft and cruise-missile carrying warships was poised in the Gulf,

was still possible. In London, George Robertson, the Secretary of State for Defence, said President Saddam had only "a very short period of time" left in which to comply.

If not, the "inevitable" air-strikes would be aimed at crippling Iraq's military infrastructure, and doing by force what the UN inspectors could not achieve peacefully. Tony

Blair, the Prime Minister, warned President Saddam that he should not doubt "the total seriousness of our purpose".

Unlike the previous crisis in February, Iraq stands virtually isolated. Even the Russians, President Saddam's ally on the Security Council at that time, could offer no solace. Russia still opposes the use of force, but with London and Washington in-

sisting they have all the authorisation they need for military action, and no prospect of another mission to Baghdad by Kofi Annan, the UN Secretary-General, such objections are now academic. The crisis was "getting beyond political control", the Russian President, Boris Yeltsin, said, making clear that Moscow was powerless to influence events.

The majority of Arab governments hold President Saddam responsible for the current crisis; France - as exasperated as Britain and the US with his renegeing - is resigned to the use of military force; and only Iran has come out unequivocally in sympathy with Iraq.

At Friday prayers in Baghdad, however, the mood was intransigent. As queues grew at

petrol stations and prices of key commodities began to rise in the capital's markets, preachers warned that the country would fight to the end, vowing that even America's might would be insufficient to overcome a united people.

One urged the world's Arabs and Muslims to declare war on America and its allies, saying: "Do not be claws in the

hands of Jews and Americans." Meanwhile the 50-odd United Nations staff remaining in Baghdad have moved out of their hotels into the UN headquarters building, which offers better protection in the event of an air attack. The State Department has warned American citizens around the world against possible terrorist attacks arising from the crisis.

## Lib Dem rebels plot to thwart Labour pact

TONY BLAIR and Paddy Ashdown's groundbreaking "Lib-Lab" deal faced a severe challenge last night as rebel Liberal Democrats launched a national campaign to wreck the agreement.

A coalition of the party's MPs, peers and councillors vowed to overturn the controversial deal for closer co-operation signed by the two leaders this week.

The new group, called the Campaign For Liberal Democracy, has set up a national network of supporters furious that the pact was agreed without any consultation.

The leaders claimed that their hand had been forced by the revelation in yesterday's *Independent* that Labour had set up a "dirty tricks unit" to target the Liberal Democrats at local level. The rebels said that the move by Millbank officials proved that Labour had a twin-track strategy to "co-opt and kill off" the party with a view to eventual takeover.

Simon Hughes, Liberal Democrat MP for Southwark North and Bermondsey and the party's health spokesman, is understood to be backing the

BY PAUL WAUGH  
Political Correspondent

campaign. He said last night: "The news of a renewed attempt by Labour to have a go at Liberal Democrats on the ground is an expected part of political warfare."

"The issue it raises is whether the strategy of increasing national agreement is either appropriate or acceptable without both parties, by democratic decision, being signed up to delivering it."

"My concern is that the party was forced into making a decision that may not have been taken if there had been a proper democratic process."

Mr Blair and Mr Ashdown stunned both their parties on Wednesday when they revealed the plan to widen the scope of a joint cabinet committee to include areas such as health, welfare reform and Europe.

Opposition to the new deal was also growing last night among Labour MPs and, crucially, large unions normally supportive of Mr Blair. It is understood that the AEEU's leader, Ken Jackson, was "split-

ting blood" when he heard of the agreement.

However, the severest test for the co-operation pledge will come from the Liberal Democrat rebel campaign, which will use the Internet, local party meetings and forthcoming national conferences to capitalise on grass-roots opposition.

The campaign's first act will be to try to block the deal at the party's Federal Executive meeting on Monday, when it will call for Mr Ashdown to pull out of the committee.

Council leaders from Liverpool, Sheffield and London, where the fight against Labour is the most bitter, will challenge the plan at the Association of Liberal Democrat Councillors' conference in Birmingham later this month. The party's student arm, Liberal Democrat Youth and Students, has also called on Mr Ashdown to justify the move at its annual conference next week.

A party spokesman yesterday denied that the new deal had in any way compromised the Liberal Democrats' ability to oppose the Government or Labour councils.

## Nine die as troops fire on students in Jakarta

AT LEAST nine people were killed, one hundred were injured, and parts of the Indonesian capital, Jakarta, were in a state of anarchy yesterday as troops fired automatic weapons on unarmed democracy demonstrators.

Last night a truce appeared to have been agreed between student leaders and elite combat troops of the Indonesian army who fought a series of battles against unarmed demonstrators, firing rubber bullets, tear gas and water cannons.



Flames bursting from a student's petrol bomb. AP

BY RICHARD LLOYD PARKY  
in Jakarta

At least three students from the Catholic Atma Jaya University were killed in the afternoon after soldiers broke up a march on the national parliament building by firing rubber bullets at short range.

There were later reports that at least six other people had been killed during subsequent battles. Throughout last night ambulances carried injured people into the city's hospitals.

After dark, student demonstrators and locals from nearby slums, counter-attacked with petrol bombs and stones.

Late last night a truce appeared to have been agreed. Speaking in a television interview, the Muslim opposition leader, Amien Rais said: "The situation is chaotic. It looks as if we were having a civil war."

The demonstrators were protesting about a meeting of the People's Consultative Assembly (MPR), Indonesia's upper house of parliament, which concluded a four-day meeting yesterday intended to bring democracy to the country after the resignation in May of the former dictator, President Suharto.

In a series of decrees, the MPR agreed that Suharto should be investigated for corruption, that the army's role in politics should be reduced, and that elections should be held by the end of next June.

But the students had been demanding his prompt trial and an immediate elimination of the military's guaranteed parliamentary seats.

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السؤال الأول

# Why hot air is stopping the world doing a deal on global warming

SUCH WAS the euphoria a year ago when the world community agreed at Kyoto on a specific plan to tackle global warming, that it appeared the hard part was over. The past week in Buenos Aires, where 4,000 officials and ministers have been meeting to try to take the treaty forward, has shown that it has only just begun.

Yes, there is a plan: the rich countries agreed that they would make big cuts, legally binding ones too, in their emissions of the industrial gases such as carbon dioxide from cars and power stations, which are causing the atmosphere to overheat. They fervently hoped that the poor nations would follow suit, in due course, naturally. Simple enough? Not quite. America, the country whose emissions dwarf all others, (35 per cent of the world's total from 4 per cent of the world's population), exacted a very high price for its agreement in the last frenzied 24 hours of negotiating in the ancient Japanese city.

It sought and won three special ways by which countries (read: the US) could help to implement their emissions reductions.

Some think of these merely as loopholes in the Kyoto pact, and indeed they are, but they are officially referred to, in the eye-glazingly abstract jargon of the climate-change "police", as flexible mechanisms.

There are three: emissions trading, joint implementation and the clean development mechanism (CDM).

They all have this in common: they enable the US to buy purely notional, on-paper reductions in its CO<sub>2</sub> emissions from other countries (carbon credits) without actually doing anything to effect that amount of cuts in reality at home.

With emissions trading, which will eventually be the most important one, the Americans will be able to buy up these theoretical "pollution surplus" owned by countries such as Russia and Ukraine, whose smokestack economies have collapsed in the 90s, leaving them with levels of CO<sub>2</sub> emissions already way below their reduction targets that they were generously given at Kyoto. This pollution surplus is familiarly known as hot air.

With joint implementation, an industrialised country can receive credit for the emissions cuts secured by an energy-saving project it finances in another industrial country (a high-tech power station replacing a low-tech one, say, or the planting of a forest that

BY MICHAEL MCCARTHY  
in Buenos Aires

soaks up CO<sub>2</sub>). Under the CDM, an industrialised nation can receive the carbon credit for financing such a project in a developing country.

Over the year since Kyoto, culminating this week in Buenos Aires, diplomats, civil servants and ministers from around the world have been striving to agree the operating rules for the flexible mechanisms, which the chief American negotiator, Stuart Eizenstat, referred to as the Kyoto treaty's plumbing and wiring.

They are more than mere technicalities. Without them, the Americans will not ratify the Kyoto pact, and the world will have no working plan to counter climate change in this hottest year of the millennium, which has seen record forest fires, record floods, and record storms, culminating in Hurricane Mitch, which tore the heart out of central America.

The reason for the Americans' insistence is the sheer awesome size of the greenhouse gas reduction target they agreed to, which, it is now accepted by all except the most entrenched green fundamentalists, they cannot possibly meet without on-paper reductions as well as real ones.

They agreed to cut back their emissions of CO<sub>2</sub> and five other greenhouse gases to 7 per cent below their 1990 levels by 2010.

But this represents a cut from where the US economy will have grown to by the latter date of between 20 and 30 per cent - from about 7.2 billion tonnes of gases emitted annually to 5.4 billion tonnes.

Unless the spiritual home of the automobile suddenly transforms itself into a giant Holland - with every motorist swapping the car for a bike, and replacing air conditioning and central heating with seasonally adjusted clothing - this is not deliverable, certainly by domestic action alone.

Robert Reinstein, the former US diplomat who negotiated the original climate-change treaty in 1992 (to which the Kyoto pact is a protocol), told journalists in Buenos Aires this week he did not think it deliverable in any circumstances, even if the US buys up all the hot air and carbon credits available in the world.

The target was simply too big, he said, and in the end the Kyoto treaty will fail and the international negotiating process will be discredited.

The White House of Bill Clinton



Industrial pollution has to be contained if the world is to be spared the worst effects of global warming David E Rowley

ton and Al Gore (the real driver of US climate change policy) vehemently disagree, but they do need their flexible mechanisms and their emissions credits. The problem is, how much should they be allowed? Surely they should not attempt to meet their entire target by buying up hot air, with no real energy efficiency action at home? The rest of the world,

with Europe in the lead, does not think so, and wants a concrete ceiling on America's buying credits, insisting it must be "supplemental" to action taken at home.

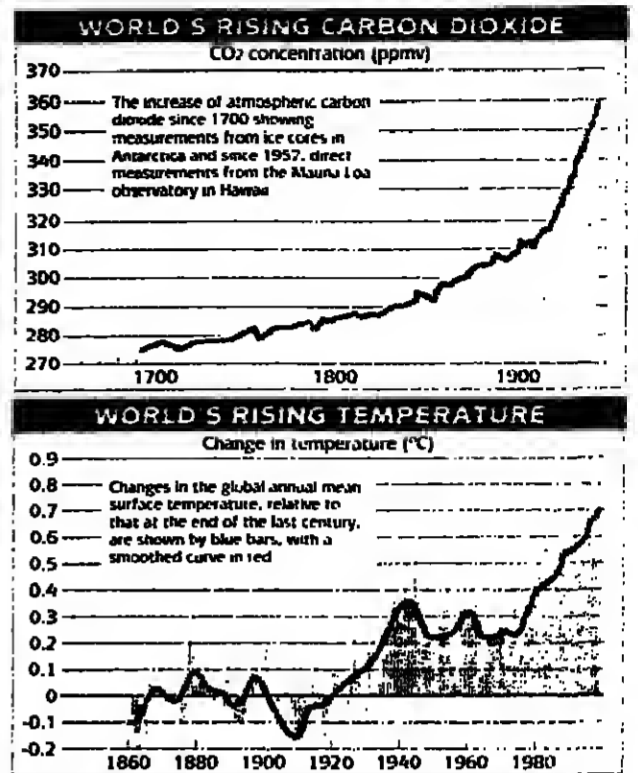
The Americans insist they will make real cuts, but they are strongly opposed to a formal ceiling.

This issue - stand by for some great jargon - is called

"supplementarity", and it looks likely to be a big sticking point this week at Buenos Aires.

But phoney emissions reductions are not the only thing America needs to make the Kyoto treaty work. To get it ratified by the US Senate they need something that seems even further off at the moment: active involvement by the Third World.

There are no greenhouse gas reduction targets yet for China, India and the rest of the developing nations, even though the Chinese will eventually overtake the US as the world's biggest single CO<sub>2</sub> emitter, and the developing countries with their soaring populations will become the largest greenhouse gas source. They want their own deal.



And the deal they want is for their emissions to be calculated not on a gross basis, but on a per capita one. When China overtakes the US, its emissions per person will still be only a quarter that of each American.

But that deal is still a long way off, and in the meantime the US Senate, some of whose members think the climate treaty is merely a plot to harm American competitiveness, has formally resolved that it will not ratify Kyoto until there is "meaningful participation" by developing countries.

So at Buenos Aires all this week, the Americans - led by the thin-lipped, cerebral and formidable Mr Eizenstat - have been actively courting developing nations to declare their own, purely voluntary targets for reducing their greenhouse gases.

They had a big success when their host, the Argentine President Carlos Menem, declared his country would set one next year. Argentina's lead was followed by Kazakhstan, a former Soviet republic with some potentially juicy hot air to sell.

The Americans were jubilant - here was something to show the Senate - but the Chinese and the Indians were angry, feeling their position was being undermined, and forced the issue off the conference agenda where the Argentines had attempted to place it. Here was yet another sticking point.

Then negotiators saw there was a way to start bridging the

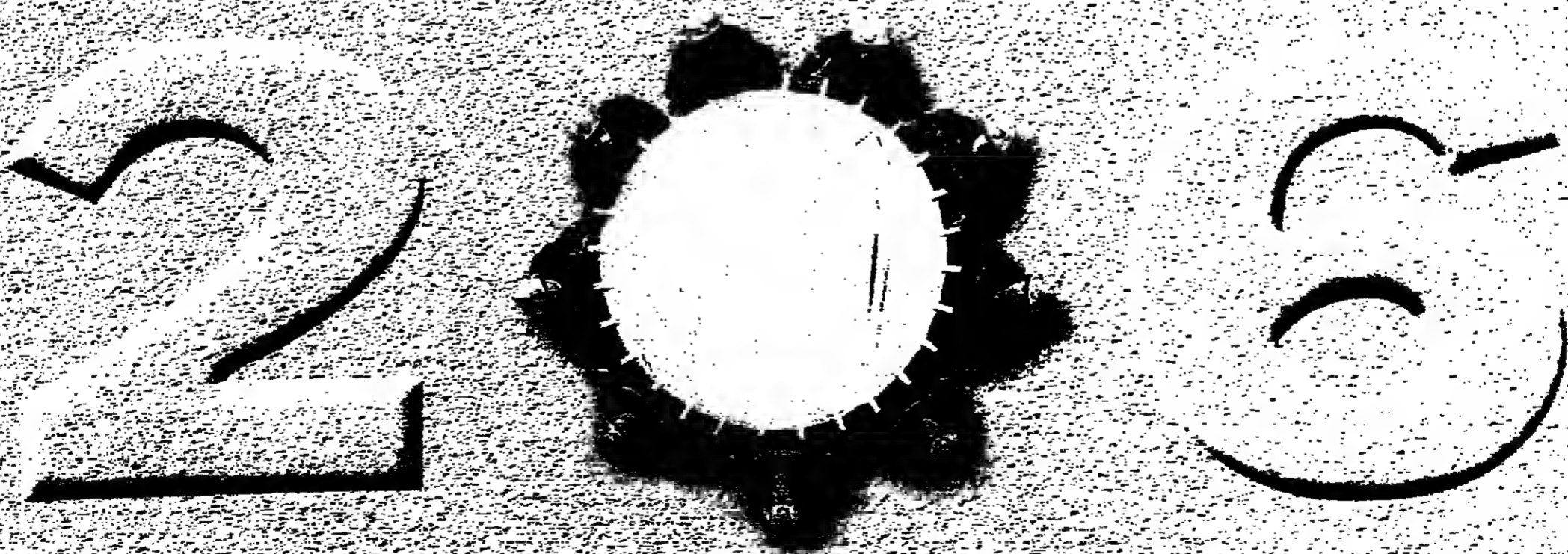
gap between the American need to buy carbon credits and the developing countries' sense of being badly done to: the Clean Development Mechanism.

If an American electricity company builds a clean-coal power station in India with a dollop of US government money, under the CDM everybody is happy: the Indians have got a better power station; the Americans have got a big fat emissions credit; and the world has got less CO<sub>2</sub> being put into the atmosphere.

Prompted by the European Union, with Britain's Deputy Prime Minister, John Prescott, to the fore, the developing countries started to see that the CDM was as much a new sort of clean-energy aid programme as a First World wheeze for buying up carbon emissions, and their enthusiasm for it was kindled.

It is likely to go ahead on a fast track now, even before its rules and the rules of the other flexible mechanisms are formally agreed. These have been put off, with other difficult issues such as supplementarity, to later conferences, although a formal work plan with tight deadlines has been put forward.

The Third World is slowly coming on board. The Americans are slowly seeing their necessary conditions fulfilled. By such complex, jargon-filled procedures does the world's effort to contain global warming go forward.



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# Schizophrenic released, then killed partner

A MOTHER-OF-FOUR was stabbed to death by a schizophrenic who had been allowed to live alone and take responsibility for his own medication, despite having a history of violence.

An independent inquiry yesterday severely criticised a south London health authority for its "inadequate" care of Michael Folkes, who called himself "Luka Warm Luke". He killed Susan Crawford in October 1994, eight hours after a doctor had put him on a list for emergency attention.

An independent inquiry said Mr Folkes was not stopped from leaving the Maudsley hospital after he turned up in a distressed state on 3 October. The following day Mrs Crawford's body was found at his London flat, beaten with a fire extinguisher and stabbed 70 times.

The inquiry, which took four years and cost £750,000, strongly criticised care of Mr Folkes,

BY GLENDA COOPER  
Social Affairs Correspondent

saying he should have been readmitted to a mental health unit earlier because of the "signs of dangerousness" he was exhibiting. In January 1993 he had carried out an attack of "striking similarity".

Breakdowns between agencies, insufficient safeguards in his treatment and the administration of his drugs led to the tragedy. Mr Folkes's forensic psychiatrist, Dr James McKelth, allowed his patient to stop taking injections of an anti-psychotic drug, but take them in pill form, despite recurring aggressive episodes and failure to take medication. The inquiry also criticised the fact that Mr Folkes was allowed to live in a flat by himself.

The report called for appropriate housing for mentally disordered people to be a priority and improvements to be made

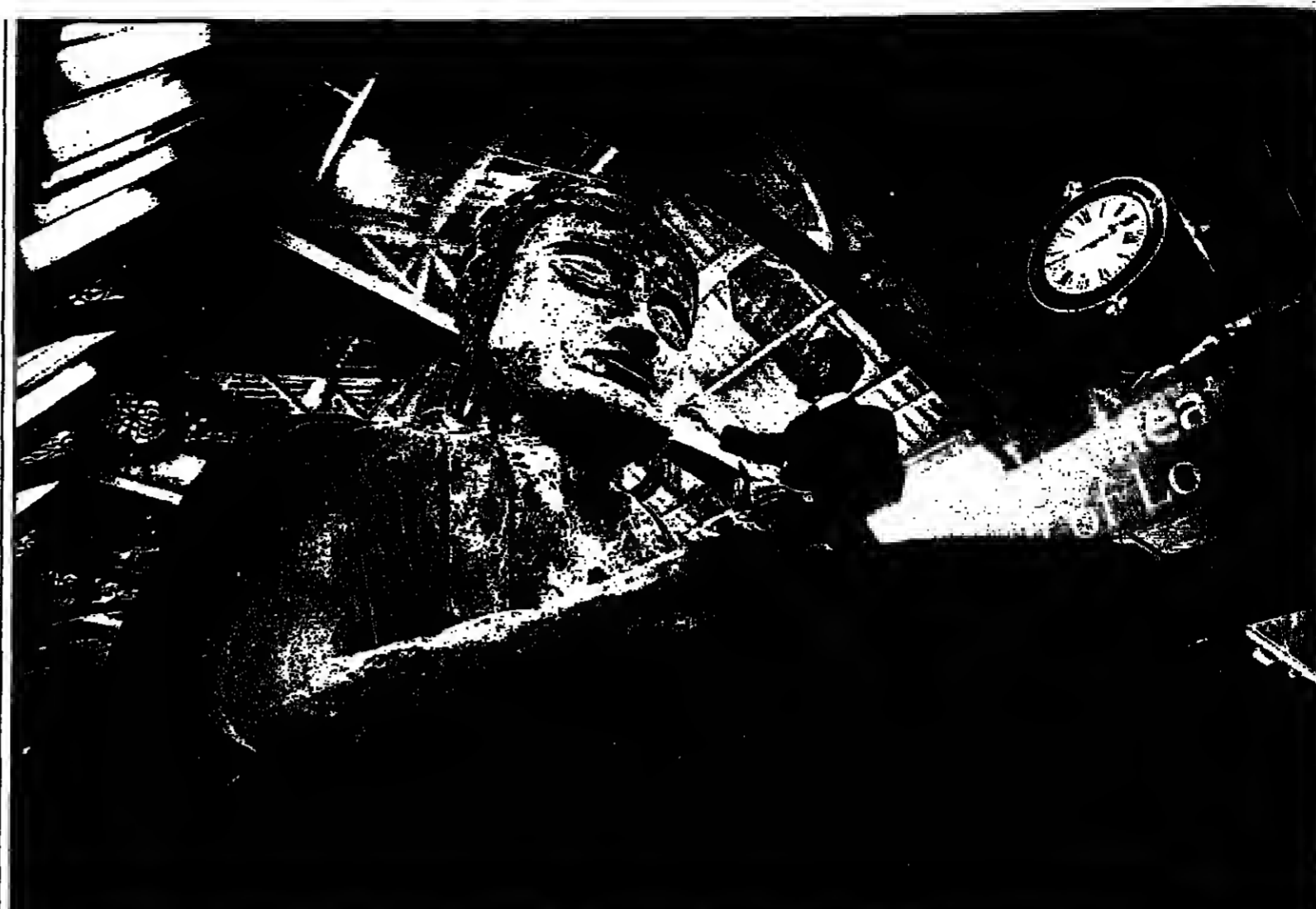
to support services for people in the community.

Lambeth, Southwark & Lewisham Health Authority admitted that "more could and should have been done to try to prevent this tragedy". Martin Roberts, the health authority's chief executive, said: "We want to make sure... that everything that can be done is done to reduce the risk of such an event ever happening again."

Mr Folkes was first admitted to care in 1986 and had a history of assault. He was described as "extremely dangerous".

Susan Crawford's daughter said it was "disgusting" that health chiefs had taken so long to apologise. Michelle Crawford, 22, was 17 when her mother was killed and now looks after her sibling twins, aged 15, and her six-year-old brother, as well as her own three children.

"They should have apologised to my family way before," she said.



An artist adds the finishing touches to a giant statue of Buddha at Smithfield Market yesterday. The statue will be riding through the streets of the City of London today on one of the floats in the annual Lord Mayor's Show  
Tom Pilsten

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## Hague aunt wins lottery jackpot



Marjorie Longin celebrates her £856,000 win PA

WILLIAM HAGUE's auntie has won the lottery. And the sheep on the Yorkshire moors have hit the jackpot.

The announcement yesterday that the Conservative Party leader's aunt had scooped the £856,000 top prize in Wednesday's National Lottery was curious enough. Her choice of what to splash out on was even more curious - a prize ram.

Marjorie Longin, 73, a farmer's widow from Tickhill, South Yorkshire, plans to buy the £20,000 Texel Scottish ram - which she described as "the champagne of sheep" - for the family's 300-acre farm. When the ram begins to feel at home she will then book a cruise.

She said yesterday: "I always said that if I won the lottery I'd holiday on the Norwegian coastal cruise every year for life. Now I can book my ticket."

Mrs Longin, who attended Mr Hague's wedding in Westminster last year, said she did not realise she had scooped a share of the jackpot until she checked her numbers in the paper on Thursday.

"I thought, I've got three numbers. I've got four", then I thought, "Oh my God, I've got the lot. I just went all shaky."

She telephoned her sister Stella, Mr Hague's mother. "At most the first thing I did was to ring William's mother and say, 'You'll never believe it, I've won the lottery. Will you let William know because I don't want to put a foot wrong?'"

"He rang me this morning and said, 'Auntie Marjorie, I'm so delighted for you. When's the party going to be?'"

In fact the party is this week-end and the Opposition leader will not be able to attend as he will be at another party - the Prince of Wales's 50th.

Newly conscious that "it could be you", or at the very least "it could be your auntie", Mr Hague is now determined to play the lottery every week.

Mrs Longin expanded on what else she might spend her winnings on. "I realised I could now travel business class on an aeroplane, first class on a train, have a manicure every week and go to the chiroprapist every fortnight." And then the otherwise careful Mrs Longin made a political reference, though not one to which her nephew would object. "It's nice to know that my family is safe for life, especially when we're going into a recession," she said.

She was one of four winners to share the £3.4m jackpot and her numbers were made up of her date of birth and the year she got married. Mr Hague said he was delighted by his aunt's success, but did not expect to see any of the money. "I'll keep on earning my crust," he said.

However, while it was a happy day for the Hague family, as far as William is concerned the news will be broken around the world in a rather ambivalent manner. Renters began its report: "Something has finally gone right for Conservative Party leader William Hague..."

## Plea for Sioux shirt

A HEARTFELT plea was made yesterday in Glasgow by descendants of Sioux warriors, killed at the Battle of Wounded Knee in 1890, for the return of a shirt believed to have been taken from one of the bodies.

Marcella Le Beau, secretary of the Wounded Knee Survivors' Association, argued their case at a civic hearing where she said the shirt, on display in Glasgow's Kelvingrove art gallery, should be brought home to allow people to grieve.

Mrs Le Beau, from South Dakota, who was dressed in a black suit and wore an Indian necklace, was surrounded by artefacts from all over the world when she spoke at the hearing in the city's famed Burrell Collection museum.

She spoke of the emotional and spiritual value of the shirt, known as a "ghost shirt", which her ancestors believed would protect them in battle.

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# The soul of Britain measured in 35mm

A COUPLE of weekends ago I made a mistake and took our children, aged five and six, to see *Doctor Dolittle* at the National Film Theatre on the South Bank.

It was the wrong *Doctor Dolittle*. Not Rex Harrison but Eddie Murphy – a new version of the story, set in California, street-smart and utterly charmless. Hey, yo get yo ass ovah heah. Ah'm gonna kick you in the butt, and so on. We walked out after 15 minutes (our girl began to cry when a talking dog had a thermometer shoved up his ass), and went to the cinema shop to buy a compensatory video. *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* seemed about right, so I picked that up and then noticed a trilogy of documentaries by Humphrey Jennings on the next shelf, three short wartime films made for the Crown Film Unit and collected on one tape by the Imperial War Museum.

In what may have been an anti-American spasm – God rot the global conquest of their popular culture and particularly Eddie Murphy – I bought that too and settled down later that night to watch Britain as it once was; stoic, noble and in black and white.

Jennings had a short career as a film-maker – he died in 1950, aged 43 – but during the Second World War he made a series of brief, poetic films about Britain that are as fine as anything the British cinema has produced. They were distributed by the Ministry of Information to keep spirits up, and the marvel about them is that, contrary to the bombastic patriotism of the First World War, their original intention can still affect you.

We tend to think of the official British cinema of that time in terms of Harry Enfield's stiff and lordly Mr Cholimondley-Warner. Some of Jennings' films have their Cholimondley-Warner moments – a field of waving wheat to the tune of *Rule Britannia* – but mainly they let pictures of everyday Britain do the work. Hitler is never mentioned. As David Thomson writes in his *Biographical Dictionary of Film*: "They are war films without an enemy."

I thought of Humphrey Jennings again this week when Tony Blair and Gordon Brown launched via a series of speeches and interviews what the

## NOTEBOOK



IAN JACK

Chancellor called "the battle for Britain". The threat this time isn't Germany and Hitler but Scotland and Alex Salmond, and the possibility that early in the new century Scotland will be a separate state.

Many things point in this direction: opinion polls north of the border, ripples of English nationalism south of it, the fashionable orthodoxy that Britain was an imperial construction which will inevitably break down into its constituent parts, that "Britishness" has no meaning.

For some time now the Government, rich as it is in Scottish ministers, has not known quite what to do; a Scottish member of the Cabinet told me he hardly dared to mention the word "Britain" in Scotland because focus groups told him to steer clear of it.

Now, with a few months to go before the first election of a Scottish Parliament, Brown and Blair are at last staking out "the case for Britain": what both England and Scotland stand to lose. A lot of it is eminently rational – a shared economy and history, a far greater mixing of populations than blood-and-soil patriots like to allow, political influence in the world – but rationalism often loses the argument against nationalism, which has the vision thing.

So what is the vision for the British nation, if it can still be called that? Gordon Brown proposed the shared values of "openness, internationalism, public service, fair play, social justice, social cohesion, democracy, tolerance and enterprise". Fine thoughts, but all abstractions and just as easily poachable by a separate Scotland or England (or Dagestan).

Film-makers have the luxury and power of the concrete. In *Listen to Britain*, made in 1942, Jennings shows us nothing but an apparently random series of scenes and sounds. It's proba-



Humphrey Jennings directing a scene from 'Silent Village' for the Crown Film Unit in 1943

Crown Film Unit

bly his best film. A Cholimondley-Warner character (Leonard Brockington, KC) introduces the film and thereafter there is no commentary. In 19 minutes, we see:

- Spitfires (the sound of aero engines)
- a farmhouse at dusk (the sound of the BBC pips)
- dancers at the Tower Ballroom, Blackpool (the band plays *Roll Out the Barrel*)
- miners with lamps (railway wagons clinking)
- a railway signal clanking to the stop position
- a summing locomotive coming to a halt
- Scottish-Canadian troops inside a railway carriage (singing *Home on the Range*)

- an aircraft factory (the sound of lathes)

- Big Ben (and the chiming of radio masts ("This is London calling..."))

- the countryside at dawn (birds sing)

- some spectacularly smoky factory town (dray-horses clapping)

- Workers' Playtime (Flanagan and Allen)

- Myra Hess playing at a lunchtime concert in the National Gallery (Mozart).

The cuts are quick and clever. In one brilliant sequence, introduced by the sound of a school piano, the camera shows children dancing and clapping in a playground, then a woman clearing teacups from a breakfast table, then the same woman watching the children from her window. A child's far-away voice ("Mummy!") briefly punctures the sound-track and the woman glances at something in the room. We see a framed photo of a killed soldier. In a few seconds, Jennings has established absent fatherhood, sweet childhood, gentle domesticity, the fighter and the worth fighting for. The implication throughout the film is that the Britain depicted – so everyday, so ordinary – is also the Britain under threat.

It would be fair to say of Jennings that he had a strong streak of industrial romanticism. He loved machines, cooling towers and smoke, perhaps

because he grew up so far away from them in Walberswick, Suffolk, where his father restored country houses and founded the Walberswick Peasant Pottery.

Jennings went from there to Cambridge and into stage design. He didn't see northern, industrial England and its workers until he was 32, and it is odd now to think that the mines and factories which seemed so thrilling and important to him have proved a less permanent way of living than his father's (peasant) potteries, though not mines, being two a penny!

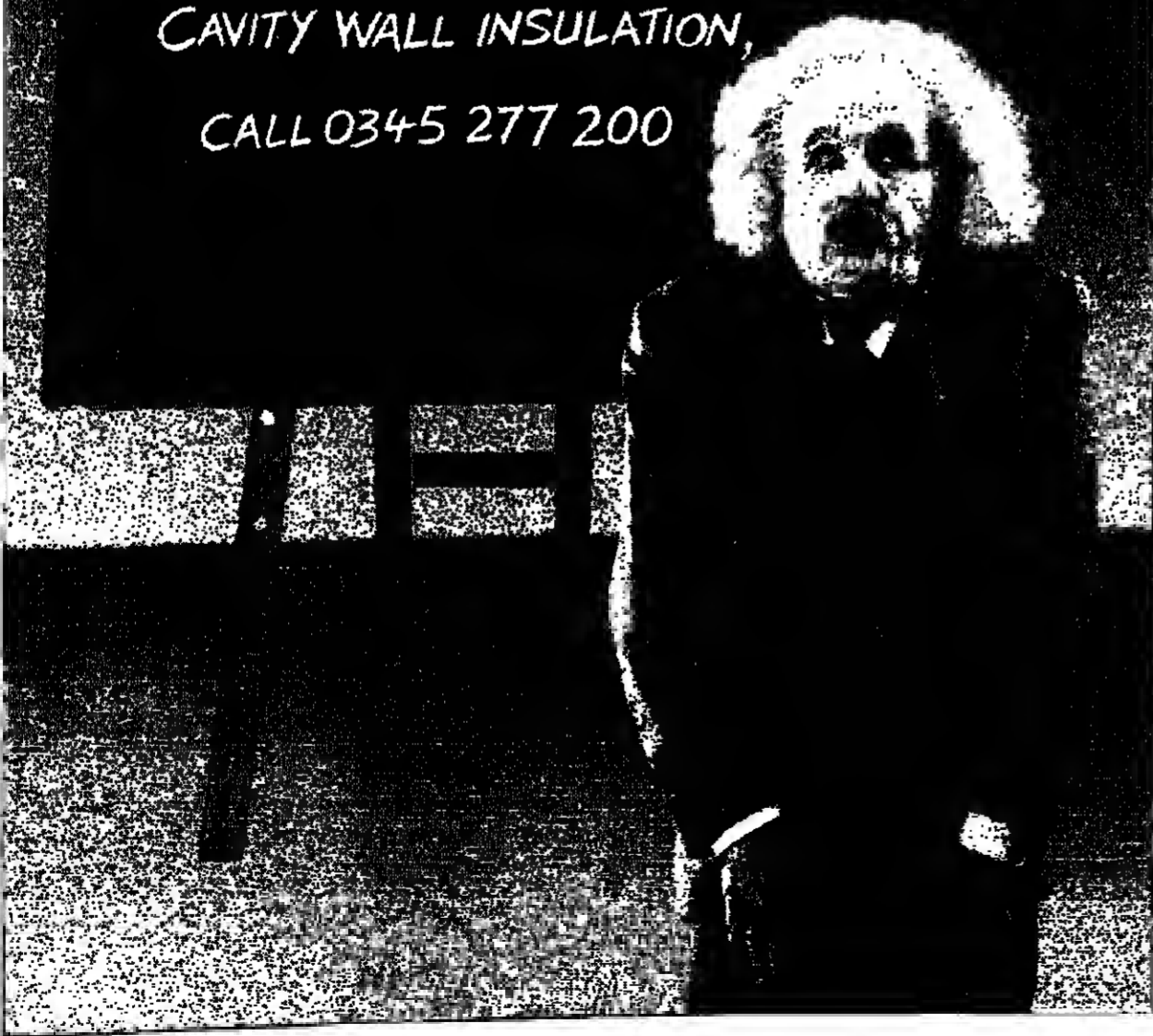
It would also be fair to say of him that he mistook Britain for a Greater England, which is the

source of some of the present difficulties. We have come a long way since then, shedding industry and empire; there is no great manufacturing class stretching from Greenock to South Wales, and Rolls-Royce cars are German, despite the Spitfires. But I think it is hard to watch *Listen to Britain* and not take from it the idea that there was and is something called British culture. The documentary movement, of which Jennings was an important part, was a joint English, Scottish (and Welsh) enterprise. A Scot, John Grierson, gave Jennings his first film work. Britishness rather than mere Englishness flourishes inside the BBC and the media at

large. The mood of hope and need for social change in Jennings' films eventually gave us the NHS. Certainly England and Scotland each have their own social and cultural differences, but isn't the political manifestation of them (to quote Michael Ignatieff, quoting Freud) "the narcissism of the small difference"?

*Listen to Britain* was made in a different time for different circumstances. I don't imagine for a minute that it contains practical lessons for Brown and Blair in their attempt to resurrect the virtues and benefits of a British identity. Save, perhaps, for one: that they may need some cunning, concrete poetry.

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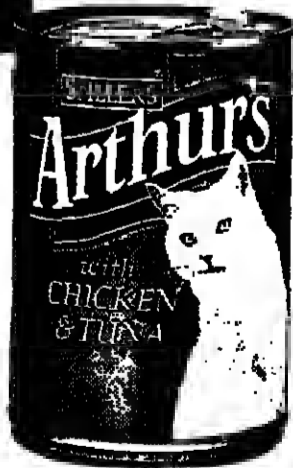
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# Youth pot am

'Dirty Doz'  
paedophile  
gets 12 ye

**Police reopen Manila market**

Manila, Philippines (UPI)—Police here today reopened the city's main market, which had been closed for several days because of a fire.

The fire, which broke out late last night, destroyed several stalls and caused damage to others. The market was closed for several days while the fire was investigated.

Police today announced that the market was safe to open and that the fire was caused by a faulty electrical wire.

The market is one of the largest in the city and is a major source of food for the population. It was closed for several days, causing inconvenience to many people.

Police are now working to prevent a similar incident from occurring in the future.

**Cheese seizure declared**

Manila, Philippines (UPI)—Police here today declared a seizure of cheese, which had been found in a warehouse.

The seizure was made by police officers who were conducting a routine inspection of the warehouse. They found several boxes of cheese, which they suspected were stolen.

The cheese was seized and is now being held by the police. The police are now working to identify the owner of the cheese and to return it to him.

The seizure was made in the city of Manila, which is one of the largest cities in the Philippines. The police are now working to prevent a similar incident from occurring in the future.

**Graduates sign on**

Manila, Philippines (UPI)—Graduates of the city's main university today signed on for their final exams.

The graduates were gathered in a large hall, where they were given instructions for the exams. The exams will be held over the next few days.

The graduates are now preparing for the exams, which will determine their final grades. The police are now working to ensure that the exams are held smoothly.

# Youth believes in pot and profits

THEY VOTE New Labour, but hate politics. They respect the police, yet loathe the Nanny State. They love risk-taking, but want happy marriages and children. Oh, and they want Ecstasy banned. Welcome to the crazy, mixed-up world of the Millennial Generation.

A survey published today claims that British 16 to 21-year-olds are more classless, meritocratic and self-reliant than any other age group.

The study, carried out by Mori and the Adam Smith Institute, claims that the youth of today are vigorously opposed to bans on guns, smoking and explicit sex and violence on TV. However, as many of them have experienced parental break-up and divorce, they retain a traditional belief in family and authority that harks back to the 1950s.

Describing the Millennial Generation as the successors to Generation X, the group of late twenty and thirtysomethings depicted in the novel by Douglas Coupland, the report's authors claim that teenagers are more tolerant than ever before. There is hardly anything the group says it would ban, including government restrictions on beef on the bone, tobacco advertising and cannabis.

The only things the Millennial Generation say they would outlaw are Ecstasy and fox-hunting with hounds. More than 40 per cent say they have been offered drugs but refused

BY PAUL WAUGH  
Political Editor

them. The youngsters claim to be more classless than ever before, believing that background and good connections are less important than personal drive and a solid education.

One third of the Millennial Generation will go through university or other higher education, the highest ever proportion, and believe they will earn more than any of their predecessors.

When they do graduate, most say they want to own their own business or become entrepreneurs. More than 43 per cent list "becoming a millionaire by the age of 35" as a career goal.

Whereas in the 1970s, local government or the Civil Service was the most popular career choice, just 1 per cent of today's youngsters say they even contemplated such a move. Yet unlike Generation X, they say they are not interested in jobs in the media, advertising or PR and prefer instead the attractions of commerce and law. The top career choice is to own their own business, with 48 per cent putting it as their favoured option and as many girls as boys backing the idea.

The Millennial Generation appear to have moved close to the kinds of aspirations thought to typify their American counterparts, rather than towards an attitude more representative

## PORTRAIT OF A GENERATION

### WHAT THEY LIKE

Cannabis  
Owning their own business  
Happy marriage and children  
Cigarette smoking  
New Labour  
Self-reliance  
Policemen  
E-mail  
Pagers

### WHAT THEY HATE

Ecstasy  
Bans on handguns, tobacco ads  
Politicians  
Journalists  
Trade union leaders  
Jobs in the media or civil service  
Censorship of sex and violence on TV and films  
Privilege and class

of the European approach," says the report. The social aspirations of the group are thoroughly traditional, with 59 per cent saying they would like to own their own home and 48 per cent wanting children.

One statistic that might cheer the Government after its recent launch of a Green Paper

on family life is that the highest single goal of most of those polled was "to be happily married with a family".

Ministers may also be boosted by the fact that a huge 61 per cent of 16 to 21-year-olds support New Labour, with the Tories way behind on just 17 per cent, only just ahead of the Lib-



The Millennial generation love to party, but they are not afraid of family responsibilities either

eral Democrats on 14 per cent.

Yet 71 per cent believe that voting will "make no difference" to their lives and most believe that it is up to individuals and not governments to find jobs and housing.

Only on pensions and education does the group favour the state's involvement over the pri-

rate sector. A large majority of youngsters have no respect for MPs.

They claim to have most respect for doctors, teachers and policemen, with teachers scoring a 46 per cent rating, half as high again as similar surveys 12 years ago. Journalists come bottom, with just 2 per cent.

"The picture painted is of a generation which differs in many respects from its predecessors. They do not expect too much from the political process and accord little or no respect to its practitioners," the report concludes. "The Millennial Generation seem to be self-confident and self-dependent. They

aim high and do not think themselves limited by background." ■ The survey questioned 648 people face to face at 33 sampling points across Britain in September. Voting and other demographic data was taken from a 1997 survey of 5,374 respondents and combined with the latest research.

## 'Dirty Dozen' paedophile gets 12 years

A PAEDOPHILE who was a member of the same gang as the notorious child killer Sidney Cooke was jailed for 12 years yesterday for abusing boys as young as 10.

Brian Turner, 60, who was nicknamed the Chicken Master for his ability to lure vulnerable youngsters, assaulted children for more than a decade. Snaresbrook Crown Court in east London was told.

He met one of his victims through his links with a child-sex gang that had infiltrated a breakaway scouting organisation. Police believe the ring is one of the largest paedophile networks ever uncovered in Britain. Its members may have abused up to 300 youngsters over the past 30 years.

Turner was also part of the child-sex gang that included Cooke and others convicted of the 1985 killing of Jason Swift. Police believe he introduced Jason to Cooke months before the teenager died.

Snaresbrook Crown Court was told how Turner meticulously "groomed" three of his four most recent victims.

Posing as a "grandfather figure" to lure youngsters and their parents into a false sense of security, he ingratiated himself by taking the children for meals and trips to the cinema and zoo. Later, he turned to violence, heating one boy repeatedly with a stick and partially smothering another with a pillow or towel.

The court was told that on occasions the child abuser would have paedophile friends

BY JASON BENNETTO  
Crime Correspondent

round to take part in sex sessions which sometimes involved more than one boy.

Turner, whose child molesting offences stretch back 31 years, showed no emotion as Judge David Radford told him: "You are a dangerous paedophile who preys on adolescent boys to satisfy your sexual perversions. You present still, in my judgment, even at the age of 60, a serious risk."

The court was told that another paedophile, Keith Spratt, had helped Turner to assault one of the boys. Spratt, 49, a scoutmaster with the UK Baden-Powell Scout Association, will be sentenced next month. The judge said a fourth victim, aged 13, had been introduced to Turner by another paedophile, Douglas Braithwaite, who was also a scoutmaster.

Turner, of Enfield, Middlesex, who pleaded guilty to a 10 charges - seven of indecent assault, two of conspiracy to commit indecency and one of attempted buggery - was the third paedophile linked to the gang to be jailed so far. ■ A predatory paedophile who "declared war on society's standards of decency for its young people" was jailed for life at the Old Bailey yesterday for a series of sex attacks on boys. Michael Griss, 48, of Dagenham, Essex, admitted indecent assaults and buggeries involving five boys between 1979 and 1997. All were under 16.

## IN BRIEF

### Police reopen Manx murder files

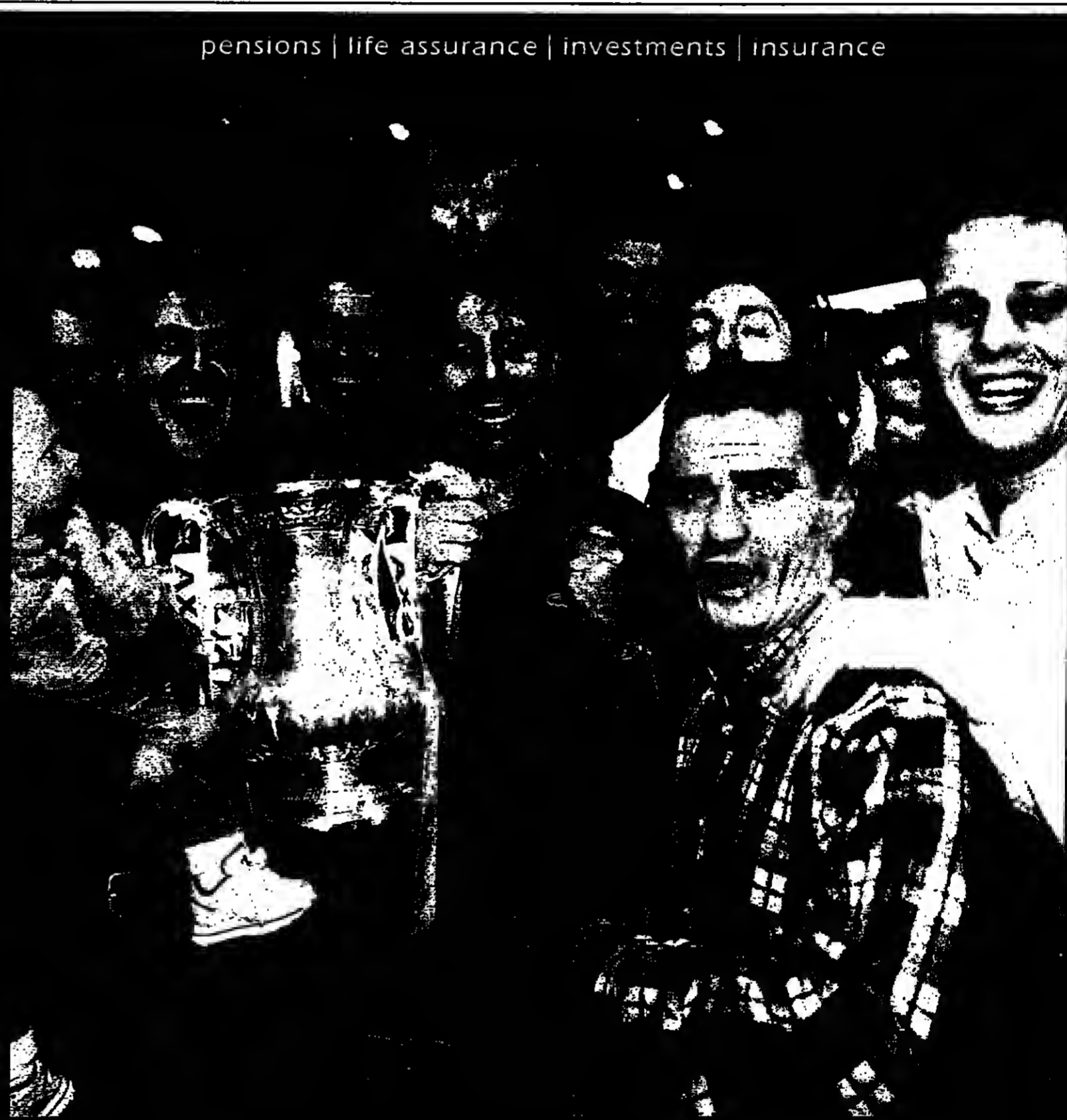
MURDER SQUAD detectives searching moorland on the Isle of Man for a shallow grave, believed to be that of a murder victim, have reopened files on three missing men from the area, police confirmed yesterday. It is understood the inquiry includes nine possible killings on the island and in Blackpool, Lancashire. Detectives are working with officers in Lancashire who are reopening files on fatal house fires in the Blackpool area.

### Cheese seizure declared illegal

THE GOVERNMENT'S first emergency control order, which consigned seven tons of gourmet cheese to the bin, was yesterday declared unlawful in the High Court. James Aldridge, 59, of East Side Cheese in Godstone, Surrey, is to sue the Department of Health because his entire stock was impounded after a single case of *E.coli* poisoning.

### Graduates sign on as secretaries

MORE THAN one in ten graduates end up working as secretaries or clerks, according to a survey by university careers officers. Clerical and secretarial jobs were taken up by 12.9 per cent of students six months after graduation. Overall, 65 per cent found a job six months after graduation, while 6.9 per cent were unemployed.



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Ken Livingstone, the maverick left-winger whose ambition to run as Labour's candidate for London mayor is threatening to upset the Millbank apple-cart

## Blair alters noble principle to read: one man, one veto

WHEN PADDY Ashdown gave his speech to his party conference, he asked a question of his new friend, Tony Blair: was the Prime Minister a control freak or a democrat?

This week saw the Prime Minister give his reply. Omov (one man, one vote), the great cause of the Labour right in recent years, was simplified down to one man, one veto.

In London, the Prime Minister dispatched his henchmen to block Ken Livingstone from running for London's mayor. Meanwhile, in Wales, the gloves came off as an exasperated Alun Michael failed to persuade Rhodri Morgan from standing down as candidate for the post of First Minister. Mr Michael and his cohorts are plugging new depths in political chicanery by making the leadership campaign last indefinitely to burn off and arm-twist supporters of Mr Morgan.

Rather than making capital out of these Stalinist tendencies, William Hague seems to be catching the disease. In a fit of pique he phoned up Michael Portillo to slap him down for writing an article which forgot to mention Mr Hague's great leadership (an easy thing to forget). This will backfire. Mr Portillo has no official role in the Tory party and will make Mr Hague regret these attempts to limit his freedom to speak and write as he thinks fit.

WHILE PADDY Ashdown wallows in his glory as Tony's newest crony, the speculation mounted, in the corridors, as to what crumbs would drop from the cabinet table on to the Liberal Democrat mat. A tangible prize of patronage is being sought to placate their uneasy backbenchers. Certainly Alan Beth, the



### MICHAEL BROWN

deputy leader who celebrates 25 years in Parliament this week, looked increasingly cheerful as his name was touted as the next Speaker.

Reaction in the Commons to the deal was scathing, however. Dennis Skinner was less than fraternal, reminding MPs that the last pact, in the 1970s, ended in tears when the Liberals ran away because "they couldn't stand the heat". Tony Benn wanted to know whether MPs could table questions to Paddy Ashdown, since the Liberal Democrat leader had more access to Downing Street than Labour backbenchers.

FRANK DOBSON'S office prides itself on its computer literacy, but the Millennium bug seemed to strike early in his department this week. First, a draft letter was sent to every Labour MP telling them to welcome the extra money he was giving to their local hospitals to reduce waiting lists. Trouble was, Mr Dobson was also sent the letter, telling him to fill out his name and congratulate himself on his fine decision.

Later, robotic electronic government left Mr Dobson speechless for over an hour. He was unable to make an emergency statement in the Commons on CJD because his department's computers had crashed.

As he became increasingly frantic, Margaret Beckett stepped into the breach with her weekly business statement. A harassed government whip, Graham Allen, had to make Labour MPs ask questions to Mrs Beckett to delay proceedings until a hot and bothered Mr Dobson finally arrived.

Mr Dobson apologised and said the computer failure meant his statement could not be typed up. Perhaps they should keep an old-fashioned manual typewriter, or even a pen.

HOOLIGAN OF the week was the new Tory MP for South Holland and the Deepings, John Hayes, who lived up to the reputation he established at university - "You could have counted the people on campus more unpopular than myself on the fingers of a thalidomide's hand," he once said tastelessly.

Mr Hayes was so unruly during Prime Minister's Questions that he was threatened with expulsion from the Commons if he repeats it. Betty Boothroyd cautioned him with the worst tongue-lashing I've seen during her time as Speaker. It was splendid stuff.

A chastened Mr Hayes was already riding for a fall having tried, by immendo, to embarrass Peter Mandelson in the wake of Nick Brown's "outing". Mr Mandelson was replying to a debate on factory closures when Mr Hayes interjected: "Would not the Right Honourable gentleman do better to emulate

the Minister of Agriculture, who addressed the House in a mood of contrition and humility?"

He is the most recent in a line of Tories who have tried clumsily and unsuccessfully to cash in on Mr Mandelson's press difficulties. Chris Chope, for instance, had urged Mr Mandelson to study the pink paper - referring, of course, to the *Financial Times*, not the gay newspaper. And they wonder why they're not taken seriously as an opposition party.

IN MY new capacity as a Westminster elector I slipped in to the local Tories' public meeting entitled "Listening to Britain" held in a draughty church hall. And what a shambles it was.

A restless gathering of 80 members of the public (average age 65) waited for over half an hour before we were introduced to the crossbench peer Lord Marsh, the master of ceremonies. The chief listener, local MP Peter Brooke, arrived three-quarters of an hour late.

He didn't miss much, however. The first speaker was against automation and complained that modernisation would mean unemployment for paid domestic helps. Other Tories in the audience addressed the traditional issues: immigrants (too many); welfare state (too many scroungers); the homeless (it's their own fault); capital punishment (bring it back), etc.

It only hotted up when one speaker suggested there were too many BMWs outside the council blocks and that rents should be doubled. This provoked fury among the non-Tories in the audience. Those who weren't Conservatives were even less inclined to vote Tory by the end. One told me afterwards: "What a load of hull. When's Brooke retiring?"

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# PC WORLD

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## Davies to be candidate for Welsh cabinet

THE FORMER minister Ron Davies is expected to announce that he still intends to stand as a candidate for the new Welsh Assembly next May.

In his first public engagement for more than 11 days, the Labour MP was due to tell local party members at a meeting last night that their strong support had persuaded him to fight on.

Mr Davies' supporters said yesterday that he was also likely to offer his constituency party in Caerphilly his own explanation of the incident on Clapham Common last month, which led him to quit the Cabinet. Addressing his local party for the first time since his resignation, he will try to correct media coverage of the "error of judgement" that led him to pick up a man before being robbed.

The new Secretary of State for Wales, Alun Michael, hinted this week that he would be prepared to include Mr Davies in his cabinet to run the assembly.

One of his colleagues said yesterday that he was determined to stand and play an influential role. "Ron has been immensely heartened by the response locally and wants to stand," he said. However, the Caerphilly constituency chair-

BY PAUL WAUGH  
Political Correspondent



Ron Davies: expected to stand for Welsh Assembly

man, Derek Lamb, said that Mr Davies would be constrained in his answers by a pending court case connected to the episode.

A 38-year-old man is currently remanded in custody charged with robbing Alun Michael of his car and mobile phone.

Mr Lamb said that he expected most of the 60 members of the constituency's general management committee to attend the private meeting.

"Certain people I'm sure will ask questions but Ron has got to be very careful what he says. As far as he's able to an-

swer he will and if he can't he will give the reason why."

Mr Davies had been due to address last Friday's weekly meeting but withdrew because "he was not in the best of health", Mr Lamb said.

He added that the constituency party had already expressed "absolute support" for Mr Davies but the MP wanted to meet members face to face.

Last week the media pressure on Mr Davies had become "intolerable", Mr Lamb said, but he spoke to him on the phone yesterday and he seemed "much stronger".

Mr Davies' only public appearance since his resignation as Secretary of State for Wales was to make a brief statement in the Commons, in which he attacked the press and appealed for a more tolerant society.

His resignation as prospective leader of the Welsh Assembly has triggered a bitter succession battle between Alun Michael, who replaced him at the Welsh Office, and Rhodri Morgan, who was defeated by Mr Davies in a party ballot earlier this year.

Yesterday the Welsh Labour Party's taskforce failed to produce concrete proposals for the new selection contest, but will meet next Thursday to announce its decision.

## Bruno Brookes, 37, joins Trendy Tories

THE FORMER Radio 1 DJ Bruno Brookes has become the latest "Trendy Tory" recruited by William Hague to revitalise the Conservative Party.

Brookes, who was culled by the BBC to make way for the new generation of DJs, has been chosen as a key member of Hague's Creative Forum, the think-tank charged with rebranding the party for the millennium.

The forum, which will advise on everything from the party logo to its "new millennial brand image", meets for the first time next week. Other members include the fashion designer Katharine Hamnett and James Bethell, the man behind London's Ministry of Sound nightclub.

Tony Blair has made great political capital out of attracting celebrity support for his

BY GARY FINN



Brookes: His company staff were not surprised

"Cool Britannia" message, and the recruitment of so-called "Trendy Tories" is further evidence that Mr Hague is not prepared to cede that ground.

Brookes, 37, boasts of being a millionaire and runs a grow-

ing media company that syndicates his shows to local radio such as Aire FM. Colleagues at the Leeds-based station said the move came as no surprise since "everyone knows Bruno is a Trendy Tory".

Brookes himself was reticent yesterday after being "outed" as a Tory and redirected callers to Conservative Central Office.

Tories hope his combination of business sense and media savvy will pay dividends. But whether he will supply the fresh approach demanded by Central Office remains to be seen. Last year, Brookes appeared in a billboard advert for Aire FM that was banned by the Advertising Standards Authority as "offensive, sexist and gratuitous". The poster showed a cigar-toting Brookes framed by the stockings of his wife, Debbie.

He is the third person named Peter who has been elected to the same position in the past 10 years. He is the first person named Peter to be elected to the position of Mayor of the City of New York.

A real one.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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**Economy: Most retailers are cautiously optimistic about consumer spending as the Christmas trading period begins**



### THE ART SHOP

**JAMES MUNN**, proprietor of a stationery, art materials and gifts store: "I'd say we're just plugging along, but we're slightly up on last year although I'm not sure why. As to whether there's a recession, business has been slow for the last 5 or 10 years. And if you ask me where I'll be in 5 years' time, I hope I'll still be in business."



### THE CARD SHOP

**KEITH HUNTER**, proprietor of Bargain Cards - a greetings card business: "I used to run a remaindered book shop - the abolition of the Net Price Agreement brought an end to that. Although that was a forced decision, we've never looked back since we started selling cards. Turnover is up and I see no evidence of recession."



### THE GENERAL STORE

**STEVE DAY**, manager of Gravesend Woolworths: "This store is the biggest retailer of entertainment products in the town and as such has seen some very strong sales in CD-Roms, computer games, CDs and videos. Other key areas such as toys ... have also performed well ... we are looking forward to a successful [Christmas] sales period."



### THE RESTAURANT

**MARILYN HART**, manager of the Pastapolo restaurant: "As far as I am aware there is no economic downturn, although there do seem to be fewer people in town. Recently, we were getting about 40 into lunch, now it's 60 or 70. This is the first year of the business and we are growing despite peaks and troughs."



### THE HAIRDRESSER

**TONY CESTARO**, proprietor of a ladies' and gents' hairdresser: "If there is a recession on its way, manufacturing will be the first to be hit and retailing usually the last. It's the same with the recovery ... Most of the business people who come into my shop don't think there's much of a problem at the moment."



### THE TOBACCONIST

**PATRICIA NASH**, proprietor of a confectionery, tobacco and greetings card store: "We are closing the shop. Turnover is about 10 per cent down on last year and we see no point in continuing. Perhaps ... it's because people are more choosy about what they want to spend [money] on. There's a lot of unemployment around."



### THE BUTCHER

**TREVOR PAYNE**, co-proprietor of a butcher's shop: "We certainly don't see the same number of people in the town centre. People also seem to be frightened of spending their money. They are holding on to it ... We're about 10 per cent down on our normal level of business. I think it's a long-term economic problem."



### THE FISHMONGER

**DAVE THEZE**, proprietor of a fishmonger: "We've been hit by tighter fish quotas and the high price of cod, which is our biggest seller and has gone up 30 or 40 per cent. My accountant told me halfway through the year that we were 10 per cent down, it's the worst I've experienced since I set up five years ago."

## Still profit, not doom, on High Street

THE KENTISH town of Gravesend, which sits unobtrusively on the south side of the Thames, is not feeling as funereal as it sounds.

The cold wind which seems to start in Siberia and whips up the river from the east has so far failed to bring with it the economic ills of Russia, Asia - or those nearer to home.

Earlier this week the Office of National Statistics showed that unemployment had in-

creased on two key measures for the first time in six years.

The Bank of England, at the same time, gave an optimistic forecast that Britain should avoid slipping into recession. But many remain unconvinced. Gravesend is as good a place as any to test the mood in the High Street. In every election since the war, Gravesend has

chosen an MP belonging to the party that formed the government. It is regarded as something of a political bellwether and could equally perform the same job for the economy.

Over the past decade, unemployment in the Gravesham Borough area has almost exactly mirrored the national picture. In the southern part of the constituency there is a rural sprawl sprinkled with farms and farmers, but dominated

by the middle classes, many of whom commute into London.

In Gravesend itself, in the northern part of the borough, there is a strong Asian contingent living alongside a traditional working class community and pockets of real deprivation.

The town's retailers have learnt to live with only minimal patronage by those who live in the rural villages, who have increasingly looked to the massive Lakeside shopping

complex in Essex just across the river. A new threat on the horizon is the Bluewater development a few miles upriver, opening next year, which will provide a Kenish rival to Lakeside and could suck more business out of Gravesend.

As in many British towns, supermarkets such as Sainsbury and Sainsbury have fed in the outskirts, leaving the centre to more "downmarket" retailers. Three years ago Gravesend began to look like a ghost town but it has since recovered. Like many urban areas it has learnt to provide a service for the less moneyed classes, for those without cars, for pensioners.

Perhaps this market change has helped it withstand the present economic chill.

Tony Cestaro, who has been in business in the town for 40 years, acts as a father confessor to businessmen in the area. As a barber he gets to hear most things.

"I've seen one or two recessions in my time and this does not have the feel of the kind of thing we've suffered in the past. If there is going to be a recession, it's not going to be as bad," he said.

Lessons have been learnt from the last severe economic downturn, which proved to be both deep and long. "The Government has learnt lessons, and so have the retailers, landlords and those who set the business rates. They aren't like they were in the Eighties. They are being more reasonable. We can now negotiate a sensible rent, for instance."

Perhaps manufacturers were suffering - and those who have to wait for debts to be repaid - but most retailers in Gravesend still seem to be keeping their heads above water.

An unpublished economic assessment by the borough council seems to agree with Mr Cestaro. Only 3 per cent of

companies in Gravesend are forecasting that employment will fall in their business, compared with 27 per cent in 1996.

"In the light of speculation that the UK economy is going back into recession, these votes of confidence in the Gravesham economy are a good sign," the analysis says.

But not all in the Kentish town is lovely. Shops selling up-market and "fancy" clothes have had a tough time. An emporium selling frilly knickers, for instance, has seen its clientele disappear over the river to Lakeside. "With Bluewater looming and my lease coming to an end, I thought it was time to call it a day," said the proprietor, Susan Atkins. "People just don't come into town anymore," she said.

Nearby Dave Theze, a fishmonger, and Trevor Payne, a butcher, are having similar experiences, although they are soldiering on.

Mike Kelly, manager of the St George's shopping centre in Gravesend, was sanguine: "I'm not going to say - recession, what recession? Some traders are having a tough time, but many others are doing well. St George's is fully occupied for the first time in three years. That must be a positive sign."

He conceded that "value traders" were performing better than those who insisted on high profit margins or who sold expensive white goods.

The new Bluewater development could be a plus because it would bring 6,000 extra wage earners into the area, he argued.

And Michael Savell, chief executive of the Gravesham Chamber of Commerce, said that while manufacturing and exporters might be feeling the pinch, it was unlikely to have a big impact on Gravesend: "Demand is still strong and there are buoyant times ahead."

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## Inflation now seems a thing of the past

**WILL DEFLATION** - a period of falling prices, rather than rising ones - be the feature that defines the next global downturn? In Britain and the United States there is still some evidence of inflation, though earlier this week the Bank of England cut not only its growth forecast but also its inflation one. But elsewhere, first in Japan, and also now in France and Germany prices have started to fall, while in East Asia, where the global downturn started, prices are plunging.

Of course no one can predict the extent to which prices might fall in the early part of the next century, any more than they could have predicted the scale of the inflation of the 1970s and 1980s. But there are several reasons to believe that price stability, or even slowly falling prices, may become the norm. First, the present expansion of the world economy has not generated serious inflation anywhere. Commodity prices have tended to decline, wage demands have been muted and the price of some products, such as computers, has fallen very quickly. Britain has shown more signs of inflation than most other developed countries, with headline inflation at more than 3 per cent. But even here inflation is only 2 per cent, if you allow for the effect on prices from higher taxes (on items such as petrol) and changes in interest rates, and 1.5 per cent under the European Union harmonised index. If there has been very little inflation at the top of the



**HAMISH MCRAE**

growth phase, expect it to disappear during the downturn.

Second, the world has (more or less) independent central banks, committed to price stability. Whether they should be allowed to operate beyond political control is open to debate, but the plain fact remains that this trend towards independence has swept the world. It will be further enhanced when the European Central Bank takes over European interest rates in January.

Third, these central banks are buttressed by powerful financial markets, which compel them to follow anti-inflationary policies. Central banks only control very short-term interest rates and if they cut rates too much, the markets are liable to increase long-term rates. When Alan Greenspan, head of the US Federal Reserve Bank, unexpectedly cut US short rates last month, bond yield rates rose.

Finally, new communications technologies are cutting the production cost of many new goods and services dramatically.

## Kosovo children appeal to Independent readers

Kosovar children face cold, hunger and disease as winter nears. Many are in deep shock, having witnessed their parents and relatives killed in the awful atrocities from which they fled. Albania, the poorest country in Europe, has few resources to support the massive influx of refugees.

### Your action will help children who have lost everything

The European Children's Trust needs your swift response to set up an emergency centre in Shkoder, northern Albania, to help 2500 refugees. Our centre will provide basic necessities and schooling to give security to the confused and frightened refugee children living in Shkoder. These are children and families whose homes have been lost, perhaps forever.

Special help is needed for the traumatised children who have witnessed terrible crimes, and must now start to live a normal life.

**£30 could buy emergency medicine and food supplements for 5 Kosovar refugee children for a week.**

Please send what you can to save the displaced Kosovar children this winter. Call 0800 056 3686 now or cut the coupon below.

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Or call 0800 056 3686 NOW.

Please act NOW - your gift will give hope

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## Wendy Cope heads field to be first female Poet Laureate

BY JOHN WALSH

WILL THE COURT of St James's get its first female Poet Laureate? The dizzy prospect came closer this week when Wendy Cope was nominated by BBC listeners as the poet they would most like to see in the job.

Respondents to a Radio 4 poll put her ahead of her nearest rivals, Benjamin Zephaniah, Roger McGough and John Hegley. There has never been a woman Poet Laureate since the royal household created the position for John Dryden in 1668, although there is nothing in the rules to debar them.

"I don't think women are precluded from the laureateship," said Mark Le Fanu of the Society of Authors, one of the bodies that will advise the prime minister about Ted Hughes's successor. "In fact I think Wendy's in with a strong chance because she shows you can be funny and accessible without any loss of quality."

The radio voters' choices reflect a preference for humorous and "performance" poetry, as well as for simplicity. Of the poets who had been discussed in the serious papers as candidates for the laureateship, Andrew Motion came 10th in the Front Row poll and James Fenton was unplaced. One other woman - Ursula Kilkus - featured in the top 10.

Cope, 53, comes from Erith, in Kent, and lives in Winchester with the poet and critic Lachlan McKinnon. After graduating from St Hilda's College, Oxford, she taught at a London primary school for 15 years before her debut collection, *Making Cocoa for Kingsley Amis*, brought her instant fame in 1986.



Wendy Cope is the choice of Radio 4 listeners

The title poem was hardly more than an excuse for an attention-grabbing title, but the collection displayed all her sardonic wit, acerbic view of men, parodic skill and bitter-sweet melancholy.

Her second collection, *Serious Concerns* (1992), was full of big themes (love, death,

parting, cricket) simply dealt with, often in nursery-rhyme metres, and smart urban jokes about drinking, cats and parking spaces. She also revealed a rare talent for writing about happiness, and a willingness to take on commissions - both of which would stand her in good stead for the laureate post, with its requirement that the holder should write commemorative verses for special Royal or national occasions.

Should Ms Cope not be appointed, the other women front-runners are:

■ Carol Ann Duffy, OBE, 45 - Scots-born feminist, tough, direct, funny, combative and

witheringly satirical. Author of *Standing Female Nude*, *Selling Manhattan*, *The Other Country* and *Mean Time*.

■ Lavinia Greenlaw, 35 - uses science as a lens for inspecting the world and humanising our relationship with technology. Former poet in residence at the Science Museum.

■ Elizabeth Jennings, CBE, 72. Oxford-educated Lincolnshire Catholic mystic. Her Sixties work (*The Mind had Mountains*, 1966) was full of mental breakdown and recovery. Later works feature religious themes and reflections on suffering.

■ Jackie Kay, 37. Scottish performance poet famed for funny, ventriloquial monologues.

■ Ruth Padel, 52. Former Oxford classics don and nightclub singer. "The sexiest voice in British poetry" (*Independent on Sunday*). Winner of last year's National Poetry Competition with "Icicles Round a Tree in Dumfriesshire".

■ Jo Shapcott, 46. Arts administrator. Writes with wit and detachment about sexual politics, bodies, identity. New collection, *My Life Asleep*, is shortlisted for 1998 TS Eliot prize. Only poet to have won National Poetry Competition twice.

■ Fleur Adcock, 84. New Zealand-born Londoner. Bejewelled exoticism combined with conversational plainness. Edited anthology of 20th century women's poetry.



Peter Street, hard of batter, says: 'All life is there in the chippie' Howard Barlow

## Poetry takes up residence all over

BY GLENDA COOPER

SHALL I compare thee to a battered cod? Or a locust? Or even the M&S new range of velour trousers? Bards are back with a vengeance. From chip shops to zoos to jails, there seems nowhere you can escape from declaiming versifiers.

Peter Street goes into fish and chip shops around Wigan. He said that chippies had always had a special place in his heart: "I had a spinal injury and lying there in the ward we all used to dream of fish and chips so that gave it a significance for me," he said. "The other reason was that the way I found out about the Munich air-crash was reading the newspaper in the chippie."

To critics who might snuff, he said there were valid reasons for the juxtaposition of sonnets and sausages: "All life is there in the chippie. There is a sense of closeness, of community about chip shop."

He has penned many an ode to the delights of cod and chips including one about Eve's big mistake: "She should have offered him chips but the chippie was shut half day or something like" is Mr Street's explanation for the Fall of Man.

## Threats put end to Ulster peace tie

A FOOTBALL team from nationalist west Belfast pulled out of a cup match with the RUC because of intimidation, Chief Constable Ronnie Flanagan claimed yesterday.

Donegal Celtic reversed an earlier decision to go ahead with tomorrow's game at a neutral venue in Newtownards, Co Down, after coming under pressure from Sinn Féin and other nationalist groups.

Mr Flanagan said he was saddened and disappointed by the decision. "I'm aware of how much the match means to the players, I know how much they wanted to fulfil this fixture."

He said it was hard to come to any other conclusion than that the players pulled out because of intimidation. In a lengthy statement, the club said it had come under "unbearable pressure" and the match had become a source of controversy and division.

"The decision obviously caused annoyance and upset to a great number of people, especially within our community and patrons. Regrettably therefore Donegal Celtic has come to the conclusion that the only sensible course of action is to

BY MELISSA KITE

withdraw from this proposed game against the RUC."

John Taylor, the Ulster Unionist deputy leader and an active football supporter, blamed Sinn Féin for the decision. He said: "This reversal has obviously happened because of the campaign by Gerry Adams and others to make sure this match did not take place and regrettably intimidation has won."

Jimmy Boyce, the president of the Irish Football Association said he was shocked and disappointed by the decision which was confirmed by the club yesterday. "I thought we were beginning to see a change in attitudes. Unfortunately not," Mr Boyce said.

Sinn Féin welcomed the club's decision and said an alternative should be found so they did not find themselves in the same situation again.

Troop levels in Northern Ireland are being cut by 400 because of the improvement in the security situation. The 16 Regiment Royal Artillery, based in Armagh is being returned to its base in Britain next week.

## Worms hired to eat waste

GARDENERS HAVE known the true value of worms for years but now they are to be employed by local authorities to help cut down on a multi-million pound waste bill.

In what is the first project of its kind in the country, a Yorkshire council is proposing to hire thousands of worms to eat their way through tonnes of industrial waste. In just under two weeks' time the first worms will be unleashed at the country's first council-run industrial wormery near Huddersfield, West Yorkshire, where the new workers will be fed tonnes of cardboard packaging collected from factories, supermarkets and local businesses.

Local authorities in England and Wales dispose of 20 million tonnes of domestic waste a year, spending at least £140m. The 12-month pilot study will be small at first, based at the Huddersfield Community

BY GARY FINN

and Heritage Farm where the packaging, shredded and used for animal bedding will be mixed with manure to form the worm equivalent of a gourmet meal from a Michelin-starred restaurant. The worms are expected to get through up to 120 tonnes in their first year.

Not only will the waste no longer use up dwindling landfill space, which from next year will cost councils £10 a tonne in taxes, but it will be transformed into one of the best nitrogen-free fertilisers available.

The council plans to use the fertiliser on municipal gardens, hanging baskets and flower beds and even has plans to market the by-product.

"Everyone seems to win," said the farm's horticultural supervisor, Mick Hinchliffe. "We love it, the worms love it, and we get rid of rubbish."

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# BSkyB accused of digital dirty tricks

A TELEVISION war breaks out tomorrow when the new service ONdigital launches. It is being seen as a replay of the late-Eighties battle between Rupert Murdoch and the British commercial television establishment.

ONdigital is a terrestrial digital broadcaster offering up to 30 pay and free television channels through a set-top digital decoder from £7.99 a month. Its £10m advertising campaign between now and Christmas will emphasise how there is no need for a dish or cable to receive the service.

It is owned by a consortium led by Granada and Carlton and its target is Sky Digital, Rupert Murdoch's latest attempt to convert the British pay-TV television beamed from the skies.

Already a war of words has broken out. Competing claims are being tested by advertising regulators, stories of inadequate equipment are being circulated to the City and journalists, and the echoes of Mr Murdoch's victory over the long-defunct "squarial" and

By PAUL MCCANN  
Media Editor

BSB even go so far as ONdigital using the same building in Battersea, south-west London, as BSB.

On Thursday, Granada, which was also one of the main backers of BSB, hinted that it thought a report circulating in the City - claiming ONdigital would cover less than 50 per cent of the country when it launches - was part of a Sky dirty tricks operation.

The same day the trade magazine Media Week reported that there are worries about whether ONdigital will have enough set-top boxes to meet demand before Christmas. Precisely the same reports circulated about whether BSB had enough squarials in 1990. In the end it turned out to be true.

The other echo from eight years ago is the recourse to regulators. Last week ITV, whose main shareholders are Carlton and Granada, started running information films about digital television, featuring a satellite



BSB's 'squarial' proved an idea too far

dish with a red line through it. BSB has complained to the Independent Television Commission about the films and the ITV is investigating.

Likewise, Sky has complained to the Advertising Standards Authority about ONdigital's poster advertising campaign. It is challenging the assertion that consumers will not need a new aerial to receive the ONdigital signal.

"This is exactly what we did in the Eighties," says a jour-

nalist who once ran Sky's dirty tricks department. "It was a huge contest. We complained to the ASA and the IBA about BSB's supposed launch dates, its technology claims, its picture claims, everything."

"Then BSB put out a document titled 'Raising Cain' with a very malevolent picture of Rupert Murdoch on the front designed to frighten people. We responded by publishing something called 'Freedom in Broadcasting: For or Against?'"

Tales of phone tapping and skulduggery also circulated at the time, but in fact the bugging did not start until BSB, beset by huge launch costs and low subscriptions, merged with Sky. Then bugs were used as the two rival teams of management tried to dispose of each other.

This time around Sky claims it is not interested in smear tactics: "It is a very different situation," says Tim Allan, the company spokesman. "Then BSB and Sky had a very similar proposition. This time there is a very different method of delivery and very different ser-



Radio Rentals staff in High Street Kensington, London, prepare for the rush to buy digital decoders. Eyecatchers

vice on offer. We are looking forward to ONdigital launching because now they have to deal with the consumer going into shops and making a choice."

On the record, ONdigital claims not to be interested in Sky and says it wants to widen the market, not poach subscribers. However, off the

record its spin doctors are willing to claim that disinformation about its coverage is being created by a company that has Sky as its biggest client. They will also whisper about the 30 per cent of homes in blocks of flats and listed buildings that have no access to satellite.

In the last such battle the

dirty tricks mattered less than Mr Murdoch's ownership of newspapers that could be filled with support for Sky. And that is the same this time, too.

A second senior government adviser has joined a company partly owned by Mr Murdoch. Julian Eccles, special adviser to Chris Smith, the Secretary of

State for Culture, Media and Sport, is to become head of corporate communications for Open, the home shopping and banking television service in which BSB holds a 32.5 per cent stake.

Mr Allan, former press secretary to the Prime Minister, joined BSB in May.

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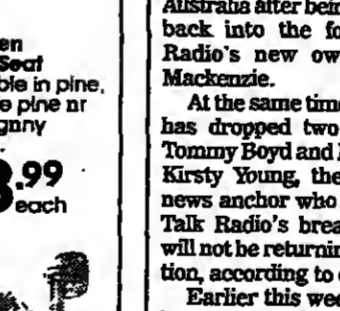
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## Boycott gets second media innings with Talk Radio



Geoff Boycott is in at Talk Radio and Kirsty Young has been shown the door



By GARY FINN

GEOFFREY BOYCOTT'S exile to the commentary wilderness lasted just three days. Talk Radio announced yesterday that it was hiring the disgraced former England batsman.

Boycott, handed a three-month suspended sentence and a fine by a French court on Tuesday, has landed a lucrative contract with the station to cover England's Ashes tour of Australia after being welcomed back into the fold by Talk Radio's new owner, Kelvin Mackenzie.

At the same time, the station has dropped two presenters Tommy Boyd and Nick Abbott. Kirsty Young, the Channel 5 news anchor who has fronted Talk Radio's breakfast show, will not be returning to the station, according to one source.

Earlier this week Boycott's broadcasting career lay in ruins as television stations lined up to announce that he no longer featured in their cricket coverage because his conviction earlier this year for beating Margaret Moore had been upheld. His woes were compounded when *The Sun* dropped his cricket column and branded him a disgrace.

But Boycott, whose spin is

being spun by Max Clifford, the publicist who brokered the deal, has found an ally in Mr Mackenzie, who last night condemned the French judge, Dominique Haumant-Dumas, and said: "French justice stinks."

Linking up with a convicted woman-beater may at first sight appear to be a distasteful error of judgement, but Mr Mackenzie, a former editor of *The Sun*, is simply following his gut instincts. His buy-out of Talk Radio is still less than a month old and Mr Mackenzie has never seen anything wrong in the "all publicity is good publicity" adage.

He said: "Geoff Boycott's an expert on cricket and our cricket coverage needed beefing up. Nobody else wanted him, so 'Come on down, Geoff!'"

"The decision in France stinks. My view is that the judge should keep her views to herself."

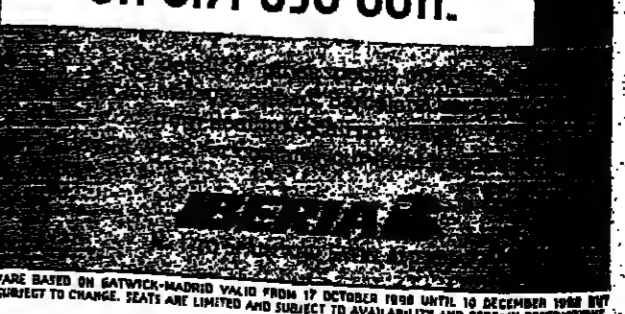
Boycott, who will receive a five-figure sum for the contract, hailed the deal as proof positive of his innocence. "I am so pleased about Talk Radio because it is nice to know that someone out there is backing me," he said.

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JP 11/10/98



# Kurdish guerrilla chief held in Rome

TURKEY'S MOST wanted man, the fugitive leader of the Kurdistan Workers' Party (PKK), has been arrested in Rome, Italian police said yesterday. A police spokesman said Abdullah Ocalan, who has been sought by Ankara for two decades, was detained at Rome's Fiumicino airport at around 10pm on Thursday, after flying in from Moscow on a false passport.

"He was arrested with the intention of him being extradited," the police spokesman said. A Russian foreign ministry spokesman declined to comment on the report that Ocalan flew from Moscow.

Mizgin Sen, European spokeswoman for the PKK's political wing, the National Liberation Front of Kurdistan (ERNK), said Ocalan had requested political asylum.

"He is here and he has asked for political asylum... We are waiting for his application to move forward," she said.

"He decided to go to Italy to apply for political asylum."

BY JUDE WEBBER  
in Rome

Ocalan gave himself up after being stopped at passport control, the police spokesman said. He is now being held at a prison the spokesman said, but declined to disclose its whereabouts. Media reports said Ocalan was being held at Rome's Celio military hospital.

"He is being held in a hospital. He has a slight health problem," the ERNK spokeswoman said. She had no details but said: "It's not too serious. This is what we have been told by Italian officials."

Ocalan, also known as "Apo", has spearheaded an armed campaign for Kurdish autonomy for the last 14 years, in which more than 29,000 people have been killed.

Ocalan, who is believed to be around 50, asked for political asylum in Russia earlier this month. On November 5, one-third of the Greek parliament renewed an invitation to Ocalan

to visit Greece, calling him "the leader of the world's most oppressed people."

In October, Turkey threatened Syria with military force if it did not expel Ocalan, who Ankara said had taken refuge in the country.

Turkish authorities said Ocalan used bases in Syrian-controlled territory to launch attacks in southeastern Turkey.

The capture of the rebel leader will be seen in Ankara as a major coup against the PKK. "Italy should extradite Ocalan back to Turkey," Turkish Interior Minister Hasan Denizli told the Kanal D television channel.

The police spokesman in Rome said he had no details of extradition plans and that the matter was in the hands of Italy's justice ministry.

Ocalan is the main architect of armed Kurdish nationalism. He founded the PKK in 1974 as an extreme left faction that later earned a reputation for ruthlessness. - Reuters



Students try to lift a fallen colleague after troops opened fire on thousands of marchers in Jakarta yesterday

Kemal Jufri/AP

## Death on campus as police open fire

BY RICHARD LLOYD PARRY  
in Jakarta

IT WAS more than an hour since the ambulance had driven away, but nobody at the university knew what had happened to Wawan. When the soldiers lurched into action, he was out at the front of the Alma Jaya campus with the other students, and when they started firing into the air, he ran like the others into the shelter of the university.

"That's when I saw him fall," said a weeping young woman. "I thought: 'He's OK, they're only firing blanks, it's just the tear gas.'" But the soldiers were firing rubber-coated bullets and they fired one of them straight into Wawan's chest.

Even as his anxious friends were talking, in the chaos of the campus's main hall, the news filtered through - he had died during the journey to the hospital. He was 22.

Alma Jaya is a private Catholic university, one of Jakarta's smartest, but within the space of a few hours yesterday it became a battleground between two tragically mismatched armies.

On one side were the protesters - ordinary Jakartans as well as students, at least four of whom were dead by the end of the day. On the other were Indonesian soldiers whose brutality yesterday destroyed what little remained of their credibility. "There are two kinds of people in Indonesia now," shouted one man last night, over the reports from automatic rifles and tear gas guns. "Civilians and animals."

The afternoon had begun like the previous day, with huge processions of student protesters, who began at two different spots in Jakarta and marched towards the national parliament. There, new laws were being drafted by the People's Consultative Assembly, a body dominated by appointed representatives of the former president, General Suharto.

In May he was driven from power by demonstrating students and, since the assembly convened on Monday, the students have angrily denounced the half-hearted measures which it has debated.

All week, there have been fights between the demonstrators and the soldiers. On Wednesday, one policeman and one student were reported to have been killed, and the chief of the armed forces, General Wiranto, apologised for the excesses of his troops. Yesterday afternoon, as one group of marchers made their preparations, their leaders painted wooden signs bearing the words, "No violence."

When they began their journey there were 200 of them; an hour later they had been joined by thousands of ordinary Indonesians. Close to the parliament building, at Alma Jaya University, the students spilled on to the street which runs through Jakarta's business dis-

trict. The day before, the soldiers had been content to form a line and block the march. At 3.30pm yesterday, supported by water cannon and armoured cars, they charged.

The mass of the crowd fled down the street, and hundreds of others took shelter in the university. If the aim had simply been to restore order and reopen the road, the operation would have ended there. But these were not traffic police - they were members of Kostrad, Indonesia's Strategic Reserve, the elite unit better known for atrocities in East Timor than crowd control.

They fired volley after volley into the campus, the clatter of their Swiss-made Steyr rifles interspersed with the deafening boom of tear gas launchers. If these had been live rounds, hundreds would have died. But a narrow calibre rubber round



Gen Wiranto: Apologised for his troops' behaviour

fired at close range at the heart throat or eyes is deadly.

Half an hour later the firing ceased and twenty people lay groaning on the floor with rubber bullet wounds. In the corner, covered with sheets, lay the corpse of one boy who didn't even make it to the ambulance. The students reappeared at dusk and there was more shooting. By the time it was dark, shock had given way to rage, and Molotov cocktails flew out of the campus as the soldiers continued to fire back in.

The last time Indonesian students were shot dead by their own army on 13 May, the consequences were devastating: two days of rioting and arson, 1,200 deaths and, within a fortnight the resignation of President Suharto. Whether such drama will repeat itself is unclear, for a simple reason.

Six months ago, Indonesians were shocked to see their own army killing them. By now it is almost to be expected. "From the beginning they saw us as something to be got rid of," said Wawan's crying friend. "We just wanted to express what all the people are trying to say, but they don't listen. However hard we scream, however hard we yell, they don't listen."

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JP 11/11/98

# Saddam isolated as allies line up

IRAQ IS now in its third confrontation in 12 months with the United States-led coalition and closer to becoming the target of an air attack than at any time since President Bill Clinton ordered a missile strike in 1996.

The most obvious explanation for the crisis is that President Saddam Hussein, the Iraqi leader, has overplayed his hand. In February, he escaped a much-heralded air assault through a last-minute agreement with Kofi Annan, the United Nations Secretary-General. The Arab world opposed an attack and the Security Council was split.

This time it is President Saddam who is isolated. The line-up against him is similar to that in the days before the prolonged air attack on Iraq in 1991. By ending co-operation with UN weapons inspectors last month, Iraq alienated its potential allies on the Security Council such as France, Russia, and China. The Arab world is passive.

The aggressiveness of the Iraqi leader is surprising since he has moved cautiously over the past three years, calculating carefully how far he can go. In 1996, he captured and then immediately withdrew from Arbil, the Kurdish capital, only provoking the US to fire a few

BY PATRICK COCKBURN

missiles at the south of the country.

It may be that President Saddam calculates that an air attack alone, unsupported by ground forces, will do nothing to destabilise his rule. On the contrary, it might do more to destroy the post-Gulf War settlement, under which Iraq's sovereignty is limited by economic sanctions and weapons inspections, than all the diplomatic manoeuvres of France and Russia at the UN. By the same token, President Clinton is loath to order an attack that may undermine a political status quo he wants to preserve.

The lesson of air attacks on Iraq in the past is that they may weaken but do not destroy the authority of the government. In 1991, the allies dropped 88,000 tons of ordnance on Iraq, but it was the break-up of the Iraqi army in the face of ground assault that led to the uprisings in southern Iraq and Kurdistan.

The air assault now planned will be on a lesser scale. It has many limitations. It will mainly be Tomahawk missiles, rather than fixed-wing aircraft because of the fear that pilots would be shot down and captured. These are effective against large fixed targets pre-



Saddam: Overplayed hand

viously identified by intelligence. In the Gulf War the missiles rapidly destroyed Iraq's civil infrastructure of power stations and oil refineries, halting the economy.

Against the Iraqi military an air war is likely to be less effective. Unlike 1991 the Iraqi army does not have to be in battle formation to face a ground attack. It can easily be dispersed. General Wafiq al-Sammara, the former head of Iraqi intelligence who defected, says the Iraqi army lost no officer above the rank of colonel from bombs and missiles during the Gulf War.

Of 2,100 Iraqi tanks lost only 10 per cent were destroyed from the air.

The Iraqi security forces,

the heart of the regime, are likely to be least affected by bombing. All Iraqi government institutions have had alternative headquarters since the Iran Iraq war.

The Iraqi leadership has in the past made it a firm rule not to use the deep bunkers in Baghdad whose position is known to the allies. President Saddam spent the Gulf War above ground in suburban villas in Baghdad.

One much-trumpeted target would be facilities that might produce chemical, biological or nuclear weapons. But since the UN Special Committee (Unscop) on eliminating such arms has been unable to locate plants used for such purposes, again no clear target is available. An alternative would be to hit all the buildings in which Unscop has placed surveillance cameras, but this would end all future monitoring.

The allies might get lucky. A missile might hit the Iraqi leader. The Iraqi army might move against him.

Both outcomes are unlikely. At the end of the bombing President Clinton will more probably face all the problems he did at the beginning, but will have used up his threat of an air offensive.



Iraqi women waiting in line at a food distribution centre in Baghdad. Karim Sahib/AFP

## Iraqis claim universal support

BY EILEEN ALT POWELL  
in Baghdad

THOUSANDS OF Iraqis queued outside gasoline stations yesterday as Iraq's official media ignored the loss of Arab support in its confrontation over UN weapons inspections.

Official newspapers published articles praising Saddam Hussein's decision to end all co-operation with the UN Special Commission, and claimed worldwide condemnation of American threats.

"The world calls for dialogue and peace and America seeks war and aggression," the official al-Iraq newspaper said.

"There is condemnation of American threats on both Arab and international levels," al-Thawra, the voice of the ruling Baath party newspaper, said.

At one petrol station, 20 cars queued up in front of each of its eight pumps. "I fear the Americans will hit refineries and there will be a shortage of fuel," said one driver.

Markets in Baghdad were crammed and at the Al-Shorja market, 40-year-old Naima Aidan said she was buying coconut and sugar to make sweets for her four children. "I don't think anything will happen to us because God will keep us safe," she said.

## Weasel words serve only to glorify grim reality of war

NOT SINCE the journalist Christopher Hitchens proved that Charlton Heston didn't know where Iraq was - just before the 1991 Gulf War, the American actor claimed Bahrain as one of Iraq's neighbours - has so much unadulterated rubbish about the Middle East poured from the American media.

Press commentators, calling for the carpet-bombing of Iraq and warning of a possible nuclear war have at last proved that if clichés could kill, America would wipe out Saddam Hussein many times over.

How many times have we heard these tired old lines? "The longer he waits, the more time Saddam has to hunker down." "CBS: 'The world's bad boys need a real threat to keep them in line.'" "Time: 'Is this the moment of truth?' (Canadian TV): and, from NBC, "Difficult days lie ahead". Indeed they do - and not just for the journalists who have been pumping out this stuff on cue as if we hadn't heard it in 1990, 1991, 1993, 1996 and February 1998.



Gary Cooper: American hero

But who cares to ask what happens after America's air strikes when the big guns of The Wall Street Journal are churning out the kind of stuff that you can find in columnist Lawrence Kaplan's latest contribution to military strategy in the Middle East.

A serious effort to punish Saddam's "malfeasance" (note that legalistic term) would "require more strikes than there are cruise missiles in the US arsenal - thousands, not hundreds, of sorties, as part of a campaign lasting weeks, not days". Such a bombardment "would not make President Clinton another 'Bomber' Harris. It would mean, however, taking hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives".

The former under-secretary of state Joseph Sisco has been sounding off on the networks about "the quiet support of the Arab countries" for air strikes and suggesting Saudi Arabia will allow US planes to use its air bases - which is untrue. "Unfortunately, innocent people will die," he added.

BY ROBERT FISK

Canadian television audiences were told that "nobody can say that the United States is shooting from the hip". And the US Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, was allowed to get away with a claim that US strikes were intended "to significantly degrade his (Saddam's) ability to reconstitute his weapons of mass destruction" and "to protect his neighbours" - without once being asked which of his neighbours had sought that protection. It is the unquestioning nature of American journalism that constitutes the media's greatest folly in this, the sixth major Gulf crisis since the country's reporters first announced the "defanging" of Saddam in 1991.

While mildly critical editorials on Israel's continued settlement building have appeared in American papers, no connection has been made between Arab frustration at President Bill Clinton's failure to force Israel to abide by the Oslo accords and the Arab refusal to give military support to American forces in the Gulf.

When I was asked on Canadian television on Thursday whether this was "the beginning of the end of UN prestige" in the Middle East, the only possible reply was to suggest that it could prove to be the end of US, rather than UN, prestige. This was met by the interviewer, an otherwise sharp and intelligent man, with a facial expression that resembled my laptop computer when it announces "total disk failure" at the top of the screen.

There are a few droplets of doubt from US television presenters. One woman fronting a prime-time breakfast show did apologise when she confronted the phrase "collateral damage". In fact, she winced when she used the words. But it is otherwise familiar territory - complete with the requisite cowboy images so beloved of the former president Ronald Reagan. My favourite turned up in Time magazine this week under the byline of Josef Joffe.

Tired of confronting regional bullies, he suggested that America may have to "go back to High Noon, where in the end Gary Cooper had to slug it out with the bad guys all by himself". Ignored was the fact that the old monochrome Western was a total work of fiction - and that Cooper, the fantasy sheriff who'd been having an affair with an imprisoned gangster's moll, almost brought destruction on his own town. But why care when the spurious legends of America's Wild West can be brought in to shore up US policy in the Middle East?

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# Terror attacks on Koreans rise in Japan

LATE LAST summer, a Korean girl named Kwon Woo Min was walking home from school in western Tokyo when a middle-aged man struck her on the head with an umbrella, and rode quickly away on his bicycle.

A few minutes later, as she waited at the railway station another man spat on her. The next day, a Korean school in Tokyo received anonymous phone calls from a man who threatened to kidnap a pupil, strip her and dump her on a river bank.

Dozens more threatening calls were made over the next few days - razor blades were sent through the post, and Korean schools in Japan went into a panic after someone rang the General Association of Korean Residents claiming to have put cyanide in a school water tank.

For the past two and half months Korean Japanese have been taunted, shoved, spat on, threatened, stabbed and even murdered. The majority of the victims have been young girls, travelling to and from school in traditional Korean dress.

There are about 650,000 ethnic Koreans living in Japan and since the early part of the century they have suffered prejudice and occasional violence. This month a United Nations human rights panel listed discrimination against Koreans as one of 30 areas of concern in

By RICHARD LLOYD PARRY in Tokyo

Japan. But things have rarely been as bad as they are now.

"People feel fearful and scared, but also very angry," said So Chung On, of the General Association, known in Japan as Chosen Soren. "When the situation on the Korean peninsula is tense, when Japan propagates hostility against North Korea, people act on these false allegations, and they victimise people who cannot resist. They aim at schoolchildren, schoolgirls who cannot resist. It is very nasty."

The latest wave of attacks has a very particular cause - the launch by North Korea of a long-range rocket through the skies high above northern Japan on 31 August. It was initially identified by the American military as a ballistic missile. Pyongyang insisted that it was a civilian rocket bearing a small satellite into orbit. Either way, it was a shock to the Japanese who knew nothing of the rocket's existence until after it had plunged into the sea. Sanctions were imposed and the next day, the attacks on the schoolgirls began.

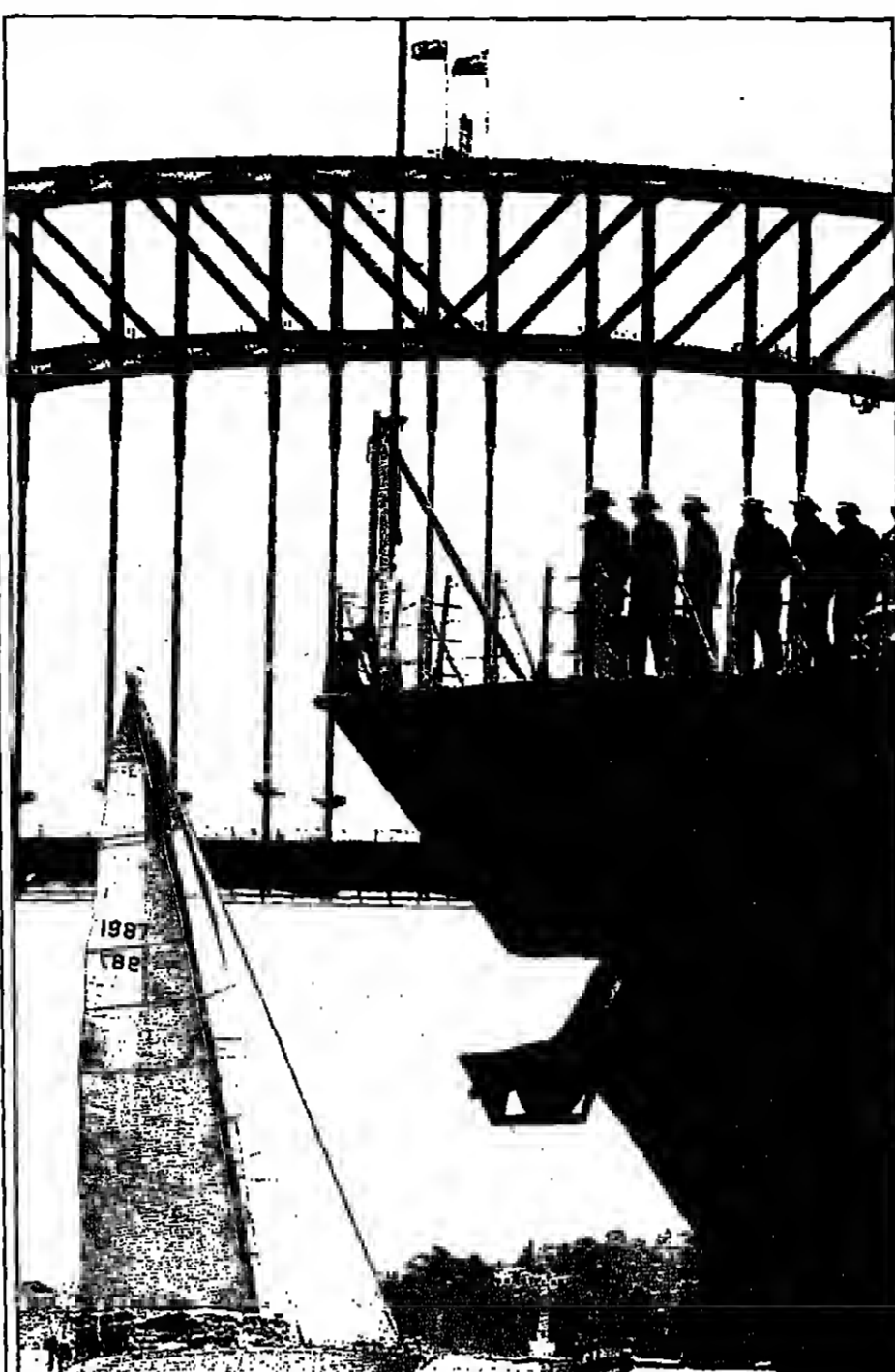
There were 33 separate incidents in September. Last week, petrol bombs were thrown into the Tokyo and Yokohama offices of Chosen

Soren. A month ago an official on night duty in the Chiba city branch died after being beaten, strangled, stabbed, soaked in petrol and set alight. The police at first appeared reluctant to acknowledge a political motivation, insisting the killing was part of a botched burglary.

There have been no arrests, although most believe the culprits are members of Japanese right-wing organisations, who regularly parade through the streets, waving Rising Sun flags and blaring martial music.

Leaders of the Chosen Soren are senior members of the Workers' Party and, as the *de facto* North Korean embassy in Tokyo, it is also believed to channel money from Korean businessmen in Japan to the government in Pyongyang.

In 1994, there were similar attacks during the nuclear crisis when Pyongyang was suspected of developing nuclear weapons. Then, as now, the victims were schoolgirls whose uniform consists of the Korean national costume, a skirt and short jacket called *chima chogori*. "Even if we don't know whether North Korea launched a missile or a satellite, it should take responsibility for causing anxiety," said Kim Yong, a Korean mother. "But what did Korean schools do? What does it have to do with young children?"



Crew members on the Canadian naval frigate 'Ottawa' standing to attention yesterday as they sail by Sydney Harbour Bridge, ready to berth for a goodwill visit. Reuters

## Aid streams in to Honduras

FOREIGN AID from around the globe streamed in to Honduras yesterday as President Carlos Roberto Flores urged his countrymen on national radio to "face the apocalyptic reality" and "rebuild the country as rapidly as possible".

Officials put the Honduran death toll at 7,000, with another 11,000 people injured, 10,000 missing and 800,000 houses damaged or destroyed by Hurricane Mitch. In Nicaragua, the toll was 2,362 dead, 287 injured, 970 missing and 36,000 houses destroyed or damaged.

The president said repairs could cost four times Honduras' \$1.2bn annual budget. He urged the United States and other countries to forgive Honduras' \$4.3bn (\$2.6bn) debt, grant it free-trade status and

By ELOY AGUILAR in Tegucigalpa

help with "a massive supply of fresh resources to aid in rebuilding the country".

In the northern Honduran town of La Mesa, US soldiers planned to help open a key road buried by the hurricane. There were reports that diverting equipment to the Gulf may have slowed the US relief effort.

In the Honduran capital of Tegucigalpa, law students dug with shovels alongside earth-moving equipment, trying to rid the city of thick layers of mud.

Six Japan defence-force aircraft left yesterday on a relief mission to Honduras in Tokyo's first dispatch of military units for disaster aid abroad. (AP)

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## A WEEK IN THE LIFE NOEL RAWLINSON, GOLD MINER

### Olympian spirit spurs search for Klondike's crock of gold

A PAIR of brawny forearms come bristling through the gloom of the narrow tunnel. A hand the shape and size of a shovel quickly follows - then the glow of the eyes, set just off the parallel, seeming to focus on a distant point over my left shoulder.

A hunched figure pushes the old rusted trolley down the tracks, deep into the blackness beneath the Blue Mountains. Somewhere in these hills, there is gold - and Noel Rawlinson, the last gold miner of Ophi New South Wales, is determined to find it.

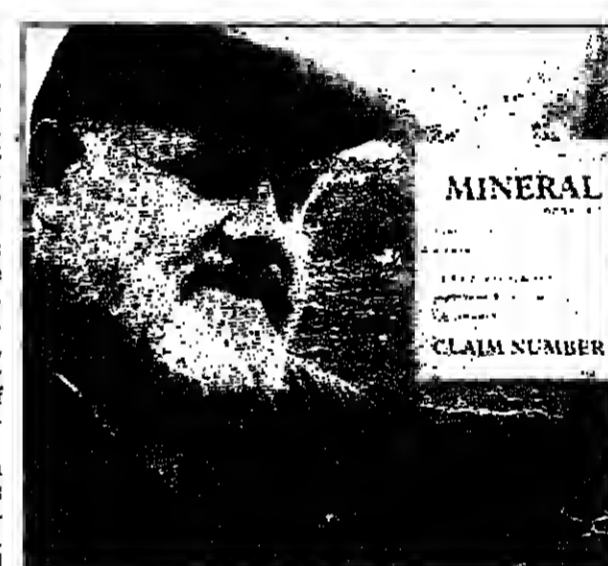
This was the Australian Klondike, the island continent's first workable goldfield, discovered nearly 150 years ago. For the past 15 of them, Noel has been chipping out a lonely living from the bare earth.

A while ago, he hit upon the one priceless nugget of imagination that might just end up making his fortune. For when the modern equivalent of a gold rush comes to the "lucky country" in two years' time, competitors at the Sydney Olympics will be competing for medals forged from the pure base metal found at Ophi.

It's Monday and water is dripping from the Heath-Robinson collection of rails, pulleys and hoists that, between them, form the capitalisation of the Gunnadoo gold mine.

The name represents the expeditious approach required to establish, from scratch, an untidy collection of tin shacks huddled deep in the gully between slopes of wet forest ("Gunnadoo this, Gunnadoo that").

Emerging from living quarters that make the spartan conditions of an Olympic village seem luxurious, the old gold miner rescues a hard



Gold miner Noel Rawlinson staking his mineral claim

hat from the lean-to, redoubt of the resident flock of peahens in the persistent downpours of this Australian spring. The Gunnadoo spirit seems, temporarily, remote, as another week of toil beckons.

A dentist's chair is another incongruity amid the clutter. Propped against it are the tools of the trade - a humble pick and shovel, same as the convicts who first came here in 1851.

For years ships refused to dock at Melbourne or Sydney because their crews would desert, heading off into the inhospitable bush, drawn by the glister of gold. This morning, as a meaty fist closes around the haft of each implement, and the plastic brim of the helmet diverts the rivulets from the bushy eyebrows, a pang of gold fever stirs.

The paydirt lies under 80 feet or more of unyielding basalt, in the beds of what used to be surface rivers. At any moment, a stroke of the blade might hit a fold or crevice where the "nuggety gold" accumulated in eddies as ancient

waters drained the hillsides.

On Tuesday, he takes a break from "hard yakka" to visit the nearby town of Orange. A mining settlement of 30,000 souls, it is full of characters. Four hours from Sydney, there is nothing west of here for 2,000 miles.

Visits to the post office and store by a burly caller from the hills occasion little comment. There is mail to post to suppliers, and the time of day to pass with officials from the local council. In conjunction with two neighbouring counties, they have struck a deal with the Olympic authorities to buy the six kilograms needed to make the medals for the Games. Everyone is looking forward to a dinner at the local hotel where sporting personalities will launch the appeal to pay for it.

Back in the homestead the

following day Noel is joined by his apprentice - his son Jason. The gleaming grains just cover the palm of the 17-year-old's hand after another lesson in panning. The day's takings of a thriving business bring a grunt of satisfaction from his father. At 61, he is looking to hand over the reins to a younger man.

But Jason's ambitions lie with other more lucrative gold mining operations. Father and son grow tense whenever this subject is mentioned.

Cadia, owner of the world's biggest earth grinder which is capable of churning out half a million ounces a year, has guaranteed the six kilograms if supplies from Gunnadoo mine run short. Noel comes away from this discussion determined that Gunnadoo will come through. The dream of a crock of gold has kept him hard at it throughout the winter downpours. He is determined to achieve his goal.

Friday brings a trickle of tourists, who have heard of the Olympic connection, the amazing story of the one-man gold mine and his boy apprentice. Beneath the iron grey of Noel's brows, the chin juts proudly as he begins another history lesson for the assembled tourists in the half-light of the tunnel. He explains how transportation to Van Diemen's land - as Australia used to be called - met the Australian dream in the glint of a panner's gold.

For a minute, for tourists clutching their \$3 bag of gold-bearing gravel, the dream survives.

JAKE LYNCH

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# BUSINESS

19

## BRIEFING

### Storms hit Independent Insurance

INDEPENDENT INSURANCE shares yesterday plunged 12 per cent after the general insurer warned of an estimated £15m hit on UK weather claims this year and said it was postponing a planned move into retail financial services because of recent market turmoil, resulting in another £5m charge.

The company said it expected the net loss from recent UK floods would be £7m, resulting in an estimated total 1998 loss on UK weather claims of £15m, while claims from Hurricane Georges would cost it about £3.5m. The insurer said it had secured significant new business gains in the third quarter and was confident it would achieve a profit on its underwriting business this year. Independent's shares fell 32.5p to close at 225p after it listed the claims losses and charges.

### BICC shares soar on Wassall stake

SHARES IN BICC soared nearly 17 per cent yesterday to 66.5p after the acquisitive construction group Wassall revealed it had built up a 7 per cent stake in the cable and construction group. In an announcement to the Stock Exchange after the market closed on Thursday, Wassall said it had spent approximately £22.9m building up a 7.25 per cent stake over the past 12 months. Wassall yesterday described the stake as an investment.

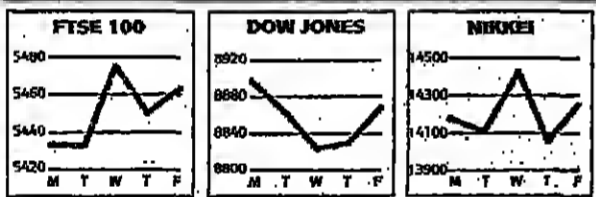
### Westport in £18m MediaOne deal

RICHARD THOMPSON and Chris Akers, the erstwhile supremos of Queen's Park Rangers and Leeds United, teamed up again yesterday when Mr Thompson's Westport Group announced the reverse takeover of MediaOne International in a deal worth around £18m.

The Melbourne-based MediaOne, established in 1991 by Jeff Chapman and specialising in sports programme distribution and development, will retain a 72 per cent equity stake in the new group, which will be named SportsWorld Media Group. Mr Akers, who will be a non-executive director of the new venture, is understood to have brokered the deal between Mr Thompson and Mr Chapman.

Thompson Associates is expected to liquidate its 15 per cent shareholding when the reorganised shares hit the market in December. Mr Chapman will have a 65 per cent controlling interest.

## STOCK MARKETS



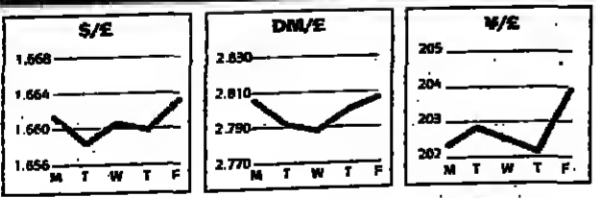
Index	Close	Change	High	Low	Vol
FTSE 100	5463.20	+14.70	5478.70	5459.20	1.02
FTSE 250	4826.40	+18.80	4840.30	4817.60	2.12
FTSE 350	2603.60	+3.90	2610.10	2599.70	1.21
FTSE All Share	2518.44	+3.71	2526.52	2514.53	1.32
FTSE SmallCap	2087.10	+1.40	2093.80	2085.40	2.58
FTSE Pre-Open	1136.40	+1.00	1137.10	1135.20	3.64
FTSE AIM	820.40	+2.00	822.40	818.40	1.13
Dow Jones	8939.38	+4.67	8944.00	8934.70	1.69
Nikkei	14258.21	+193.15	14351.95	14278.90	1.03
Hong Seng	9997.99	+49.81	10047.16	9947.18	4.00
Dax	4639.65	+0.24	4641.83	4637.27	1.91

## INTEREST RATES



MONEY MARKET RATES					BOND YIELDS			
Index	3 month	Yr chg	1 Year	Yr chg	10 yr	Yr chg	Long bond	Yr chg
UK	6.95	-0.76	6.45	-1.49	4.95	-1.75	4.60	-2.00
US	5.40	-0.47	5.06	-0.97	4.82	-0.57	5.27	-0.03
Japan	0.40	-0.05	0.46	-0.05	0.84	-0.98	1.38	-1.03
Germany	3.64	-0.13	3.55	-0.62	4.20	-1.41	5.18	-1.04

## CURRENCIES



Index	at Spot	Change	1 yr Ago
Dollar	1.6633	+0.28c	1.6999
D-Mark	3.8088	+0.41p	2.9279
Yen	203.92	+11.21	213.18
S Index	101.30	+0.50	103.90

## OTHER INDICATORS

Index	at Spot	Change	1 yr Ago
Brent Oil (\$)	11.67	-0.19	19.26
Gold (\$)	298.35	-0.70	306.00
Silver (\$)	5.13	0.14	5.06
GDP	115.40	3.00	112.04
RPI	164.40	3.20	159.30
Base Rates	6.75	7.25	

## TOURIST RATES

Country	Rate
Australia (\$)	2.5077
Austria (schillings)	19.08
Belgium (francs)	56.08
Canada (\$)	2.4946
Cyprus (pounds)	0.7997
Denmark (krone)	10.39
Finland (markka)	8.3538
France (francs)	9.1085
Germany (marks)	2.7268
Greece (drachma)	457.88
Hong Kong (\$)	12.42
Ireland (pounds)	1.0898
India (rupees)	63.21
Israel (shekels)	6.6146
Italy (lira)	2701
Japan (yen)	198.71
Malaysia (ringgits)	6.0590
Malta (lira)	0.6073
Mexico (nuevo peso)	15.03
Netherlands (guilders)	3.0592
New Zealand (\$)	2.9668
Norway (krone)	12.11
Portugal (escudos)	276.96
Saudi Arabia (rials)	6.0594
Singapore (\$)	2.6196
Spain (pesetas)	230.37
South Africa (rand)	9.1893
Sweden (krone)	13.17
Switzerland (francs)	2.2445
Thailand (bahts)	56.16
Turkey (liras)	4.68850
USA (\$)	1.6160

## Fund managers go in MGAM clear-out

MORGAN GRENFELL Asset Management, the City fund management group, has sacked 18 senior staff following a management shake-up.

The departures include Julian Johnson, a highly respected City figure who was responsible for managing overseas clients' funds, and Graham Bamping, who ran the London end of the Asian business.

The redundancies come just days after Morgan Grenfell

BY ANDREW GARFIELD  
Financial Editor

was again in the spotlight as a result of the decision by its former star fund manager, Peter Young, to appear in court on fraud charges in a dress.

Yesterday the former MGAM executive Glyn Owen, who received a lifetime ban from working in the City, allegedly because of his failure to supervise Mr Young properly,

said he was appealing to the Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg.

Robert Smith, chief executive of MGAM, said yesterday that the redundancies, which took place late on Thursday, were a consequence of a reorganisation within the firm and had nothing to do with any underlying problems at the business. He said that in many areas the firm was still recruiting.

"It was a very grim day. This is nothing to do with losing funds. In the UK we have added £5bn of net new business this year," said Mr Smith.

"The amount of funds we have under management is just under £100bn globally. Until yesterday we had taken on 143 people net in the UK."

MGAM said the redundancies were the result of an internal reorganisation which followed the appointments of

Greg Fisher, 31, and James Goulding, 34, to head a combined UK and European asset management business. The operations were previously managed entirely separately and bringing together the two businesses had resulted in a number of positions becoming redundant.

Mr Bamping was also a casualty of the decision taken to run all the Asian business from Singapore.

The departures are particularly significant since fund management is one of the few areas of the City where redundancy is virtually unheard of. Although the firm has made considerable headway to recovering lost ground with UK institutions since the Peter Young affair, confidence among retail clients has yet to recover, particularly in Germany, where Morgan Grenfell is still seeing net redemptions by private investors.



Andrew Millar: Sacked by British Biotech for lifting the secrecy on trials of the company's star drugs

## Biotech willing to settle with Millar

BRITISH BIOTECH yesterday raised the prospect of a settlement of the damaging legal battle with the sacked whistleblower Andrew Millar as it unveiled a radical shift in its drug development strategy.

The troubled biotechnology company also revealed that it would extend three trials for its star anti-cancer drug Marimastat by up to year, with results expected between 2001 and 2002, at an extra cost of \$2.5m (£1.6m).

Elliot Goldstein, the recently

BY FRANCESCO GUERRERA

appointed chief executive, said the company did not rule out an out-of-court settlement with Dr Millar, the former director of clinical research.

Dr Goldstein, a former SmithKline Beecham executive who took over from Dr Millar's arch-rival Keith McCullagh in September, said: "If it could be done in reasonable fashion, obviously we would want to do so. I wouldn't rule out the possibility." The company has come

under pressure from a number of shareholders to settle the case and concentrate on its clinical work.

British Biotech sacked Dr Millar in April for lifting the secrecy on two trials of the company's star drugs Marimastat and Zalcitabine, for pancreaticitis, and discussing its findings with some investors.

The dismissal triggered a huge row between Dr Millar and Dr McCullagh, which led to a plunge in British Biotech's share price and undermined in-

vestors' confidence in the rest of the sector.

Separately, British Biotech announced the closure of its marketing operations and said it wanted to pursue partnerships with big pharmaceutical groups to develop and sell its products.

The decision is a complete departure from Dr McCullagh's strategy of creating a "new Glaxo". Together with the closure of a laboratory in Oxford, it will lead to 28 redundancies and create annual cost savings of around £2.5m a year.

## Tokyo watchdog raps DKB

JAPAN'S Securities and Exchange Surveillance Commission is recommending disciplinary action be taken against Dresdner Kleinwort Benson, the City investment bank, for falsifying reports on mispriced client trades.

The exact action will now have to be decided by the Ministry of Finance, to whom the case has been referred. However, at least one firm has in the past been suspended from trading for two to three days for very similar offences.

The offences relate to 18

BY ANDREW GARFIELD

share trades which took place between April 1997 and July 1998. The firm maintains that no one has suffered any financial loss as a result of what it believes to be genuine error rather than maliciously motivated action.

The firm also points out that during the same period the firm carried out 200,000 trades.

It is understood that the discrepancies totalled no more than \$20,000.

However, the fact that the firm faces public censure will be

a serious embarrassment particularly at a time when DKB is seeking to rebuild its reputation after the big losses which it has suffered over the last few months.

A spokesman said: "These are minor rule breaches but we always take what the regulators say very seriously, and are giving our full co-operation."

Dresdner is not contesting the ruling and has agreed to co-operate fully with the Japanese authorities. So far no individual has been disciplined. According to sources familiar with the in-

cident, the trades were executed at prices which were different from those quoted to clients when the orders were taken. The error was later compounded by the fact that when the discrepancies were subsequently discovered the firm neglected to inform the clients concerned.

The irregularities came to light after a regular audit by the Japanese financial watchdog. It is believed unlikely that anyone stands to lose their job as a result. DKB employs around 200 people in Tokyo.

## Slough wins £276m bid battle for Bilton

SLOUGH ESTATES, the property group, yesterday bought its troubled rival Bilton for £276m after a last-minute swoop on the investment trust controlled by the Bilton family.

The takeover will land Ron Groom, Bilton's joint managing director, with a payoff of around £624,000, its second golden handshake in six years, following the firm he pocketed when he left the company in 1992.

BY FRANCESCO GUERRERA

Three other directors, including the chairman, Hugh Free, are set to share more than £400,000.

Slough, which bid 313.5p in cash and shares, emerged victorious from a bitter two-month bid battle, after agreeing to buy Glenhazel Investment Trust, which owns 29.4 per cent in Bilton, for £79.4m. The purchase of Glenhazel, which has no interests

apart from Bilton, pushed Slough's stake in the industrial property company above the required 50 per cent threshold just hours before the offer closed.

Last night Slough, advised by PricewaterhouseCoopers - believed to be the first accountancy firm to advise on a hostile takeover - controlled 88.3 per cent of Bilton. The Bilton board conceded defeat and told shareholders to sell.

Sir Nigel Mobbs, the Slough chairman, said Glenhazel had been swayed by "the logic of our bid and value", which had been revised from an earlier £261m. However, industry experts said Bilton's fate was sealed by a rift among the offspring of the late patriarch Percy Bilton and the members of the board.

They pointed out that two of his sons and a close associate of a third sat on a trust, the

Percy Bilton 1954 Settlement, which controlled the majority of votes in Glenhazel.

Mr Groom and company secretary, Priya Ponnaiyah, were also on that trust. Hazel Lyon, Percy Bilton's daughter, and John Rowe, a close associate of Derek Percy's son, were believed to be in favour of the Slough offer, while Mr Groom and Ms Ponnaiyah were against. This left another family

member, Donald Bilton, with the decisive vote on the five-strong trust. Insiders believe that he voted in favour of Slough, giving it a 3-2 majority.

City analysts said a key factor in Slough's favour was the decision by Schroders, Bilton's largest institutional shareholder, to sell its stake earlier this week. Bilton closed up 8p to 306.5p, while Slough closed down 5.5p to 281p.

## AROUND THE WORLD'S MARKETS

### LONDON

A LATE RALLY allowed Footsie to end the week with a gain. The index, down 78.4 points at one time, finished 14.2 higher at 5,463.2. But trading was thin. Most of the activity was generated by changed analysts' profit estimates and recommendations. Mid cap shares were weak but the small caps made modest headway. Reckitt & Colman slumped after warning of a sales slowdown. The shares crashed 150p (after 188p) to 900p with Seaq volume at 5.7 million shares. Derek Pain, page 21

### NEW YORK

SHARE PRICES opened modestly higher, boosted by hopes that the IMF's \$42bn aid package for Brazil would halt the spread of recession through emerging countries. Prices forged further ahead by midday with the Dow Jones more than 50 points higher. Financials gained ground on hopes that the FOMC will cut interest rates again at its meeting next week. Oil shares firmed initially in anticipation of an air attack on Iraq, but profit-taking quickly set in midday.

### TOKYO

HONDA led the benchmark Nikkei 225 index 193.15 higher to 14,268.21, on hopes of a national sales tax cut. Prime Minister Keizo Obuchi will meet opposition Liberal Party head Ichiro Ozawa on Monday to discuss an alliance. Reducing or eliminating the consumption tax may be a prerequisite for their joining forces. Honda climbed 2.7 per cent as it said profit rose 25 per cent to a record ¥158.3bn yen in the six months through September and raised its full-year group net profit forecast to ¥280bn.

### HONG KONG

THE HANG SENG index rose 0.5 per cent to 9997.99, led by Sun Hong Kai Properties, the largest developer by capitalisation. "Money is still flowing in, so people are chasing the stocks up," said John Lai, chief investment officer at Nikko Global Asset Management. "But that can't last. No fundamental news is coming out." SHKP rose 4 per cent while Hutchison Whampoa, which accounts for a tenth of the weighting in the Hang Seng, rose 1.9 per cent.

### FRANKFURT

TRADING was quiet with hopes of a further cut in US interest rates next week balanced by the prospect of disappointing company results. The Dax index closed 0.24 lower at 4639.65. Metro, the store group, gained 6.70 marks to 116.40 marks after announcing a reorganisation. Thyssen rose 10.05 marks to 295.55 marks following a modest 0.5 per cent rise in profits and Hoechst jumped 6 per cent to 76 marks in anticipation of good figures.



# M&S non-executives must act now

AS LIKELY AS NOT, Sir Richard Greenbury, chairman of Marks & Spencer, will this afternoon be setting down to one of his favourite pastimes - six-pack at side and dressed in his Manchester United strip, he'll be heckling the TV from the armchair as he watches his team play Blackburn Rovers on Sky Sport.

Meanwhile, back at the office, it is to be hoped that the company's six-strong panel of non-executive directors has finally begun to address with the degree of urgency required the humdrum of a row that has broken out between Sir Rick and his deputy chairman, Keith Oates. This is what non-executives are paid to do, and if they have failed so far to deal with the breakdown in corporate governance which has brought this situation about, they need to make up for it now with decisive action.

Best managed, most respected, best customer service, best investor relations - the accolades heaped on M&S over the years are almost endless. It is often said that in business it takes years to build a reputation, 24 hours to lose it. M&S is hardly a



JEREMY WARNER

*There can be no clearer sign of rot beneath the surface than a boardroom row conducted in public*

busted flush yet, but there can be no clearer sign of rot beneath the surface than a boardroom row conducted in public. That it should have been allowed to happen at a company as highly regarded as M&S almost defies belief.

M&S's non-execs include some top-drawer names from business and the City. There's Sir Martin Jacobson, chairman of the Prudential, Sir Ralph Robins, chairman of Rolls-Royce and Sir Michael Perry, a former chairman of Unilever. They must know what has to be done.

First, the pretender to the throne, Mr Oates. For his disloyalty and lack of judgement in allowing his bid for the top to be waged through the press, Mr Oates must be made to walk the plank. He'll no doubt be a loss to M&S, but his failure to dissociate himself from the public lobbying of non-executives conducted on his behalf has both unnerved employees and brought the company into disrepute.

Second, the present king, Sir Richard Greenbury. He should be made to split the roles of chairman and chief executive with immediate effect and lay down a clear retirement date no later than two years hence. Third, the chief executive's position. The non-executives should begin an urgent search for a chief executive from outside the group,

but benchmarked against Sir Richard's favoured internal candidate, Peter Salisbury. If nobody better can be found within a three-month period, the job should by default go to him.

There is an alternative strategy. They could fire Sir Richard and appoint Mr Oates. It may be that the situation is indeed serious enough to justify such a nuclear response of this sort. But to admit this publicly by pressing the button would be high-risk indeed and therefore not in the best interests of the company. The sooner non-execs act along the lines just outlined, the better, even if it does mean interrupting Sir Rick's football game.

## ICI/Zeneca

ICI HAS declared itself interested in buying parts of Zeneca's specialty chemicals business, which was put up for sale this week with a price tag of anything up to £2bn. What singles this expression of interest out from the general run of merg-

er and acquisition activity is that this business was until five years ago actually owned by ICI. There could hardly be a more vivid illustration of what my colleague Hamish McRae has called the age of the "velcro company" - a pull them apart and stick them together again orgy of corporate activity.

What's caused the phenomenon is growing pressure on managements to "focus" on particular activities. This pressure comes from two quarters. First and foremost, it comes from investors, who want to encourage focus as a way of making companies, the quality of their management, and the returns they achieve, more open to scrutiny and comparison. It is all too easy to obfuscate poor performance in a multi-business company.

But perhaps more important, the pressure comes from the market place. For many companies, the customer base is now a global one; managements that don't focus 100 per cent of their time on servicing it in the most competitive and cost-effective way can expect to fail.

So how did ICI get from point A, when it owned these businesses, to point B where it now wants to buy them again?

Zeneca, ICI's fast growing pharmaceuticals arm, was demerged from the main company in 1983, again, to use the jargon, to allow management to focus on core competences. Strangely, agrochemicals and specialty chemicals were demerged with it, the justification being that these businesses were closer to Zeneca than they were to ICI.

In point of fact, the real reason was to give Zeneca some extra bulk. ICI shouldn't have bothered. Since then Zeneca's stock market value has risen and ICI's has, well, sunk and sunk. Today Zeneca is worth more than five times as much as the old rump ICI business, more alarmingly, ICI is now worth only 90 per cent of what it paid Unilever for its specialty chemicals division a year and a half ago. Unilever sold, again in the name of focus, so that it could concentrate on its consumer product interests. At ICI, the idea was to transform the group from a low-

margin bulk chemicals company into a higher-margin specialty chemicals concern.

Plainly the strategy hasn't worked. At Unilever, Niall Fitzgerald is laughing all the way to the bank. Meanwhile ICI's Charles Miller Smith is sinking under a mountain of debt, apparently unable to match what it paid Unilever with the promised asset disposals in bulk chemicals and elsewhere. Sensing ICI's distress, potential buyers, to the extent that there are any for these interests, are holding out for fire-sale prices.

In ICI's case, then, the velcro has failed to connect. So what on earth is ICI doing trying to buy Zeneca's specialty chemicals? Some of these businesses, resins in particular, fit the strategy alright, but the truth of the matter is that Mr Miller Smith has barely enough money to keep paying the dividend, let alone go on another shopping spree. Because of the history, ICI still has pre-emption rights over some of these businesses, but it is hard to see how it can afford to exercise them.

## Footsie holds up well in a blitz of downgrades

A DOWNGRADING BLITZ hit the stock market. Analysts cut their profit estimates for a wide range of companies, from engineers to retailers. And for good measure, there was another crop of company profit warnings, including one from Footsie constituent, Reckitt & Colman.

The household products group was the worst performing Footsie share, tumbling 150p to 900p after reporting a sales slowdown. Its discomfort spread to Unilever, off 12p to 630p.

The downgrades included Abbey National, Arjo Wiggins Appleton, BTR and Next. Abbey, up 12p at 1,179p, had to contend with Merrill Lynch lowering its estimates from £1.66bn to £1.53bn and from £1.7bn to £1.68bn. But the investment house retained its buy advice, putting a 1,300p target price on the shares.

AWA, the packaging and paper group, was a victim of Charterhouse. The shares shaded 2.5p to 112p as Charterhouse moved from

PROTEUS International, the health care group, edged ahead 3p to 39p as Nomura, the Japanese investment group, picked up 5 million shares from Proteus founders Kevin Gilmore and John Poole. The deal lifted the Japanese interest to 7.23 per cent. The founders now have 6.78 per cent.

Proteus shares touched 83.5p earlier this year and once reached the heady heights of 365p.

£220m to £210m and from £240m to £210m.

BTR was hit by Dresdner Kleinwort Benson, which lowered its estimates from £665m to £658m and from £620m to £590m. However, the shares of the old conglomerate, now rated an engineer, have suffered much more severe punishment in the past and were little changed at 105p.

Next, the fashion chain, was weighed down by an ABN Amro downgrading on Thursday. The shares fell a further 18p to 453p after Salomon Smith Barney and CSFB, saying sell, cut £14m, while Salomon went to £160m. Last year Next made a record £184m.

Others to suffer forecast cuts included engineer Haden

## MARKET REPORT



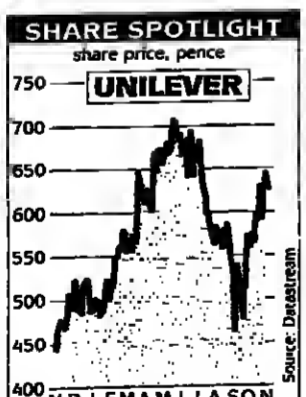
DEREK PAIN

Macellan (Albert E Sharp) and computer group MSB International (Merrill Lynch).

BTP, the specialty chemical group, lost 21p to 79.5p as BT Alex Brown turned more cautious, and Tarmac lost 3.25p to 103.75p as Salomon set an 80p target.

Elsewhere, Independent Insurance, down 32.5p to 229p, warned of a £15m bad weather hit and Cornwell Parker, a furniture and fabrics group, slumped 17.5p to 74p on a trading warning. Meggitt, the engineer, fell 12p to 130.5p following the loss of its flagship flight display contract with Boeing.

Footsie, helped by New York, stood up relatively well to the battering. It closed 14.2 points higher at 5,463.2, although trad-



ing was thin. The supporting indices were mixed. The mid cap fell 18.8 points to 4,826.4 and the small cap nudged a 1.4 gain to 2,067.1.

Flat figures from John Lewis and a negative retail review from Panmure Gordon ruffled many retailers. Marks & Spencer, still embroiled in a row over the appointment of a new chief executive, fell 22p before rallying to end unchanged at 448p. J Sainsbury was cut 3p to 530p after Schroders offered a reduce recommendation.

BICC, the cable and construction group, was a star performer. The arrival of the aggressive asset specialist Wassall, with a 7.35 per cent stake, pushed the shares 9.5p higher to 66.5p. Whether Wassall will attempt a bid or is merely seeking to smoke out a possible predator remains to be seen. Many believe BICC should be split, freeing the construction side from the troublesome cables division. Earlier this week Henderson Cross-thwaite estimated a break-up value of 120p.

Oils continued to draw strength from the Gulf crisis. Shell flared 10.25p to 364.75p and British Petroleum 16.5p to 916p. Lasmo edged ahead 4.5p to 178p and Enterprise 9p to 404p.

Bilton, as Slough Estates emerged victorious, put on 8p to 306.5p and Slough slipped 5.5p to 281.5p.

Capital Radio failed to make any lasting response to bid speculation. At one time up

RANK, the troubled leisure group where profits have tumbled and break-up marauders circle, edged forward 5.5p to 254.5p. A bid of £900m for the leisure division has been, it is believed, rejected.

Investment house Robert Fleming Securities calculates the break-up value of Rank shares at 330p. It believes the price should move nearer to 330p as corporate activity begins to unfold.

GRE, the Guardian Royal Exchange insurance group, which rose in late trading on Thursday, fell back 11p to 881p.

Warburg Dillon Read did not help by reducing its profits forecasts. The failure of a bid to materialise lowered Barn Stewart Distillers 1p to 18p.

The hard-hat cash-and-carry chain Booker enjoyed some bottom fishing, rising 6.5p to 68.5p and Express Dairies responded to positive comment, up 9p to 164p.

SEAQ VOLUME: 726.8m  
SEAQ TRADES: 54,057  
GILT INDEX: n/a



## The streets with a high price tag

THREATS OF an impending recession do not appear to have deterred British shoppers, writes Simon Duke. According to a survey published yesterday, London's Oxford Street now ranks as the third most expensive

street in the world for shops. Retail rents have soared by 25 per cent during the past year, and now average £3,030 per square metre. Only New York's Madison Avenue (£3,566) and Hong Kong's Causeway Bay

(£3,515) are more expensive. Neither have the Russians let impending financial meltdown get in the way of conspicuous consumption. Moscow is now rated the fifth costliest place to shop in the world.

## IN BRIEF

### US and Japan in trade stalemate

TRADE TENSIONS between the US and Japan flared up yesterday in a dispute that threatens to overshadow next week's Asian-Pacific Economic Co-operation (Apec) summit.

Three days of trade talks between senior Apec officials ended without agreement after Japan refused to promise early cuts in tariffs on fish and forestry products. Apec ministers will now meet over the weekend to try and resolve the dispute. If they fail, the issue will be taken up by Apec leaders at their November 17-18 summit.

### Lloyd's fine

LLOYD'S OF LONDON has fined and banned one of its managing agents after finding the firm guilty of 12 separate breaches of accounting by-laws.

Cuthbert Heath Underwriting was fined £125,000 and ordered to pay £90,000 in costs to Lloyd's after failing to disclose information and keep certain accounting records.

### Glasgow jobs

RESPONSE HANDLING, a database management company, is to create 200 jobs in Govan, Glasgow, as it expands a call centre next to Ibrox stadium. The expansion follows significant new contracts for the company.

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84986

## SPORT

Rugby Union: Wales' new coach faces his first taste of competitive action against formidable South Africa today

## Henry's experiment with reality

BY CHRIS HEWETT

IT WILL, of course, be entirely ridiculous, not to say blasphemous, to worship Graham Henry as the Great Redeemer should he inspire his red-shirted flock to a first-ever victory over the Springboks at Wembley this afternoon. He would be worthy of a title far more grandiose. God would sound about right. After all, this small, dapper, middle-aged New Zealander has been asked to create a whole new world from the dark void known as Welsh rugby and while no one quite expects him to complete the job inside seven days, instant success would ensure one heck of a Sabbath tomorrow.

Not that Henry is wholly sold on the Welsh Rugby Union hillboard campaign that, even before his first Test in charge, has taken the liberty of portraying him in a distinctly celestial light. "Anything to get the crowd singing, I suppose," was his less than enthusiastic response this week. Twenty-eight years of the richest coaching experience the game of rugby union has to offer has taught the six-figure-salaried messiah that it will take more than a piece of advertising smart-arsery to tempt the choirs of hill and valley back into full voice.

It is difficult to sing anything more uplifting than a funeral dirge when your once proud nation has lost its last two major Test matches by an aggregate score of 147-13, and Henry makes no secret of his displeasure at the fixture schedulers who contrived to award him an international coaching debut against the very world champions who stuck 96 excruciating points on his new employees less than five months ago.

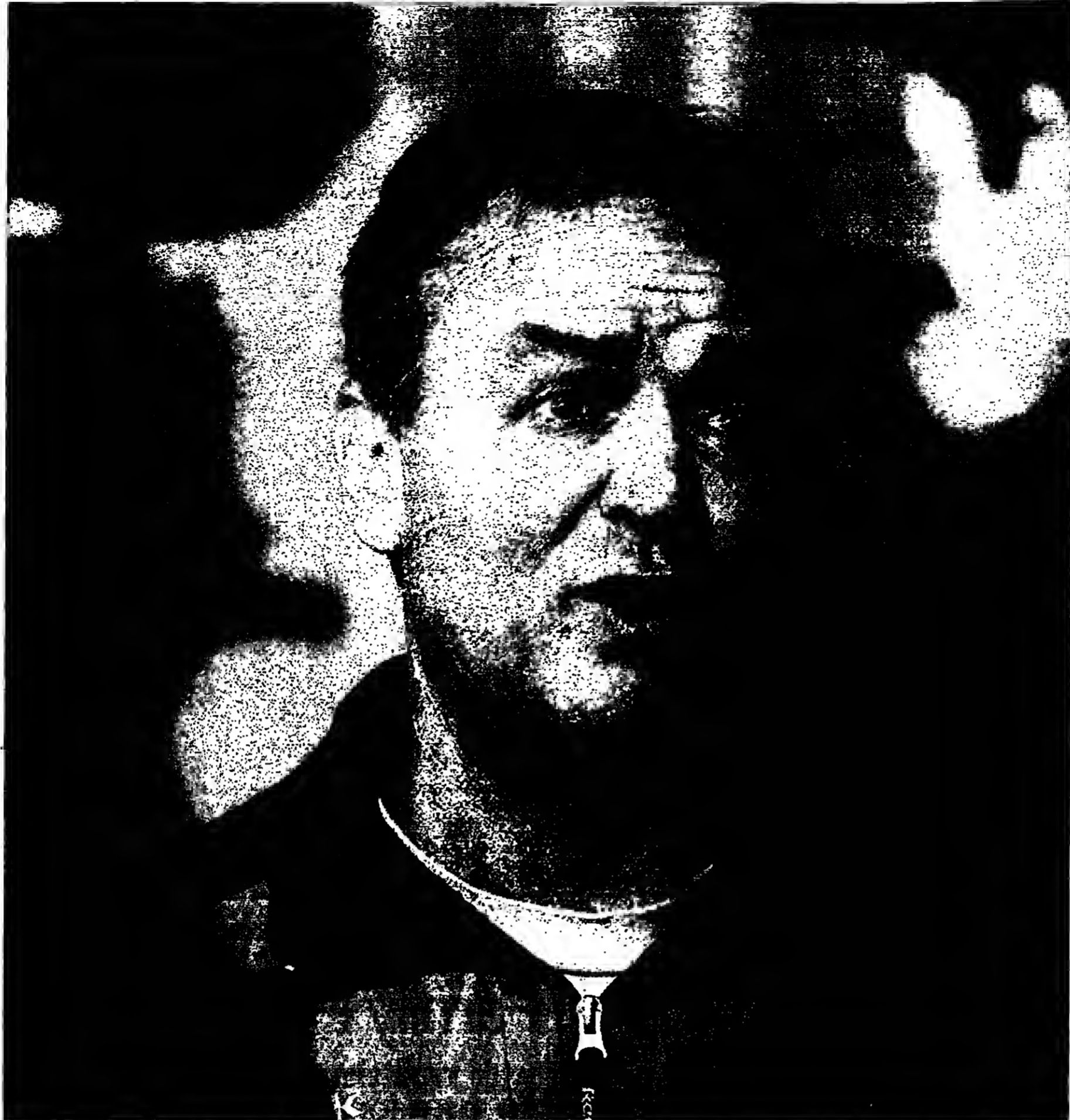
*'All I want is some real passion, some real guts and for the players to do the things they've been told to do'*

"What we really needed was a couple of rehearsals," he said after a squad session at Cardiff's Sophia Gardens, just a well-struck Neil Jenkins kick away from the site of the new Millennium Stadium, centrepiece of next year's World Cup extravaganza. "Believe me, the Springboks are no one's idea of a rehearsal. If anyone represents stone-cold reality, they do."

The reality for the 52-year-old former schoolteacher from Auckland is that his 10-week honeymoon with the Welsh public could be history by 4.30 this afternoon. Another humiliation, inflicted on something bearing a far closer resemblance to a full-strength Red Dragon outfit than the rag, tag and bobtail lot saddled with Mission Impossible to Pretoria last summer, would remove some of the Henry sheen for sure. The new coach can talk as good a game as the next man, but this is no time to be shouting the odds.

"I always go into a game expecting the ultimate because any coach who doesn't do that should get the hell out," he asserted before leaving for London on Thursday. "But your definition of the ultimate is governed by your particular circumstances. I think we've made a good deal of progress together since I took over the job in August, but I can't hope to understand the exact scale of the task without watching the blokes play. A first-up game with the Boks is not exactly what I'd have chosen but at least I'll get an idea of our deficiencies."

"All I want from this weekend is some real passion, some real guts and for the players to do the things they've been told to do. Total commitment. Total concentration. That's



Graham Henry, in charge of Auckland before accepting the Wales job, has gone for size and strength on his Test debut as a national coach

Wales News

the deal. I can't quantify what I'm looking for from this game in terms of points on the board, or even in terms of victory and defeat. Perhaps that's why I'm nowhere near as nervous as I usually get before a big one. There's an excitement inside me, of course - it's my first international match, the realisation of a dream I've cherished for nearly 30 years - but to be honest with you, I'm generally in a far worse state than this."

For all his generalisations, his understandable reluctance to talk specifics at so early a juncture, one or two illuminating truths can be drawn from Henry's first selection. If his predecessor, Kevin Bowring, attempted to "Welshify" the national team by reinstating the bold attacking traditions of the long lost Edwards-John-Bennett era, Henry is trying to "worldify" it with a dash of international realpolitik.

Quicksilver, imaginative, mercu-

rial whippets like Arwel Thomas and Gareth Wyatt have been thrown to the four winds. This Wales, Henry's Wales, is all about size and strength and physical presence... or at least, as near as he can get to it.

"You might see it that way, but I wouldn't necessarily agree that there is any particular philosophy attached to my team selection," he shrugged. "The way I look at it, a coach picks his best 15. Really, it's that simple. Which it quite obviously is not. If that were the case, any mug could do it. And Henry is not, by any stretch of the little grey cells, a mug."

He first turned to coaching while his playing career was still a going concern - "I was a pretty average outside-half playing pretty average rugby down in Christchurch when it struck me that I'd go further off the field than I could hope to go on it" - and by 1971 he was in charge of the rough and tumble at Auckland

Grammar School. He paid his dues with the local colts and student sides, earned his stripes with the provincial B team and finally took over the whole Eden Park shooting match in 1995, leading the Auckland Blues into the inaugural Super 12 competition the following year.

"You ask me whether coaching Auckland, with all those great players, was like falling off a log compared to Wales? Well, it was different, I'll admit. But it didn't run itself, that team. Some of the top guys were going down the far side of the mountain and had to be replaced and while we were introducing new blood, we always knew that the expectation, the assumption, that Auckland would win was constantly growing."

Auckland did win under Henry. They won heaps. In the 1996 Super 12 they scored 70 tries in 13 matches, at an average of more than five a game, and put 45 points on a vin-

tage Natal side in the final. They triumphed in 1997, too, and it was not until this year's climax against Canterbury that they lost their first tournament game on home soil. Throw in the odd National Provincial Championship title and endless Ranfurly Shield defences and you have a culture of achievement that could not be more dissimilar to recent Welsh experience if it tried.

Which is why England went after Henry in the summer of last year, only to cock up the negotiations so spectacularly that they became the laughing stocks of the northern and southern hemispheres simultaneously. Was Henry ever close to a Twickenham deal? The eyes narrow suddenly. "I spoke to one or two of the English top brass, that's about all," he says. "I don't think we need go into it further."

OK, OK. What about the decision that did bring him to these islands, then? The word in New

Zealand has it that with the All Blacks going down five-zip to Australia and South Africa during the summer, a brief pause for thought would surely have seen John Hart heading for the job centre and Henry on the All Black throne. There go those eyes again. "Maybe, maybe not. Who knows what would have happened? I certainly don't. I wanted to coach at international level and Wales gave me a wonderful opportunity. I'm here and I'm in for the long haul. It's an extraordinary, exciting challenge. I couldn't be happier."

And the folks back home in New Zealand? How happy are they at the loss of a world class coach? Henry is back on terra firma again, snarling mischievously out of the side of his mouth. "I've got friends back home and I can tell you that they've both wished me well for the game." A self-deprecating Auckland, eh? Wonders will never cease.

## FOUR REASONS WHY THE BOKS ARE THE BEST



## THE PORT KNOX FACTOR

If defence constitutes 50 per cent of a game, mega-tacklers like Henry Honiball and Andre Venter (above) are 100 per cent committed to making a proper job of it. The hardest side in the world to break down - astonishingly, they shipped only four tries in as many Tri-Nations games against the talented attacks of Australia and New Zealand - they have long subscribed to the view that it is very difficult to lose if the opposition fails to score.



## THE EDUCATED RIGHT BOOT FACTOR

Last year's unexpected defeat by the Lions was based squarely on the fact that no Springbok goal-kicker could hit an elephant's backside with a double bass. Since when, Percy Montgomery (above) has brushed up on his marksmanship and started slotting them from everywhere. The Western Province full-back's tactical kicking has also emerged as a smart weapon; when in doubt he simply hurls it downfield and leaves the rest to his tacklers.



## THE ENLIGHTENED LEADERSHIP FACTOR

The big, strong, talkative one is Nick Mallett; the big, strong, silent one is No 8 Gary Teichmann (above). Together, they hit every spot that needs hitting. Coach Mallett is tuned-in, clued-up and proudly unbeaten; the very antithesis, indeed, of his ineffectual predecessor, Carel du Plessis. Under Mallett's tutelage, Teichmann present has managed to become the very antithesis of Teichmann past. A baffled captain a year ago, he now knows all the answers to all the questions.



## THE RUGBY WITH ATTITUDE FACTOR

The Bokkie psyche does not have an edge to it, it has a preface. James Dalton (above), the tourists' first-choice hooker, used to be one of the two most competitive players in Test rugby and now that Sean Fitzpatrick has called it a day, the Transvaal with the Vul Brynner hairstyle is out there on his own. The South Africans rarely fight these days - at least, not physically - but the old assumption of superiority, the divine right syndrome, still runs deep.

## Intriguing philosophy of infinitely deferred effort

FOR A reason I choose not to dwell on, words spoken by a young man in a television documentary about health and fitness have lodged in my mind.

Asked about his ample gut, he patted it gently, grinned, and replied: "It's only temporary." Optimism - you have to admire that in a person.

I would be prepared to lay money that the contour in question is the same to this day, if not more pronounced. After all, its owner did not look remotely abashed.

But then why should he have done? Because he was clearly confident, like the smoker or the drinker that he could just say "no". At any time, he could choose to deploy diet and/or exercise against the offending protuber-



MIKE ROWBOTTOM

ance. It was simply that that time had not yet arrived.

For many, that time never will arrive - but with a little mental dexterity, as demonstrated by our young interviewee, the moment of truth can

be postponed indefinitely. This does not mean, of course, that other persons need be viewed in the same indulgent light. At Anfield once, I heard a visiting supporter aim a torrent of abuse at Liverpool's portly Danish midfielder, Jan Molby. The phrase "you fat bastard!" formed the central plank of this critique - which came from a man of, conservatively, twice Molby's girth.

It is one of the enduring attractions of football spectating that shouting out rude remarks is not just tolerated, but expected. Where else is there such freedom to voice personal insult? But to return to the man with the gut and the hazy plan. The fact is, I feel endangered by his philosophy. Those honeyed words, with their promise of infinitely deferred effort - I can

sense them drawing me in, sapping my resolve...

I mean, even the super-fit have problems with motivation, don't they? Dave Bedford, Britain's former world 10,000 metres record holder, once said that the biggest problem he faced in running was getting out of the front door.

I take some comfort from the fact that I have at least one thing in common with a world record holder. But it is not enough.

As I find myself confirming that old Bob Hope gag about middle age being the time when your age goes round your middle; as I find myself making Victor Meldrew noises while sinking into the depths of an armchair; as I find myself hesitating to lean down and pick up the wax crayon so thoughtfully wedged

under the cooker by, probably, my six-year-old - at all these times, I have a sensation of slipping away from something. Youth.

That's the something. What I could do with, increasingly, is a kind of reverse inertia reel belt - one that would precipitate me from my seat in response to prolonged inactivity.

It's not that I have an exaggerated idea of physical attainment. The increasing numbers of men's health magazines promising to shape up my pecs or get my six-pack sorted for the summer do not hold any sway over me. At an official dinner recently I discovered a fellow journalist on my table who worked for one of these periodicals and suggested that he and his ilk were trying to make us chaps feel

guilty in the same way that women's magazines had been doing with women for so many years.

Not a blindingly original point of view, I grant you, but at that stage of the evening it passed for conversation. And the object of my righteous indignation was sensible enough to agree before tucking gloomily into his roast potatoes.

No, I am no seeker after six-packs. Unless they have ring pulls, you can keep them.

But, but... a mixture of vanity, suspicion and, perhaps, instinct compels me make the occasional gesture towards general fitness. So it was that I decided the other day, on impulse, to go out for a run. Yes, just like that, out the front door, wearing what I wore.

By the time I reached the end of my road, heavy drops of rain had begun to fall, splodging darkly on to the pavement. I remembered that I had worn a small hole in the trainers I was wearing. Ah, yes - there it was.

Generally speaking, I view joggers in the rain with faint disdain, reasoning that they are being showily masochistic - "look at me, aren't I dedicated?" Now, as the traffic swished by on the main road, I was the sad and sodden toiler. But there was nothing else for it - I had committed myself.

Fully quarter of an hour later I returned to my front door; the front door I should have remained inside. My heart was pounding, blood thudded in my temples. But this I knew - it was only temporary.

John 11:20:150



# Papillon too fleet for old warriors

IT IS time to put away childish things, the flat-racing apparel of goggles and blazers. Now comes the real game, the National Hunt season of big men and even larger dry-cleaning bills.

Some believe that the jumps season begins only at the Hennessy Gold Cup at Newbury in a fortnight's time. Yet there is much to admire about Cheltenham's mud-spattering first serious meeting of the fresh campaign, highlighted today by the Murphy's Gold Cup.

The body of the flat season may still be twitching, but the Prestbury Park executive has gone to considerable lengths to ensure racing's followers skip gaily across the bridge from one code to another.

The theme of today's card is an early skirmish between the British and Irish, a confrontation which reaches its ultimate

By RICHARD EDMONDSON

with an extra two stones in the saddle. "Senior El Beiruti is in excellent form," Susan Nock, his trainer, said yesterday. "He has schooled well and I am pleased with him."

"I walked the course on Monday and it looked in good shape so we are hopeful, even though we realise it will be difficult with so much more weight this time."

The runner-up 12 months ago was a gelding whose name provokes instant cheer and loathing among punters depending upon when you have backed him. If Russia had never existed it would have been Challenger Du Lac to which Winston Churchill referred to as "a riddle, wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma".

The eight-year-old frequently competes as if he is part of an equine care-in-the-community programme, throwing away victory in the most improbable of circumstances. Yet it must be remembered that he has consistent form in this race, as he also won it in 1997 with Richard Dunwoody in the saddle.

Tony McCoy's association with the Challenger has been conspicuously less fruitful and he switches to Martin Pipe's other runner, the progressive Cyfor Malia. Dunwoody is reunited with his old chum. Both, however, can be overlooked if you consider the recent record of their trainer, Pipe, as usual, is charging ahead in the jumps championship, but his strike-rate of late is not what we expect from the little man.

A more reliable selection could be a beast ill-named for the rigours of National Hunt racing, PAPILLON (map 2.55), though, has already proved he is sturdier than his name might suggest by finishing second in an Irish Grand National.

The seven-year-old has also won around this terrain and falls into the improving category which usually surrenders the Murphy's winner.

Elsewhere on the Cheltenham card there are possibilities about Strong Chairman (next best 3.30) and the Nigel Twiston-Davies-trained pairing of Ashley Muck (2.30) and Boraizon (4.05).

Channel 4 also offers racing from Ayr and a particularly attractive limited handicap chase. By next coincidence Sparky Gayle (1.45), last year's Murphy's favourite, has a chance in this. Among his rivals is Seven Towers, whose main target comes at the end of jumping's many feasts, in next spring's Grand National.

The first drop of the hard stuff is taken today, Enjoly.

## Dobbin is lost in the country

IT WILL be of no consolation to Tony Dobbin, but if ever a jump jockey was to get confused by the configuration of a course it would be in the Sporting Index Chase, a cross-country encounter that was held at Cheltenham yesterday, writes Richard Edmondson.

Dobbin appeared to have done the hard bit on McGregor 'The Third, safely negotiating the first circuit with no pathfinder to show him the way. But then, as the race heated up and the pack closed, the young Ulsterman's compass went potty. He could have blamed McGregor, who has won this race twice before, and should therefore have been relied on to find his own way round.

On this occasion though the old horse went swerving to the outside of the main bunch and towards one avenue before his jockey realised everyone else was funneling down another by the time Dobbin had corrected his navigational error the field had gone. He recovered, but could finish only fifth behind an Irish clean sweep led by Linden's Lotto and returned with a face as long as the race. The stewards punished the

with a seven-day ban, which will come into force at the end of the month.

More consistently unreliable is Green Green Desert, who has been called more names than Elizabeth Taylor. However, the old secondhand showed that talent is still mixing with waywardness inside his seven-year-old body yesterday in a handicap chase.

This itinerant racehorse, who has competed with distinction on the flat and is now with Paul Nicholls after beginning his jumping career at Oliver Sherwood's yard, skipped pleasingly around two miles of the old course. He did not come under pressure at any stage, which was perhaps the key to his victory.

"Everything you read in the papers told you this horse had no chance," Nicholls said, "but the work he has done at home suggested he would win. I have been using him to lead the babies and he has settled in well." Adrian Maguire has decided not to appeal against the three-day suspension which he collected at Kelso on Wednesday for using his whip with excessive frequency.



Runners clear the stepped hedge, in the cross-country chase at Cheltenham yesterday which was won by Linden's Lotto

Julian Herbert/Hallport

### WINDSOR

**12.30 Polar Champ 1.00 Wave Rock 1.35**  
Dancing Laird 2.10 Trouville 2.40 Gorman 3.10  
Sweet Lord 3.40 Reverse Thrust

**GOING:** Good to Soft (Good on top level).  
■ Figure-eight course. Level, with sharp turns, and long straights and a 200yd run-in.  
■ Course is N of town on A308 near junction B of M4. Stations at Windsor Central and Windsor Riverside. In. River bus stops at course. **ADMISSION:** Club £4; Terraces £2; Silver Ring £4. CAR PARK: Third Ring, car with four occupants, £4, plus £2 at turn-off; rest free.  
■ **LEADING TRAINERS:** K Bailey 14-43 (52.8%), N Henderson 7-37 (58.9%), M H Knight 7-51 (52.3%), A Tizzard 6-25 (21%).  
■ **LEADING JOCKEYS:** M A Fitzgerald 6-27 (61.1%), J F Titterton 6-45 (72.9%), P A McCoy 7-29 (61.4%), M Richards 7-66 (50.5%).  
■ **FAVOURITES:** 60-221 (26.2%).  
■ **BLINKERED FIRST TIME:** First instance (23), 330 Grand Canyon (31).

**12.30 3M INNOVATION NOVICE HURDLE**  
DIV 1 (CLASS E) £3,500 added 2m

1 26-24 MERRY BEAT (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 24-24 MERRY BEAT (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 24-24 MERRY BEAT (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 24-24 MERRY BEAT (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 24-24 MERRY BEAT (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
6 24-24 MERRY BEAT (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
7 24-24 MERRY BEAT (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
8 24-24 MERRY BEAT (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
9 24-24 MERRY BEAT (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
10 24-24 MERRY BEAT (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)

**FORM VERDICT**  
MERRY BEAT is the obvious selection, particularly if there is no more rain. Edin Heights and Polar Champ are 70-rated flat horses who are particularly interesting opponents.

**MARKET RASEN**  
HYPERION  
12.55 Tashreef 1.50 Good Vibes 2.05 Premium Quest 2.40 Shirley Venture 3.20 Danger Flynn 3.50 General Haven

**GOING:** Soft (Good to Soft back straight).  
■ Right-hand, short, level. Run-in of one furlong.  
■ Course is E of town on A321. Market Rasen station (Lincoln - Grimsby line). **ADMISSION:** Club £3; Terraces £2 (OAP members of Lincoln Club £1); Silver Ring £2 (Adults Club OAPs half price). CAR PARK: places areas 22, rest free.  
■ **PRE-YEAR STATISTICS**  
■ **LEADING TRAINERS:** 21 Pipe - 22 winners from 85 runners (26.1%); 22 Pipe - 22 winners from 85 runners (26.1%); 22 Pipe - 22 winners from 85 runners (26.1%).  
■ **LEADING JOCKEYS:** A P McCoy 30 wins from 78 rides (38.5%); 30 wins from 78 rides (38.5%); 30 wins from 78 rides (38.5%).  
■ **FAVOURITES:** 208 wins in 522 races (39.8%).  
■ **BLINKERED FIRST TIME:** Soap Stone (23), Lovable Outlaw (next 3.30).

**12.55 RACING CHANNEL CONDITIONALS**  
HYPERION (CLASS E) £3,000 added 1m 110yds

1 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
6 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
7 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
8 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
9 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
10 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)

**FORM VERDICT**  
Though he lacks a touch of class, the time, recent winner CASHALANTY may be able to win again. He is more reliable than form book Tashreef and may well have a fitness advantage over the tempting Cendrin Express.

**1.30 CLUGSTON NOVICE CHASE (CLASS D)**  
£5,000 added 2m 4f

1 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
2 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
3 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
4 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
5 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
6 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
7 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
8 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
9 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
10 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)

**FORM VERDICT**  
Chasing debutant SAG MAD BAD made plenty of appeal. He was not that far behind rival Good Vibes over hurdles and, crucially in ground which will make for a decent test of stamina, is much more of a stayer than Good Vibes, who is up to the longer trip.

**2.05 CLUGSTON NOVICE HURDLE (CLASS D)**  
£4,000 added 3y 2m 110yds

1 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
2 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
3 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
4 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
5 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
6 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
7 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
8 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
9 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
10 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)

**1.00 MENCAP BLUE SKY HURDLE (CLASS E)**  
£2,900 added 3y 2m

1 04-06 BOLD KING (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
2 04-06 BOLD KING (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
3 04-06 BOLD KING (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
4 04-06 BOLD KING (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
5 04-06 BOLD KING (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
6 04-06 BOLD KING (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
7 04-06 BOLD KING (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
8 04-06 BOLD KING (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
9 04-06 BOLD KING (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
10 04-06 BOLD KING (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)

**FORM VERDICT**  
There are possibilities about one or two of the newcomers, but this looks a good opportunity for WINDY ROCK. He was the pick of these on the flat and, though he apparently went the wrong way, he has shown enough over timber to indicate he can hold his own in what is usually an ordinary race.

**1.35 3M INNOVATION NOVICE HURDLE**  
(CLASS E) (DIV 1) £3,500 added 2m

1 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
6 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
7 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
8 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
9 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
10 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)

**FORM VERDICT**  
On the whole, the best bet is for CHICAGO CITY, who has the pick of these on the flat and, though he apparently went the wrong way, he has shown enough over timber to indicate he can hold his own in what is usually an ordinary race.

**2.40 CONSORT TRAVEL HANDICAP HURDLE**  
(CLASS E) £3,500 added 1m 110yds

1 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
6 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
7 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
8 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
9 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
10 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)

**FORM VERDICT**  
A moderate race in which only form-pick PHENOMENAL QUEST, Haggis and possibly Danesbury and Argente rate serious chances. Haggis' debut run did not yield any great promise, so Phenomenal Quest is somewhat reluctantly preferred.

**3.20 CLUGSTON HANDICAP CHASE (F)**  
£4,000 added 3m 1f

1 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
2 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
3 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
4 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
5 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
6 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
7 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
8 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
9 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
10 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)

**FORM VERDICT**  
KARABASTING has won here on soft and elsewhere at slightly further age, unless severely tested, is proven in the conditions. With his form in form and a bit, it will be best, seasonal debut behind him, he is the choice.

**3.50 PARK SOCIAL NOVICE HURDLE**  
(CLASS D) £4,000 added 1m 110yds

1 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
2 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
3 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
4 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
5 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
6 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
7 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
8 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
9 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)  
10 07-31 EL CORDON (2) (2) M Bailey 7 11 M Bailey (7)

**FORM VERDICT**  
A difficult race for punters, in which the paucity of decent record over hurdles means extreme caution should be exercised. Fair Flat-race DRIVE ASSURED is a tentative choice to make a winning debut over hurdles, possibly at the main expense of Arctic Ground.

**FORM VERDICT**  
A difficult race for punters, in which the paucity of decent record over hurdles means extreme caution should be exercised. Fair Flat-race DRIVE ASSURED is a tentative choice to make a winning debut over hurdles, possibly at the main expense of Arctic Ground.

**2.10 BARCLAYS BANK THAMES VALLEY HANDICAP CHASE (D)**  
£5,500 added 2m 5f

1 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
6 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
7 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
8 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
9 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
10 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)

**FORM VERDICT**  
The ground (more rain forecast) is likely to be against Millbrook Rivens and Trenchville, and it should pay to concentrate on Colonel Blazer, Seymourwath and ZAMBEZI SPIRIT. The last-named, despite his win record, cannot be written off as a firm-ground specialist and, given his first-time-out record, there should be few worries about his fitness. The market has often proved a reliable guide to his prospects.

**2.40 NESCAFE NOVICE HANDICAP HURDLE**  
(CLASS E) £3,500 added 2m 4f

1 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
6 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
7 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
8 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
9 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
10 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)

**FORM VERDICT**  
Few with serious chances. Mighty Phantom, suited by distance and going, could find the concession of 20lb to promising CATHARTIC'S WAY (likely to come on for his second-year) beyond his reach. And, Span could represent poor value, and Lottabach Express looks the pick of the others.

**WOLVERHAMPTON**  
HYPERION  
7.00 Tropical Beach 7.30 Facsimile 8.00 Just Name It 8.30 Soaked 9.00 Super Strides 9.30 Desert Spa

**GOING:** Standard. STALLS: 71 - outside; rest - inside.  
■ DRAW ADVANTAGE: Good best.  
■ **PRELUDE TO THE RACE**  
■ Course is N of town on A448. Wolverhampton station. **ADMISSION:** Club £2; Terraces £2 (OAP members of Wolverhampton Club £1); Silver Ring £2 (Adults Club OAPs half price). CAR PARK: free.  
■ **PRE-YEAR STATISTICS**  
■ **LEADING TRAINERS:** 71 Pipe - 22 winners from 85 runners (26.1%); 22 Pipe - 22 winners from 85 runners (26.1%); 22 Pipe - 22 winners from 85 runners (26.1%).  
■ **LEADING JOCKEYS:** A P McCoy 30 wins from 78 rides (38.5%); 30 wins from 78 rides (38.5%); 30 wins from 78 rides (38.5%).  
■ **FAVOURITES:** 208 wins in 522 races (39.8%).  
■ **BLINKERED FIRST TIME:** Soap Stone (23), Lovable Outlaw (next 3.30).

**7.00 'NOWHERE TO RUN' HANDICAP**  
(CLASS F) £3,000 added 1m 10yds

1 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
6 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
7 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
8 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
9 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
10 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)

**FORM VERDICT**  
UP IN FLAMES appeared prominently on his return to action after a break of almost two months and gave the vote ahead of Arco, who is taken to reverse recent course placings with Tropical Beach.

**7.30 SOUL MEDIAN AUCTION MAIDEN STAKES (F)**  
£2,800 added 1m 10yds

1 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
6 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
7 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
8 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
9 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
10 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)

**FORM VERDICT**  
Katharine Kade has to be feared on her AW debut, but she could find one too good in FACSIMILE, who should be aided by tonight's trip and is taken to confirm the promise she showed over a mile at Warwick.

**8.00 'BAND OF GOLD' MAIDEN STAKES**  
(CLASS D) £4,000 added 2y 7f

1 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
6 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
7 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
8 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
9 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
10 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)

**3.10 RMC GROUP NOVICE CHASE (CLASS E)**  
£4,500 added 3m

1 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
6 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
7 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
8 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
9 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
10 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)

**FORM VERDICT**  
An ordinary race in which the likely favourite Millbrook, often his own worst enemy, is vulnerable to less exposed types. Pick of them could be SWEET LORD, who can credibly first time-out last time, when he looked quite useful over hurdles.

**3.40 SOUTHERN ELECTRIC GAS HANDICAP HURDLE (E)**  
£3,500 added 2m

1 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
6 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
7 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
8 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
9 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
10 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)

**FORM VERDICT**  
A sound piece looks assured, and this should suit Holy Wanderer, ABALAJAY, Storm Tiger and Westwinds. The ground could be on the soft side for the best-runners, while Storm Tiger seems in the grip of the handicapper. Westwinds Way is a good mark, but Abalajay is relatively unexposed over hurdles and looks the one to be on.

**8.30 'JIMMY MACK' HANDICAP (CLASS E)**  
£3,750 added 5f

1 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
2 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
3 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
4 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (2) G Moore 4 15 M Becher (5)  
5 02-25 CENDRIN EXPRESS (2) (





# Carling's weird attempt at method acting

THE IDEA of John Inverdale as the poor man's Jeremy Paxman is slightly laughable, though a couple of weeks ago on *McOst and MacAulay* (BBC1) he was asked how he managed to get away with asking such tough, uncompromising questions, at which point this observer spluttered at the screen. But he obviously took the notion on board, and he's hardened up his act for the new series of *On Side* (BBC1, Monday), though they're still delivered in a woolly-jumper kind of way.

A journalistic colleague, Ian Stafford, recently went three rounds with the boxer, Roy Jones, for the purposes of a book—the imitative—but Inverdale went one better, risking the wrath of Jenny Pittman with a checklist of insults he chucked at her

CHRIS MAUME

SPORT ON TV



in the course of an otherwise genial interview. "Belligerent" and "obnoxious" were among the epithets he applied, without receiving one of her famous punches in the mouth.

One question was a double-edged classic: had being "bloody-minded" helped her in her struggle with cancer? "I prefer to call it determination," she demurred.

No doubt with his recent public pillorying in mind for being a serial family-wrecker, Will Carling, Inverdale's lead-off guest, seemed to be expecting a good kicking by way of retribution. He would clearly have preferred to be covered all over in butterfly kisses by the likes of Martin Bashir, much in the manner of his late alleged chum, Princess Diana, rather than subject himself even to a gentle buffeting from "Gestapo" Inverdale. The suspicion grew, though, that if he looked uncomfortable, it was a fine example of chat-show method acting.

Carling's discomfort, it soon became blindingly obvious, was a put-up job. Inverdale's first fastball promised much: "So hero to zero?"

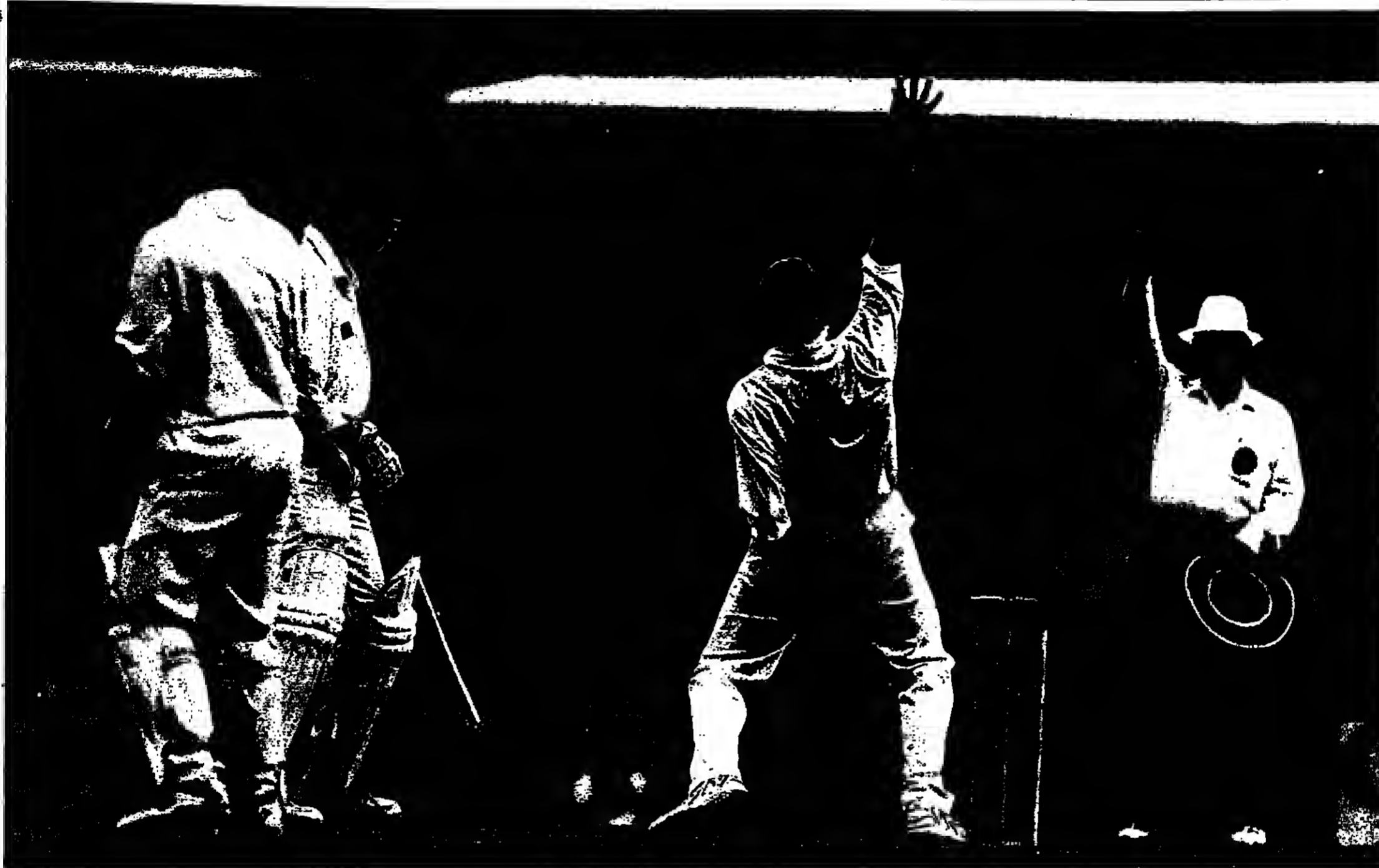
But he probably hadn't reckoned on drowning in a pool of crocodile tears. The Diana-Bashir love-in provided inspirational horizons: Carling had all the moves—the voice low almost beyond the range of human sensory capability, with a gruff, throaty undertone to suggest vulnerability and emotional scars. Walking out on his family was tough for him, too, he said. And he'd been stitched up by the media (it's always the media's fault, even for those whose own hands are filthy with media moolah).

"I'm not arrogant, I'm not selfish," he said. "I'm shy. I don't work a room like a politician, I stand in the corner." So did former colleagues' comments sadden him? "Everything saddens me," he replied, his eyes downcast, his brow

furrowed. Huh. As Denis Leary put it in his *No Cure For Cancer* show, "Life sucks. Get a helmet." The point about Carling's appearance on the programme was not that he has somehow to answer publicly for walking out on his family. That's his and their business. But he must have seen it as some kind of step towards rehabilitation in the public mind (and the public purse?), a little like Hugh Grant's post-fellatio interview on *Jay Leno*. And Carling played the victim to the end. As the audience applauded, he looked grimly down at the studio floor, resolute in his determination not to smile. He might have thought that perhaps there were a few "aahs" being aah-ed up and down the country. In truth, it just looked a bit weird.

The first of the returning *They Think It's All Over* (BBC1, Thursday) must have been recorded before the Carling interview was shown. If they had seen it they would have ripped him to shreds. They were back in all their laddish glory (with Alan Davies standing in for the resting Lee Hirst), only Franck Lebeouf, carrying himself exactly like a man who's recently addressed the Oxford Union, adrift amid the *Men Behaving Badly* lagerspeak, all the knobs-and-shagging jokes. (I do wish Lebeouf would remove the unnecessary and upsetting facial hair skulking beneath his lower lip, incidentally. It looks less like whiskers and more like a collection of small boils. If it is, in fact, a collection of small boils, my apologies and a recommendation that he consults a dermatologist.)

The coarseness on *TIAO* was mostly funny, sometimes just grating. And, of course, there was a forerunner on so there was all that humorous mock xenophobia to get in. Lebeouf took it in good heart, though at one point he did crack slightly. Rory McGrath had a strange joke going about the French not having words for certain objects, such as the baguette. "But we do have a word for 'stupid,'" he said, his eyes flashing. He had a nice reply for every outrageous slur, every remark about his accent, or his command of the language. "I don't care," he repeated, every time to applause. "I won the World Cup." And there really is no answer to that.



Dominic Cork, the England bowler, successfully appeals for the wicket of Queensland's Paul Jackson on the first day of the tour match at Cazaly's Oval in Cairns yesterday

Allsport

## Barlow targets S Africa batsmen

BY TELFORD VICE  
in Durban

SOUTH AFRICA plan to correct the impression that they are primarily one-day specialists in their historic first series against West Indies.

The bottom line in Test cricket is getting enough runs and taking 20 wickets, and at the moment we are simply not getting enough runs," said South Africa's convenor of selectors, Peter Pollock. Toward that end, a group of South African batsmen, including those likely to feature in the team selected for the first of five Test matches, in Johannesburg from 26 November, are spending two days in Bloemfontein in the experienced hands of Eddie Barlow.

Barlow played 30 Tests for South Africa in the 1960s as an all-rounder who opened the batting, and he is now one of the most respected coaches in the country. Since the 1996 World Cup there has been no better limited overs team in the world than South Africa, but losing the Test series in England this year was a blow for the captain, Hansie Cronje, and the coach, Bob Woolmer.

Similarly, South Africa's failure to take a series off Australia since their readmission to world cricket in 1991 is a source of national discomfort. However, Pollock is confident that the teams be selected for the series against the West Indians can succeed without departing from the accepted South African way of cricket.

"It's all about applying fully what the world may regard as limited resources," he said.

Superb fitness, committed fielding and disciplined bowling are the familiar aspects of South Africa's play.

Sorting out the batting will entail, in part, finding an opening partner for Gary Kirsten, although Adam Bacher seems to have reclaimed his place with a century and two half-centuries in the first two rounds of the domestic first-class competition, and helping Kirsten over a finger injury and a torn thumb. Jacques Kallis, Daryl Cullinan and Cronje all played key roles in South Africa winning a limited overs tournament in Bangladesh earlier this month, and their continued good form in South Africa's top and middle order will be crucial.

Influencing Pollock, Cronje and Woolmer will be a nation which demands victory, regardless of the opposition.

As Pollock put it: "The guys know they're picked to win, and the public wants nothing less."

# Fielding flaw hinders England

IN CONDITIONS that initially helped the bowlers but rarely dipped below the sauna side of comfortable, England enjoyed a satisfying first day against Queensland in Cairns. With the batsman having been the saving grace in Adelaide, it was the bowlers' job to show that at least some, if not all, the lessons of playing in Australia had sunk in.

The pitch, slow and damp after four inches of rain had fallen in the preceding 48 hours, was a good deal closer to the playing strips found in England than the usual pitches Down Under, although the stifling wet heat was a new condition, and there was occasional movement off the seam.

Even so, the creditable comfortably outweighed the shoddy, though a missed chance to dismiss Ian Healy, when the batsman was on seven, illustrated that such misses remain a luxury that this particular bowling attack—which is more sound

CRICKET

BY DEREK PRINGLE  
in Cairns

Queensland 193-8  
v England

than spectacular—can ill-afford. As he so often does for Australia, Healy went on to make a nuggety half-century, before eventually holing out to Robert Croft in the deep.

Giving the ball some air, Croft took two further wickets, one a smart return catch off his own bowling. His success, if not conclusive proof of inclusion next week, will at least give those touting the seven batsmen, four seam-bowlers theory for the Test something to think about. Like all rumours, this one has snowballed to the point where everyone but the players have taken it as read.

If there is a serious consideration towards an all-seam

attack at the Gabba next Friday, Dominic Cork may not make the final quartet. Although he was the unlucky bowler who had Healy dropped after he edged a slash to Alec Stewart, Cork's howling lacked both spark and direction.

The main problem with Cork is that his round-arm action only consistently tests batsmen when the ball swings. So far, the Kookaburra balls have not done so, which has caused the bowler problems. As a rule, Cork likes to get in close to the stumps, but without outswing he has not been able to exploit the so-called channel of uncertainty just outside the batsman's off-stump.

Instead, Cork's line ends up either too straight—most of the runs scored off him have come on the on-side—or too wide of off-stump to trouble all but the most impatient batsman. The obvious remedy is for him to rediscover his swing,

though he could change his angle by bowling from wider on the return crease.

England began this last competitive outing before the first Test by winning what looked an important toss. Opening the bowling, Darren Gough took 26 minutes to complete the first over of the day, in front of a 2,000-strong crowd with an average age of 12.

Striking the opening batsman Matthew Hayden a painful blow on the gloves with his second ball—it actually broke his middle finger—Gough then lost his footing on the damp crease as he delivered his fifth ball. Unhappy, Gough requested some sawdust. After a quick search, and despite the ground being just 10 miles from a major logging area, none could be found. At that point, with Hayden deciding to retire hurt, the umpires led the teams off until some sawdust was located.

If it took a few overs after the

restart for Gough to forget his tumble, he was again the pick of the bowlers on display. Concentrating on a full length, he soon had a scalp, the left-handed Jimmy Maher edging a forward push to Croft at first slip.

Stuart Law, who will be back for another English season as Essex's overseas player, followed next, the victim of his own extravagance as he topped a pull-shot off Dean Headley. Soon after, Gough zipped in with his second wicket when he had Martin Love caught by John Crawley at short mid-wicket.

At that stage, Queensland were essentially 61 for 4, Hayden's broken finger having ruled him out for the remainder of the match. With a slow outfield, as well as a sluggish pitch to contend with, attempts to rectify matters were always going to be painstakingly slow. Andrew Symonds, a dashing player when at Gloucester-

shire, had ground himself to a standstill when Alan Mullally, howling from the City End, forced him to drag an attempted pull-shot on to his stumps.

In fact, apart from Healy, who batted with his usual insouciance, only Geoff Foley, a former opening batsman, played with any freedom. Cutting the faster bowlers cleanly, Foley, a tall left-hander, also lobbed Croft for several fours and a six. Even so, these exertions were the exception rather than the rule and his half-century still took the best part of three hours.

Cazaly's Oval, primarily an Australian Rules venue, does not see much competitive cricket and what was on show rarely quickened the pulse. Yet England, for perhaps the first time on tour since their task and over-percentage their opponents. With sweat leaking from every pore, it was not as easy as it sounded.

First day of tour  
QUEENSLAND - First innings

M L Hayden ret hurt	0
J P Maher c Croft b Gough	3
M L Love c Crawley b Gough	29
S G Law c Ramprakash b Headley	10
A Symonds b Mullally	12
G I Foley not out	57
A J Bichel c and b Croft	2
A C Dale b Croft	4
P W Jackson bow Croft	0
M S Kasprowicz not out	0
Euras (16-2 w-1 nb-0)	12
Total (for 4, 83 overs)	198
Fall of wickets: 1-0 2-36 3-61 4-69	
5-159 6-180 7-184 8-185	
Bowling: Gough 16-4-37-2 (nb-2); Croft 12-1-25-1; Headley 15-7-33-1 (nb-2); Mullally 17-3-40-1 (w-1 nb-5); Croft 22-5-56-3; Ramprakash 1-1-0-0	
Umpires: A J McCullum and S J Tait	

■ Shane Warne's long-awaited comeback to first-class cricket was delayed yesterday because of rain. The Australian leg-spinner who had surgery on his shoulder in May, was due to return for Victoria in their Sheffield Shield match against Western Australia at the WACA in Perth, but the opening day's play of the four-day match was abandoned without a ball being bowled because of heavy showers.

# Nature has a way of dealing with people who lack respect

HAD THE river not separated us, I might just have skinned a man. There he was, on a gravel beach, dragging a netted fish out of the water because he was too lazy to walk the two feet to the water's edge and deal with the fish there. Then he chatted a bit to his friend while the fish flapped about. Surely, I thought, he's going to kill this poor fin-scrapped, half-dead fish? But no. Eventually, with a dry hand, he picked up the fish, unhooked him and threw him back in.

Fishing is a sport but all sport should be fair. Fish really can be hooked and played in with the minimum amount of stress caused to them. First, you should always play fish in firmly. This is to avoid exhausting them so much that as



ANNALISA BARBIERI  
ON FISHING

soon as you release them they go belly up. But not so firmly that the fish will break you and spend the rest of his life with a hook and a

length of nylon hanging out of his mouth. Sadly, this does happen, even with the best intentions. A fish should be netted when he starts to turn, too soon and he will thrash about too much and hurt himself. Too late and he will be knackered, perhaps beyond redemption.

If you don't intend to keep the fish then whenever possible the fish should not leave the water (nor be netted) to be unhooked and released. The easiest way to do this is to run your hand down the leader, to the hook and then upturn the hook so that fish can shake itself free. That way you don't even need to touch him, save for perhaps the slightest brush. But, if even that is too much, or you are nervous of

being able to get the hook out, there are special bits of equipment on the market (such as the Ketchum Release) that help you get a hook out. These slide down the line and push the hook out with supposed ease.

But of course, there are times when one has to handle a fish and then you absolutely must wet and cool your hand first so dip it into the water.

Touching a fish with a dry hand is one of the cruelest things you can do because they have a protective slime that covers their body and a hot, dry hand rips slime which in turn allows bacteria and fungi in. Not nice. If the hook is deeply lodged, or difficult to retrieve, then use forceps, which should be a

basic part of any fisherman's kit. Fish that are to be returned but have been taken out of the water may need to be nursed as you put them back in. And the longer they have been out of the water, the longer you'll need to nurse them. To do this you support the fish in the water by putting a hand under its belly. Then you slowly move him back and forth, until he gets his wind back; you'll see his little gills pumping away. One beginner I once saw, having netted the fish, jammed his finger in the gill to give him leverage whilst he tried to get the hook out (yes I did step in). That fish took ten minutes of nursing to be OK again.

If you do intend to keep your fish

then please kill him as soon as possible with a swift blow to the head. Unhook him after he's dead. Do make sure he is properly dead before you lay him out in splendour on the bank, you can tell because his pupils will be in the centre of the eye, a live fish's pupils will point downwards.

But nature has a funny way of dealing with people that show little respect. On a recent trip salmon fishing, I had the great misfortune of being with a group of men who should not have been allowed near any fish, let alone the mighty (and endangered) salmon. On the whole, I have found most fishermen to be very respectful of the fish and the laws of the river. They will release a hen fish to

carry on upstream and spawn and they know that all left fish (salmon that have spawned and distinguishable by their red colouring) must be returned to allow them to continue their journey back to sea.

But back to this fishing trip. "I don't care if it's a hen fish or what colour it is, if it's my first salmon. I'm bashing it on the head," was a common refrain. On the first day the river yielded none of her fish and the heavens rained down on us. That night, the river rose six feet, flooding the banks so that no one could get near her—literally throwing us off the river. Nature had intervened and I could not help but smile. Perhaps now, the salmon could get safely home.

## BY CLIVE WHITE AND NICK HARRIS


Part of Bates' development plans for Chelsea include building a footway from Chelsea Village to West Brompton tube station, along a route designated as being of high importance for wildlife in Hammersmith and Fulham.

According to the London Wildlife Trust, should the path be built, "the loss of this site will seriously damage the nature conservation value of this part of London, an area that is already impoverished for wildlife."

Spokesman Pete Guest, who said the Trust intend to oppose planning permission for the path, added: "We find it astonishing that the only significant natural habitat in the locality is regarded with such disdain by Chelsea Football Club."

 NOW WE know where

 THE SIGHT of the referee waiting for the OK from the man from Sky before he can blow the whistle for the start of a televised game is, sadly, an all too familiar sight at football grounds nowadays. But in the light of the satellite company's proposed takeover of Manchester United it struck one as particularly incongruous last Tuesday when the referee had to wait for permission, as usual, to start Liverpool's televised Worthington Cup tie against Tottenham Hotspur. So that's what it has come down to - Manchester United telling Liverpool when they can kick off a match at Anfield.

 **MANCHESTER CITY** fans have been enjoying a little humour at the expense of their former misfit now-reject Lee Bradbury following his transfer to Crystal Palace. The joke goes something like this: Why is Lee Bradbury the only player in English football with two silent R's in his surname? Answer: Because he was bought for £3.5m from Portsmouth and sold for £1.5m. Bad buy. Geddit?

**KENNETH MATHIESON DALGLISH** started his professional career as a 16-year-old in 1967, moving to Liverpool in 1977. From the late Seventies (main picture) onwards, the young Scot was an integral part of the Reds side that dominated English football. Management came and went and he has now (inset) broadened his horizons to ownership, as a co-bid for Celtic this week showed.

 THE SWEEPER is not a bad loss. Roberto Carlos Sosa, Andy Booth, and the entire Liverpool defence: bastards the lot of you. But enough of last week's tragedies. Roma look the banker bet of the season to beat the injury-plagued Juventus at the Olympic Stadium tomorrow. The superb Marco Delvecchio can score first in what could be a 2-1 win.

**■ SATURDAY LIBERO WAGERS**  
(10 x 50p breaks with Stanley): Charlton to draw with Middlesbrough (9-4); Liverpool to draw with Leeds (12-5); Manchester United to beat Blackburn (2-5); Newcastle to beat Sheffield Wednesday (8-1-3); West Ham to draw with Leicester (12-5).

**Arseval v Tottenham**  
Score: 1-1 and 2-2 (50p at 11-2, generally & 50p at 14-1, generally).

**Newcastle v Sheffield Wednesday**  
First goal: Alan Shearer (51 at 9-2, Villain! 10).

**PER'S GILT-EDGED SEC**

■ **SUNDAY SKY MATCH**  
Coventry v Everton  
Score: 1-1 (E1 at 11-2, generally).  
First goal: Duncan Ferguson (E1 at 13-2)  
William Hill.

■ **SUNDAY CA ITALIAN JOES**  
Roma v Juventus  
Result: Roma to win (E5 at 8-5, Stanley)  
Score: 2-1 (E1 at 9-1 William Hill &  
Stanley).  
First goal: Marco Delvecchio (E1 at 6-1)  
William Hill.

**URITIES**

■ **MONDAY SKY MATCH**  
Nottingham Forest v Derby  
Score: 1-1 (E1 at 11-2 generally).  
First goal: Pierre Van Hoojdonk (E1 at 11-2 Stanley).

**ORIGINAL BANK: £100.**

.....

**CURRENT KITTY: £101.68!**

.....

**TODAY'S BETS:** £19.62 (including £1.62 tax paid only).

**Big ideas:** Has presided over a shake-up at the New York Yankees, and has included the sponsorship deal with L'Oréal in the deal. Has seen his players run out with "The Weather In Norwegian" across their chests. Some of the proudest financial management and cost-cutting has been done by the company into a more efficient business but other problems remain, notably the spate of boogymen on the roster following the patch with Major League City in the season. Paphitis commented, "It's a handful of youngsters going on the pitch intimidate Joe Mauer's players, they should go back to kindergarten. Not to say, the most tactful of statements after a pitcher's invasion, and illustrative perhaps of how much work there is still to do. Whether Paphitis will quit while ahead or stick to his task remains to be seen."

## **ALISON KING**

### **LIVERPOOL**

My *Sky's Dream Team*, otherwise chairman's wife, Lynda Bloecher supported Liverpool as I grew up. I was a girly girl who didn't want ball but I got my boyfriend to explain to the Arsenal game earlier this year. I met Shaggy and some of the other players at star-struck. I've met actors and like that but I've never been started meeting Macca, and the kid Owen does. No one seems to like James but he has to be McManaman and the wife with his little legs."

**Found on the Web:** A variety of reasons why Manchester United fans do not want their club to be sold to BSkyB.

The web site of the Independent Manchester United Supporters' Association carries not only news articles and updates on the campaign to stop the takeover, but a library of material citing reasons it feels make Rupert Murdoch an inappropriate patron for their club. Not to be outdone in the commercial opportunity stakes by the Digger, IMUSA also give you the chance to buy T-shirts in a variety of sizes and colours.

<http://www.imusa.co.uk/librari/inf.htm>

**HAND-PAINTED** personalised football Gnomes. Widely advertised in football magazines and small ads columns, the Gnomes can be bought with an extraordinary range of hair colours and with myriad facial hair arrangements, not to mention the team colours of any side in the world at all. Hand cast from cement, the Gnomes are 10.5in tall and are tastefully mounted on a felt base. At just £29.99 each, who could possibly hesitate before phoning and ordering? A sane person, perhaps?

**Unsung foreign legionnaires No 14**  
**GEORGE KULCSAR:** The Australian midfielder joined QPR from Bradford in March last season on a three year contract in a deal that he will be worth up to £250,000 depending on appearances. The 6ft 2in 31-year-old was born in Budapest, Hungary, but his family emigrated to Australia when he was six. Kulcsar played junior and semi-professional football in the Antipodes for several years before making a big move in 1982 to Antwerp in Belgium, where he remained until moving to Yorkshire in 1997. "Rangers have a squad full of quality players and hopefully it is just a case of finding the right blend," he said somewhat optimistically upon his arrival in West London. Has been capped on several occasions by his country, another side full of quality players.

entertain Juventus in *Serie A* at the Olympic Stadium tomorrow, extended highlights of which will be screened on Channel 4 tomorrow afternoon.

Roma's four home wins out of four include an amazing, nine-man, 2-1 victory over Fiorentina, the Italian league leaders, and an emphatic 4-0 victory over Udinese, who sustained a late equaliser to preserve Juventus' lead at all three points in Udinese last week. The excellent Marco Delvecchio, whose goal knocked Leeds out of the UEFA Cup, and Francesco Toti will lead the line for Roma.

Juventus are in poor shape. They will also be without the striker Alessandro Del Piero out with a knee ligament damage.

playmaker Zinedine Zidane limped off after 20 minutes Wednesday in Juventus' Italian Cup draw at Venezia, the fielder Didier Deschamps, Nicola Amoruso, Juve man forced to replace Wednesday's Zidane, and the Italian captain, Ciro Marchetti and Igor Totti. Totti will also be without Marcello Lippi, their coach, who is banned from the touchline for yelling at the referee at the end of last Sunday's game.

**Other games tomorrow:** Empoli v Crotone, Fiorentina v Roma, Lazio v Sampdoria, Parma v Fiorentina, Fiorentina v Roma, Venezia v Lazio, Venezia v Bologna.

[illegible]

THE INDEPENDENT  
Saturday 14 November 1998

FA Cup first round: Ryman's League amateurs prepare to reap rewards of playing at Deepdale

**Ford on**  
**drive to**  
**deflate**  
**Preston**

IF DENNIS ELLIOTT, the manager of Ford United, was not already aware of the magnitude of his team's achievement in reaching the first round of the FA Cup, he became so at around five o'clock on Tuesday evening. "We went up to Preston for their game against Millwall and checked on the hotel where we're staying on Friday night," he said, "making sure they've got no mini-bars and the players can't get alcohol with room service, that sort of thing."

"Preston invited us down to the ground before the match and showed us around. As soon as I walked on to the pitch, the whole stadium just lit up. You see the two pictures of Bill

**FORD UNITED'S WEMBLEY DREAMERS**

Jim Chapman: 30, goalkeeper, stockbroker, club chairman.  
Terry Beck: 32, sweeper or centre-half, fire protection officer.  
Ben Miller: 22, central defender, works for Ford Council.  
Lee "Arturman" Fowler: 24, right-back, salesman (Conference experience with Dagenham).  
Jay Devereaux: 25, left-back, works for Barking Council (Conference experience with Dagenham).  
Reg Gardner: 32, midfield strongman, captain, postman.  
Mark Lord: 30, midfield playmaker, carpenter.  
Steve Murray: 31, midfield maestro, window fitter.  
"Dangers" Dave Riley: 25, midfield dynamo, maintenance man.  
Geoff Wood: 34, striker (59 goals in past two seasons), civil servant.  
Lee "Poo" Parsh: 28, striker, "does something murky with concrete".

Shankly and Tom Finney on the seats and, er... I'm not a nervous person normally, I'm very laid back, but my knees started to wobble a bit."

Some of the gloss might have been knocked off the oldest Cup competition in the world in recent seasons, but nowhere will the reason for its enduring appeal be more apparent than at Deepdale today. Preston North End, winners in 1889 and 1938, against a team who just three years ago were at the very bottom of the non-League pyramid and in danger of dropping out of the Essex Senior League.

Ford have taken a step up into the Ryman's League since then but, put in perspective, today's game is between a side from the third tier of English football and one from the ninth. Preston's players are full-time professionals, Ford's players are amateurs; their captain, Reg Gardner, is a postman; their chairman, Jim Chapman, is also their goalkeeper.

Although they still bear the name, and still play at the Ford Sports and Social Club ground near the car park in Dagenham, it has been years since the club could offer jobs with the motor company as an inducement to prospective players. Their most famous recruit, Les Allen - father of Clive and later a member of Queen's Park Rangers' 1967 League Cup-winning side - played in the team then known as Brigg

Sports that lost 2-1 to Bishop Auckland in front of 54,000 at St James' Park in the semi-finals of the 1954 Amateur Cup.

Nowadays, despite an £80,000 handout from Ford for ground improvements, in order to stage off closure the club relies on the goodwill of sponsors that include Sky, thanks to the television company's own sponsorship deal for Monday night football with Ford.

Only one of the current team is a Ford worker (Eddie Carrick, sadly suspended along with Jimmy Frue for today's game), and even Chapman's appointment has broken with the tradition of the chairman coming from within the ranks of the Ford payroll, a position held until recently by John Rowe

who first joined the club as a player in 1959.

Rowe, along with another longtime servant of the club, George Adams, is chief executive now while Chapman, a 30-year-old senior trader for stockbrokers Merrill Lynch, keeps goal and keeps an eye on the cash flow. "Three years ago we had a good season but the money ran out with two or three months to go," he said, explaining how he has become the first goalkeeper-chairman in the competition's history.

"I said to Dennis, instead of the season falling apart and everyone going their separate ways I'd fill the end of the season. The players appreciated it and it didn't cost me an awful lot -

to me it was a bobby and I just wanted to keep it going."

"I stuck another few quid up at the start of the next season, our first in the Ryman's League, and then Dennis said he thought the way the club was run should change and asked if I would back him up. I said 'of course', and he rang me two or three days later and said, 'You're chairman'."

"All the people who were there before are still there and work really hard for the club, it's just that they're not in a personal position to put any money into it. I leave the chatting-to-the-chairman bit to George and John - I'd rather go and have a drink with the players after a game. But I'm concerned with finding ways for me not to have

to dip my hand in my pocket, coming up with ideas and trying to make sure the club, eventually, is self-sufficient."

"People like Sky are not going to sponsor us forever and I can put in as much money as I like but that's not curing the problem. The money that comes in from this Cup run, we could easily smash it up and say to the players, 'Well done, there's a grand', but we've had a meeting and decided that we really do want to put it back into Ford United."

As far as the game itself is concerned, Chapman casts off the suit and tie and dons his goalkeeper's gloves: "We might be nervous, but we're not under any pressure," he said. "Playing Lowestoft in the last round

was massive pressure because you're playing a team of similar ability for the reward of a big day out. And we did it, we handled the pressure really well. Preston might whack us six or seven-nil, but no one expects us to get a result."

"It's a big day for us and we feel privileged to go there - these opportunities are once in a lifetime for some people - but when it comes to five to three I'll just be trying to get the nerves out of my system. The respect will always be there but, when it comes to the 90 minutes, our players won't give Preston any more respect than if we were playing Clapton, or Dagenham and Redbridge. We want to get a result. And with ambition like that, who needs money?"

It is a bit of a shock but it is one of those things," Stepany said. "He has done unbelievably well with the club and I am sure all Manchester United supporters will wish him well wherever he goes from now on."

Ferguson has until the start of next season to find a replacement for the Danish international goalkeeper, who will quit United in May, and will not be rushed in his search to find a successor.

"We've got until next August to sign someone so we have got time on our side," said Ferguson. "We are looking at things and we will be sending people abroad and assessing a lot of things."

United have been strongly linked with Aston Villa's Mark Bosnich, who started his career at Old Trafford and made three league appearances before he left because of work permit problems. The Australian looks certain to move from Villa Park at the end of the season, but Roma are also known to be interested. Schmeichel has suggested the French international Fabien Barthez as a possible successor.

However Stepany is still reeling from the shock of Schmeichel's announcement which took the whole football world by surprise. Schmeichel has struggled with a persistent back injury throughout his Old Trafford career and has been known to have the occasional rush of blood - as he did most recently against Bayern Munich in the Champions' League game which cost United all three points in Germany - but Stepany insists that the Dane's ability behind the United defence will always ensure legendary status and a warm welcome whenever he returns to Old Trafford.

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# FA Cup first round: Ryman's League amateurs prepare to reap rewards of playing at Deepdale

## Ford on drive to deflate Preston

IF DENNIS ELLIOTT, the manager of Ford United, was not already aware of the magnitude of his team's achievement in reaching the first round of the FA Cup, he became so at around five o'clock on Tuesday evening. "We went up to Preston for their game against Millwall and checked on the hotel where we're staying on Friday night," he said, "making sure they've got no mini-bars and the players can't get alcohol with room service, that sort of thing."

"Preston invited us down to the ground before the match and showed us around. As soon as I walked on to the pitch, the whole stadium just lit up. You see the two pictures of Bill

**FORD UNITED'S WEMBLEY DREAMERS**

Jim Chapman: 30, goalkeeper, stockbroker, club chairman.  
Terry Beck: 32, sweeper or centre-half, fire protection officer.  
Ben Miller: 22, central defender, works for Ford Council.  
Lee "Arturman" Fowler: 24, right-back, salesman (Conference experience with Dagenham).  
Jay Devereaux: 25, left-back, works for Barking Council (Conference experience with Dagenham).  
Reg Gardner: 32, midfield strongman, captain, postman.  
Mark Lord: 30, midfield playmaker, carpenter.  
Steve Murray: 31, midfield maestro, window fitter.  
"Dangers" Dave Riley: 25, midfield dynamo, maintenance man.  
Geoff Wood: 34, striker (59 goals in past two seasons), civil servant.  
Lee "Poo" Parsh: 28, striker, "does something murky with concrete".

Shankly and Tom Finney on the seats and, er... I'm not a nervous person normally, I'm very laid back, but my knees started to wobble a bit."

Some of the gloss might have been knocked off the oldest Cup competition in the world in recent seasons, but nowhere will the reason for its enduring appeal be more apparent than at Deepdale today. Preston North End, winners in 1889 and 1938, against a team who just three years ago were at the very bottom of the non-League pyramid and in danger of dropping out of the Essex Senior League.

Ford have taken a step up into the Ryman's League since then but, put in perspective, today's game is between a side from the third tier of English football and one from the ninth. Preston's players are full-time professionals, Ford's players are amateurs; their captain, Reg Gardner, is a postman; their chairman, Jim Chapman, is also their goalkeeper.

Although they still bear the name, and still play at the Ford Sports and Social Club ground near the car park in Dagenham, it has been years since the club could offer jobs with the motor company as an inducement to prospective players. Their most famous recruit, Les Allen - father of Clive and later a member of Queen's Park Rangers' 1967 League Cup-winning side - played in the team then known as Brigg

Sports that lost 2-1 to Bishop Auckland in front of 54,000 at St James' Park in the semi-finals of the 1954 Amateur Cup.

Nowadays, despite an £80,000 handout from Ford for ground improvements, in order to stage off closure the club relies on the goodwill of sponsors that include Sky, thanks to the television company's own sponsorship deal for Monday night football with Ford.

Only one of the current team is a Ford worker (Eddie Carrick, sadly suspended along with Jimmy Frue for today's game), and even Chapman's appointment has broken with the tradition of the chairman coming from within the ranks of the Ford payroll, a position held until recently by John Rowe

who first joined the club as a player in 1959.

Rowe, along with another longtime servant of the club, George Adams, is chief executive now while Chapman, a 30-year-old senior trader for stockbrokers Merrill Lynch, keeps goal and keeps an eye on the cash flow. "Three years ago we had a good season but the money ran out with two or three months to go," he said, explaining how he has become the first goalkeeper-chairman in the competition's history.

"I said to Dennis, instead of the season falling apart and everyone going their separate ways I'd fill the end of the season. The players appreciated it and it didn't cost me an awful lot -

to me it was a bobby and I just wanted to keep it going."

"I stuck another few quid up at the start of the next season, our first in the Ryman's League, and then Dennis said he thought the way the club was run should change and asked if I would back him up. I said 'of course', and he rang me two or three days later and said, 'You're chairman'."

"All the people who were there before are still there and work really hard for the club, it's just that they're not in a personal position to put any money into it. I leave the chatting-to-the-chairman bit to George and John - I'd rather go and have a drink with the players after a game. But I'm concerned with finding ways for me not to have

to dip my hand in my pocket, coming up with ideas and trying to make sure the club, eventually, is self-sufficient."

"People like Sky are not going to sponsor us forever and I can put in as much money as I like but that's not curing the problem. The money that comes in from this Cup run, we could easily smash it up and say to the players, 'Well done, there's a grand', but we've had a meeting and decided that we really do want to put it back into Ford United."

As far as the game itself is concerned, Chapman casts off the suit and tie and dons his goalkeeper's gloves: "We might be nervous, but we're not under any pressure," he said. "Playing Lowestoft in the last round

was massive pressure because you're playing a team of similar ability for the reward of a big day out. And we did it, we handled the pressure really well. Preston might whack us six or seven-nil, but no one expects us to get a result."

"It's a big day for us and we feel privileged to go there - these opportunities are once in a lifetime for some people - but when it comes to five to three I'll just be trying to get the nerves out of my system. The respect will always be there but, when it comes to the 90 minutes, our players won't give Preston any more respect than if we were playing Clapton, or Dagenham and Redbridge. We want to get a result. And with ambition like that, who needs money?"

It is a bit of a shock but it is one of those things," Stepany said. "He has done unbelievably well with the club and I am sure all Manchester United supporters will wish him well wherever he goes from now on."

Ferguson has until the start of next season to find a replacement for the Danish international goalkeeper, who will quit United in May, and will not be rushed in his search to find a successor.

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United have been strongly linked with Aston Villa's Mark Bosnich, who started his career at Old Trafford and made three league appearances before he left because of work permit problems. The Australian looks certain to move from Villa Park at the end of the season, but Roma are also known to be interested. Schmeichel has suggested the French international Fabien Barthez as a possible successor.

However Stepany is still reeling from the shock of Schmeichel's announcement which took the whole football world by surprise. Schmeichel has struggled with a persistent back injury throughout his Old Trafford career and has been known to have the occasional rush of blood - as he did most recently against Bayern Munich in the Champions' League game which cost United all three points in Germany - but Stepany insists that the Dane's ability behind the United defence will always ensure legendary status and a warm welcome whenever he returns to Old Trafford.

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Jimmy Chapman, Ford United's goalkeeper and chairman, is well qualified to handle the club's finances as a City stockbroker Peter Jay

## Ferguson will wait to find his man

THE FORMER Manchester United goalkeeper Alex Stepany believes Alex Ferguson must now dig deep into the Old Trafford coffers to replace Peter Schmeichel, after the Dane announced yesterday that he would be leaving United at the end of this season after eight glittering years at the club.

Stepany, who won the European Cup with United in 1968, has warned that the club do not appear to have a ready-made replacement. "Rainald van der Gouw is now 35 and I can't really see anybody coming through at the moment ready to go straight into the side," Stepany said. "So it looks as though Alex Ferguson will have to go out and buy."

Stepany is now goalkeeping coach at United's neighbours City, but he still believes Schmeichel can help the team to repeat his feats of 30 years ago. "He has brought a lot of success to United and, at the end of the day, his ambition is to win the Champions' League. I just hope it happens for him," Stepany said. "It is the only competition he hasn't won with the club and it would be a great goodbye present for the United fans."

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# Argyle aware of Allner's giant-killing stock

ONLY ONCE since they joined the new Third Division of the Football League have Plymouth Argyle been knocked out of the FA Cup by a non-League club. Twenty years ago the Devon side, under the flamboyant management of Malcolm Allison, went down 2-0 after a woe-filled display at Worcester City.

Today, in one of many first-round ties which could produce an upset, Argyle entertain another Worcestershire side, Kidderminster Harriers - whose manager, Graham Allner, wore the No 11 shirt in that Worcester team which humbled Allison's men.

Before embarking on his

meritorious managerial career, Allner was a crafty forward with Stafford Rangers, Alvechurch and Worcester. "I remember the pre-match publicity prior to that Plymouth tie," he said this week. "Big Mal was causing a bit of a stir and our manager, Nobby Clark, who was a real character in his own right, responded by making all sorts of boasts about what we would do to his side."

"It wound them up, and we won it well. We had a good side, but I think I got taken off that day, so I can't have had that good a game!"

Allner's counterpart at Plymouth, Kevin Hodges, had made a list of a club-record 530 league appearances for Argyle a couple of months before that Worcester tie. Although he did not play at St George's Lane, he remembers the aftermath of the defeat. "Everybody was so deflated," he said, "but that's what makes the Cup so special. Anyone can turn their dreams into reality."

Allner has enjoyed many more cup celebrations since that day. In charge at Kidderminster since 1983, his team won the FA Trophy at Wembley four years later and they had a famous FA Cup run five seasons

ago. A 2-1 win at Birmingham City in the third round was followed by a 1-0 home victory over Preston and a brave 1-0 defeat to West Ham in the fifth round.

Harriers won the Conference that season, but were denied a place in the Football League because they had too few seats. That has been rectified but, apart from second place in the league in 1997, the last few years have been relatively barren.

"That '94 side was at its peak," Allner said. "The current team has the potential to compare but they blow hot and cold. We have a lot of new players. We're an inconsistent side - but so are Plymouth and, if they have

an off-day, we have a chance."

Allner's old club, Worcester City, are at home to another Devon outfit, Torquay United. City are hoping that their opponents are superstitious about the "30-year factor". In 1978 Plymouth lost at St George's Lane - and in 1988-89 Liverpool, then in the Second Division, suffered the same fate in a third-round Cup tie.

Many Nationwide League clubs were surprised to discover that the draw is no longer regionalised. Colchester United, who make the long trek to Northumberland to tackle the champions of the Northern League, Bedlington Terriers,

are one of several teams on unfamiliar territory.

Basingstoke Town of the Ryman League, who knocked out John Gregory's Wycombe Wanderers last season, are at home to another Second Division side, Bournemouth. The tie reflects a conflict of localities upon Basingstoke's chairman, Reverend Ken Batt, a Bournemouth fan. "If he can conjure up a little help from above, it will be greatly appreciated," David Knight, the Hampshire club's chairman, said.

Garry Bartles tasted the big time with Nottingham Forest and Manchester United. Now he is manager of Gresley

Rovers, who travel to Walsall. Slough Town's player-manager, Graham Roberts, plays what he insists is his last FA Cup tie at Macclesfield Town.

Tomorrow, the Boreham Wood striker Kerry Dixon, once of Chelsea, will have what may be a brief return to the limelight in a televised tie against Luton Town, another of his many former clubs, at Meadow Park.

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TODAY		31 Norwich v Stevenage - Rushden v Stevenage - Salisbury v Walsley - Salisbury v Rochdale - Southend v Doncaster - Southend v	
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# Graham determined to silence the Gunners

THE LAST time George Graham entered the Highbury boardroom, nearly four years ago, it was to be told that his eight, trophy-laden years as manager were over.

Today, in a bid to bury the hatchet, Arsenal have invited Graham up for a drink after the derby against his Tottenham side. In the event of Spurs beating the Double winners, he may be sorely tempted to take up the offer. However, Graham's sense of betrayal by certain directors is reportedly so strong that he is unlikely to socialise. Instead, he will settle for making the Gunners fall silent.

Arsenal's supporters gave him a warm welcome on the three occa-

BY PHIL SHAW

sions he returned with Leeds. But that is likely to be withheld now that he is in charge of their detested rivals, with the Spurs contingent doubtless being reminded in song that "George Graham is an Arsenal fan".

Graham's four Premiership matches in charge at White Hart Lane have produced only four points. Yet there were signs in both the 3-2 loss at Villa Park and Tuesday's 3-1 win at Liverpool in the Worthington Cup that he has already turned Spurs into a more competitive unit.

His belief, with which only the most anachronistic adherents of the "Tottenham way" could argue, is that players must be as effective when the opposition have the ball as in possession. If he could deliver only their second success in 14 visits to Arsenal, even those who continue to view him as the great Satan of N5 might be won over.

The way Arsène Wenger has steered the champions into second place, despite patchy performances and the draining effects of the Champions' League, commands their former manager's respect. Adding spice to an occasion which hardly needs it, Graham's old cap-

tain, Tony Adams, is set to return after injury.

It promises to be quite an afternoon for managerial firsts. The collision of Liverpool and Leeds, which used to be a bone-crunchingly intense battle of wits between Bill Shankly and Don Revie, is Gérard Houllier's opening match in sole charge of the Anfield club.

The Frenchman, who must launch the post-Boot Room era without Michael Owen and Steve McManaman, is actually an old hand compared with his opposite number: David O'Leary's three weeks as Graham's successor at Elland Road have seen the Yorkshire

side eliminated from two cups, and precedent provides few positive pointers for him today.

Liverpool's 2-0 defeat of Leeds in Dublin in a summer tournament would count for little had it not confirmed a pattern. Since losing to Tony Yeboah's memorable volley three years ago, they have rattled up 19 goals to Leeds' one in winning six of their seven meetings.

In 16 trips to Liverpool, Leeds have scraped just four points and as many goals. More pertinently, they seem incapable of holding an advantage on their travels. Leading in the final third of four away games, they drew them all, taking the trail

to new extremes by losing at Leicester in the Worthington Cup after entering the 88th minute 1-0 up.

The lesser of the national knockout competitions may have saved Roy Hodgson's bacon at Blackburn. Squeezing through at Newcastle has certainly rescued their season, although Old Trafford is the last place to try to build on a good result.

The memory of Manchester United's 4-0 romp a year ago, when Hodgson's aspirations concerned winning the title rather than avoiding relegation, is still fresh. So, too, will Alex Ferguson's team be after their underdog studies took the stage in midweek. Peter Schmeichel is assured

of an emotional ovation after announcing that this is his final season.

The reception at Southampton for those with a Portsmouth pedigree tends to be hostile. John Gregory, who endured a deceptively poor start in management along the south coast, will laugh it off, especially if Aston Villa at least maintain their two-point lead at the top.

Villa, remarkably, have taken 52 points out of 66 since Gregory's appointment: title form by any standards. But with Liverpool, United and Arsenal all visiting them in the next month, they can ill afford to let the revving Saints spoil their unbeaten start.

## Cottee approaches the elite 200 club

NEW YEAR'S Day, 1983. Maggie and Denis are ensconced in No 10 after victory in the Falklands, Renee and Renato remain in residence at No 1 with "Save Your Love For Me" and a 17-year-old East Enders West Ham's No 8 shirt for the first time.

The visitors, Tottenham, are holding their own until Joe Gallagher rises to Geoff Pike's cross. The cry of "Goal!" sticks in 33,000 throats when Ray Clemence tips the ball on to the bar, then explodes into the freezing air as the diminutive debutant heads the rebound into the net.

Tony Cottee returns to Upton Park today with Leicester City and 197 League goals to his name. The soul-boy fringe long since gave way to the slicked-back look, the pace he once allied to strength and suppleness is no longer his, and at 33 he accepts that Martin O'Neill is right to look for a younger striker rather than rely on "old gits like me".

Yet the instinct for being "in the right place at the right time", as he defines it, is still serving Cottee well. "It's been said that Mark Hughes is a scorer of great goals rather than a great goalscorer," he says. "I'd like to think the opposite applies to me. In a career total of over 270 I can only think of about 10 fantastic ones. The vast majority have been tap-ins or rebounds."

By claiming five of Leicester's 11 in the Premiership, he has outscored the £10m-rated Emile Heskey. Why, he chuckles, he "only" needs a hat-trick today to chalk up the double century he has targeted as compensation for a medal-free career.

"But that would be fantasy stuff," Cottee muses before recalling a precedent to prove that anything is possible, "the kind of thing that happened on my Everton debut."

Whatever today brings, after a week spent striving to shrug off a thigh strain, he is "100 per cent confident" of reaching the landmark that only five current players have passed. "I'll play until I'm 56 if I have to! Even if I never score for Leicester again and have to drop down to somewhere like Leyton Orient, I'll do it."

The same sense of certainty has been reflected in Cottee's finishing

**'Old git' he may be, but the veteran striker remains a potent attacking force for Leicester. By Phil Shaw**

from an early age. "Even at seven I was aware that I had a different talent from other kids. Goalscoring has always been the easy part for me. It's the rest of it I've found hard."

"People say to me now that I've lost a yard, and they're right, but I tell them I'm still quick up here," he says, pointing to his head. "You can't take a young boy on to the training pitch and say: 'This is where you've got to stand', because in match situations you have to make split-second decisions and try to anticipate things. With that first goal for West Ham, I didn't stand there thinking 'What a great header by Joe' but 'I'll go in just in case it comes out off the keeper or the woodwork'."

Having joined his entire extended

family in becoming a "massive" Hammers fan in the 1970s, Cottee soon found a role model. Bryan "Pop" Robson, a classic penalty-box predator who could score with either foot or his head, remains his inspiration.

"Remember when Pop got to 200 League goals and thinking 'how fantastic'. That became my target and I've slowly crept towards it."

Not that slowly. Cottee's reputation as a serial marksman earned the first of seven England caps two months after his 21st birthday, and when he first left West Ham it was for a British record fee of £2.3m. Despite choosing Everton in preference to Arsenal, where George Graham would soon be awash with silverware, he is adamant the move was not ill-advised.

"I believe that once you've made a decision you can't start regretting it with hindsight. People say: 'You'd have won two championships there' suggests in typically self-mocking mode, only one way it could go after that, although Evertonians still talk fondly of the pair he poached in a 4-4 draw with Liverpool in the FA Cup as an 85th-minute substitute.

When the chance came to go "home" to West Ham, he took it. However, it was a period of transition and Cottee found himself marginalised by Harry Redknapp's foreign recruits. He was leading scorer in both his seasons back in London, but "got the vibes" that he was not wanted and opted for a lucrative stint in Malaysian football.

After nine months he was back, joining Leicester in August last year. "It didn't really work out over there and I probably left the Premiership too early. I also found it hard adjusting to the change in standards and heat there and didn't do myself any favours at first."

A loan spell with Birmingham, where he scored his only lower-

division goal, helped Cottee to regain sharpness. In January he collected Leicester's winner at Old Trafford - "my first there in 15 years of trying" - and he has maintained a steady flow ever since.

He can recall "almost every goal" and has scrapbooks of cuttings dating back to primary school to help him. Although agreeing that his goals tend not to be memorable, he regards stealing in front of defenders as a talent equal to, say, spectacular long-range shooting. "I always say that every goal is a great goal," he says.

Not that his own are all nudged in from spitting distance. Cottee nominates an overhead kick against Nottingham Forest in 1987 as his best. And while Leicester's jesters tease him about why he bothers to practise shooting from outside the 18-yard area, he once chipped Sheffield Wednesday's keeper from half as far again.

The length of Cottee's service means that his judgements on colleagues and adversaries carry genuine authority. He has a burgeoning rapport with Heskey, whose potential he terms "awesome", and cites Peter Beardsley, Graeme Sharp and Paul Goddard among his most productive partners. But as the outstanding Renee to his Renato he names Frank McAvennie.

Heading the list of difficult opponents are Alan Hansen, Paul McGrath and Tony Adams; but for their vigilance and the Asian interlude he would have broken the 200 barrier long ago. The same is true of his dislike of taking penalties. It is not that Cottee is daunted by the pressure, simply that he would sooner prosper by living off his wits.

"A penalty is almost not like a goal to me because it's staged. It's basically a free shot. I've heard Alan Shearer say completely the opposite and how it's a great way to get more goals. It probably is, but the few I've scored have never given me the buzz I get if it comes from open play."

All the same, if the referee points to the spot, and the "old git" in Leicester's No 27 top has already popped in a couple, separating him from the ball could prove problematic.



Tony Cottee is back at Upton Park today, the former West Ham goalscorer now in Leicester's colours, his instinct for being "in the right place at the right time" still intact. Robert Hallam

### THE 200 CLUB: THE FIVE STILL PLAYING AND SCORING



STEVE BULL

**Wolves 252**  
John Aldridge's retirement left "Bully", 33, as the top scorer in League matches. His first goals came in 1986 for West Brom, but the other 250 were all for his beloved Wolves. September's winner v Bury could be his last due to knee problems, though he promises "a hell of a go" at reaching 300.



IAN RUSH

**Wrexham 246**  
January marks the second anniversary of Rush's last League goal, one of just three he scored for Leeds. The Welshman, 37, has come almost full circle by joining the neighbours of his first club, Chester. All but 17 of his haul came with Liverpool, either side of a seven-goal sabbatical at Juventus.



IAN WRIGHT

**West Ham 223**  
A late starter who did not score his first League goal until a month before his 22nd birthday, Wright went on to amass 89 for Crystal Palace and 128 in fewer matches for Arsenal. Now 35, he broke Cliff Bastin's overall record for the Gunners before joining West Ham, where he already has six this season.



TONY ADCOCK

**Colchester 212**  
A 35-year-old Cockney, "Rooster" Adcock's goals have all come in the lower divisions. At Colchester, whom he left for Manchester City in 1988 in the first of seven moves, he needs five to beat the club record of 130. Last netted on Boxing Day, since freed, reinstated and injured, but now playing again.



PETER BEARDSLEY

**Fulham 206**  
Gary Lineker's selfless England foil, Beardsley also helped himself at Newcastle (107 League goals in two spells), Liverpool and Everton, while failing to register for either Manchester club. At 37, he is back at Second Division level, where he first scored for Carlisle in 1979, and has three for Fulham this season.

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## Ipswich fear Fjortoft

THE IPSWICH Town manager, George Burley, hopes his defence can contain Jan Aage Fjortoft during today's trip to Barnsley. Ipswich are second in the First Division, and will be anxious to keep in touch with the unbeaten leaders, Sunderland, who face Port Vale at Vale Park. "Jan Aage Fjortoft has a very good scoring record against us, so we will have to put that right," Burley said.

The Birmingham City captain, Chris Marsden, is convinced the Blues will have a major say in the promotion race, with Peter Ndlovu, Dale Adebola and Paul Furlong spearheading their attack. Third-placed City entertain struggling Oxford, and Marsden said: "When the three of them are on song they're as

### NATIONWIDE PREVIEW

good as any front three in this division."

Crewe midfielder Seth Johnson, meanwhile, believes his team can climb off the bottom of the division as they prepare to face fellow strugglers Queens Park Rangers at Gresty Road. "We're not worried about our position. We were bottom at Christmas last season and still reached safety," he said.

The Tranmere manager, John Aldridge, wants his side to atone for their midweek defeat against Bradford when they tackle Bolton at the Reebok Stadium. "We want to bounce back after our first defeat in eight games," he said. Wanderers have won just

one of their last seven, but their manager, Colin Todd said: "I'm confident we will turn the corner."

Wolverhampton Wanderers' caretaker manager, Colin Lee, is delighted with how well his players have responded to him following Mark McGhee's departure. Wolves are aiming to make it three wins in a row against Norwich at Carrow Road, and Lee said: "I owe the last two victories to the players."

Bury manager Neil Warnock is hoping Adrian Littlejohn can score on his debut against his old club Sheffield United at Bramall Lane. The striker completed his £75,000 transfer from Oldham yesterday, and Warnock said: "What a fairy-tale it would be if he opens his account for us at Bramall Lane."

## Celtic bid 'very positive'

KENNY DALGLISH and Jim Kerr, who are leading a consortium looking to takeover Celtic, yesterday proclaimed their proposals to be "very positive" for the club, and their consortium is seeking a meeting with Celtic's majority shareholder, Fergus McCann.

In a statement issued on behalf of the consortium, Dalglish and Kerr said: "We believe our proposals are very positive for the future of Celtic Football Club and look forward to discussing these in detail with Mr McCann."

The consortium includes Jim McAvoy, a businessman, and the financial backers BT Capital Partners Europe, the London-based private equity investing arm of Bankers Trust. Their backers have solid

business credentials and there appears little doubt over the consortium's ability either to raise the money for the takeover or to finance their future, but the main stumbling block could still be McCann's declared intention to dispose of his investment among existing shareholders. Fan support for the Dalglish-Kerr move could, though, aid their cause.

The supporters want Celtic to build on last May's title and again become the dominant force not only in Scotland and in Europe.

The difficulty in reaching the top is exemplified by another former European champions, Aston Villa, who have accepted that, despite being top

of the Premiership, they will not be able to keep their goalkeeper, Mark Bosnich, at the end of the season. The Australian international, who is out of contract in June, has been linked with Manchester United following Peter Schmeichel's decision to leave the English game at the end of the season.

With leading clubs like Arsenal and Liverpool importing French managers, it comes as no surprise that the Football Association would be willing to appoint a foreigner as England coach when the time comes to find Glenn Hoddle's successor. Noel White, the chairman of the FA's international selection committee, claimed the appointment would purely be made on the basis of track record and not of nationality.



**JOHNSON'S WORLD CUP MISSION P23 ● COTTEE'S LATEST GOAL P30**

**GLENN HODDLE** has called on the young ones, while leaving Manchester United's Andy Cole in the shadows for England's friendly international at home to the Czech Republic next Wednesday.

Young dreams, as Sir Cliff used to sing, should be dreamed together, so Emile Heskey, of Leicester, Aston Villa's Lee Hendrie and the Ipswich goalkeeper Richard Wright are promoted *en bloc* from a successful under-21 squad. With Michael Owen hamstrung, his partner Robbie Fowler is preferred to Cole, and some older hands – Paul Ince, Tony Adams and Paul Gascoigne – are left to rest or recuperate.

Others in the squad may not get as far as Wembley. Unlike this season's previous international weeks, there is a full Premiership programme to be negotiated first. Arsenal and Manchester United, with important Champions' League matches the following week, will not be expected to give England the benefit of any doubt over their players' fitness this time; nor will they be dismayed by the absence of Ray Parlour and Phil Neville from the list.

"You can plan your team and it

can fall apart," said Hoddle, who regards this game as critical preparation for the Euro 2000 qualifiers against Poland and Sweden. "It really went badly by halves. If we would do well to keep the mobile phone switched on this afternoon."

Heskey is already out of Leicester's game today after being taken off at half-time during the midweek Worthington Cup against Leeds with an ankle injury, but has as much incentive as anyone to turn up if he possibly can. Although not a prolific scorer he has discomforted defenders at under-21 level with his power and pace, which were not the only attributes Hoddle ticked out in

discussing his qualities yesterday.

"He's not the finished article, but he's learnt a lot over the last months and he's bringing his own game to the table, like a substitute to his game," Hoddle said.

Headie, only brought into the Villa side late last season, has benefited from standing out whenever Hoddle has watched him: "There's a lot of talent there, but this lad has the temperament as well."

Ipswich's Wright is the one Nationwide League player in the squad, though his club-mate, Kieron Dyer, also received an honourable mention yesterday, as did Frank Lampard. The West Ham midfielder narrow-

There was a time when the gap between under-21 level and the senior side was considered too formidable to be crossed in one go by all but the most accomplished players. In offering this fast-track promotion, Boddle is making a significant point, which he expanded on: "In many countries that's been happening for five or six years and they're ahead of us. Now the FA have allowed a full-time under-21 manager [Peter Taylor], which is a step forward."

There can be no complaints about the performances of Owen and Rio Ferdinand, the two previous graduates. Ferdinand is likely to start

again on Wednesday. "There won't be seven or eight just being tried out," says Hoddle. "And if we throw three youngsters in at the same time, we could fall on our face."

There are older fringe players to be considered, such as Nigel Martyn, Martin Keown, Nicky Butt, Paul Merson, Dion Dublin and Fowler, who returns for the first time since being injured before the World Cup, despite his own modest form and Cole's recent rush of goals.

It was eight years ago that a game against Czechoslovakia, as they then were, offered Paul Gascoigne the stage to convince Bobby Robson that he was worth a place in the

[illegible]

**GERARD HOULLIER** has accepted the reality that he could lose Steve McManaman but the Liverpool manager will not let him go without a fight.

A new contract for McManaman, who misses today's game with Leeds because of an Achilles injury, will be one of the first tasks for the Frenchman following Roy Evans' emotional departure on Thursday. But with Real Madrid having declared their interest after Liverpool's UEFA Cup success against Valencia earlier this month, time is against Houllier.

The Real Madrid president, Lorenzo Sanz, has claimed that progress has been made in negotiations. "We've moved closer to the point where we can think about a satisfactory resolution to the matter," he said.

McManaman cannot officially talk to clubs until 1 January but his advisors can discuss his future with any interested parties. And Houllier knows there is little Liverpool can do to stop McManaman quitting if he wants to. A four-year contract, with a one-year option, is believed to be on the table, and Houllier said: "Steve has never hidden the fact that he wanted at one stage of his career to go abroad, and if he finds the opportunity this season, I

**BY KIERAN DALEY**

will feel sorry for the club and I will regret it because I would like him to stay. But I am not signed to him going and we will continue the battle to keep him at the club."

Rouillier and his new assistant, Phil Thompson, will be missing several top players for their first game together against Leeds, including Michael Owen, who has a hamstring problem but could be back for next weekend's trip to Aston Villa. Steve Staunton and Phil Babb are available after Fifa ruled that the Republic of Ireland players did not have to miss the game ahead of Wednesday's international against Yugoslavia, but John McAteer is suspended.

Tin Flowers will be the Blackburn's goal for the next two months after a freak training ground accident and may need an operation to repair tendons in his shoulder.

The goalkeepers Alan Kelly and Ian Bennett are about to do a £3m-rated swap between Sheffield United and Birmingham City. The Republic of Ireland's Kelly met Trevor Francis yesterday to discuss terms about the transfer and is expected to join over the weekend.

**HARD-BITTEN** New Zealand rugby coaches like Graham Henry are not noted for their squeamishness; they eat supper during the *Psycho* shower scene and consider *The Exorcist* to be a better religious sitcom than *Father Ted*. But there is one piece of film footage that Henry flatly refuses to watch. It is of a massacre so depressingly bloody that it makes the first 25 minutes of *Saving Private Ryan* look like family entertainment.

video of last June's one-off international between South Africa and Wales in Pretoria, during which the Springboks amassed an unprecedented 96 points and missed hitting the three-figure mark only because of a late outbreak of butterfingered incompetence.

"Of course I haven't seen it," said Wales' new coach this week. "I don't think the events

of that day are a good thing to bring up. The whole business is a complete negative. What conceivable help would watching that tape be to me in my preparations for today's game?"

Well, considering today's game is against those self-same South Africans - 14 of the Springboks who set the Loftus Versfeld annihilation in motion are on duty at Wembley this afternoon - it would surely have thrown up the odd pointer as to how the world champions might best be checked, if

not subdued. "We don't need a piece of film to tell us that a 96-13 defeat is totally unacceptable," snarled the former Auckland and New Zealand A coach as he readied himself for a daunting first Test.

His comment begged another question: namely, the precise measure of defeat that *would* be acceptable, given that Welsh rugby has reached such a low ebb that a variety of shellfish would now be clearly visible on the once hallowed turf of Cardiff Arms Park had the

construction gangs not dug it up to start work on the Millennium Stadium. Henry was in no mood to name a figure but if Roh Howley's team were offered a 15-point losing margin before kick-off, they would almost certainly throw a party.

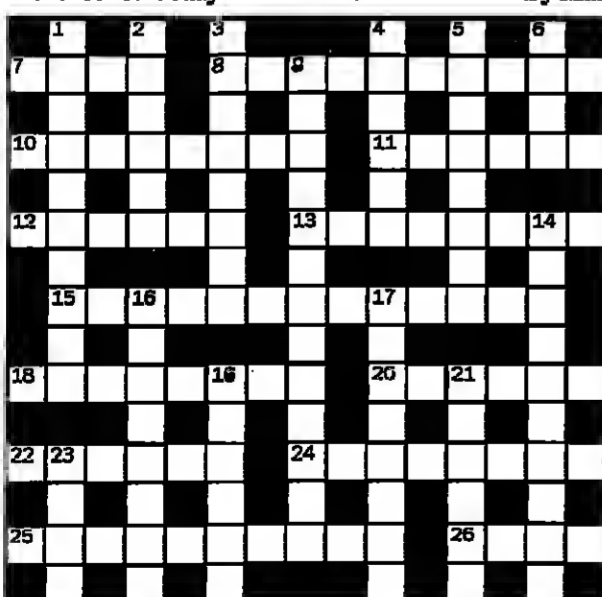
South Africa who open their bid for a first Grand Slam of Britain and Ireland in almost 40 years on the back of a Tri-Nations clean sweep, are currently the best in the business. "They're a totally different proposition from the side that

est in the flashing genius of Arwel Thomas also deprives the Dragons of their most obvious attacking lock-pickers. Neil Jenkins will have to deliver a faultless 80 minutes with the boot, just to keep his countrymen at the races.

Pontypridd's favourite son has kicked South Africa into an early grave before, of course, during last year's Lions tour. Since then, though, one or two other elements of his rugby portfolio have failed to survive serious examination most

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## No. 3768. Saturday 14 November By Mas



**Friday's solution**

A	V	A	S	T	C
A	N	N	A	M	E
T	R	C	U	R	I
S	I	B	E	L	I
W	E	B	E	R	N
P	T	F	C	L	
T	R	A	N	S	C
S	H	O	R	E	
G	A	N	E	T	
P	O	N	C	H	
A	D	A	M		

**Last Saturday's solution**

O	I	S	M	A	L	S	T	A	R	K	E
T	O	C	H	A	A	O					
S	A	M	B	R	O	W	N	E	P	E	A
E	O	E	L	E	T						
C	H	A	L	E	A						
C	H	A	L	E	E						
E	T	A	K	E							
S	H	E	L	S	I	N	K	I	C	A	S
S	C	A	C	E	L	R	I	T			
P	A	L	A	N	E						
R	I	N	G	O							
N	U	A	E	S	A	E					

7	Thick English head (4)	1	Timber destroyer im- bued with head for incendiarism? (4-6)
8	Fruit, kind confined to East (10)	2	Bid affecting? Hearts? (6)
10	Dross yielded by old US mining location (8)	3	Approached with account and quoted charge (8)
11	People's institution in the States (6)	4	Heard man making wheel-rim (6)
12	Repeat gossip, going around with nonsense (6)	5	Scored? I started im- provising (8)
13	Short bolt with paltry key (8)	6	Indian of Brahmin caste (4)
15	Attention perhaps re- quired when making arrangement with bankers (8, 5)	9	Extremely limited point of view? (3, 2, 4, 4)
18	Blues, start of rage among those changing suits (8)	14	Restricted intelligence? (6, 4)
20	Tempts with breakfast announcement (4, 2)	16	A Latin maxim con- veying generosity (8)
22	Release bear (6)	17	Surfeit of liver, wasted, left (8)
24	Peg-leg? Just the op- posite (3, 5)	19	Number cramped by English dwelling's dimensions (6)
25	Place for odd spell with con State put inside? (6, 4)	21	Meet contract (6)
26	Reported merit in high-fliver (4)	23	Textile instrument's cut woolen garment (4)

The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive hardbacked copies of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P. O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5EL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: F. Wood, Irtheggar; G. Stubbs, Beeston; L. Atkinson, Shipley; S. Wakeley, Louth; S. deGrassi, Bournemouth.

at Wembley Stadium						
S Howarth	.....	Sale	15	P Montgomery	.....	W Prolines
G Thomas	.....	Cardiff	14	S Whitehouse	.....	.....
M Taylor	.....	Swansea	13	A Symman	.....	Blue Bulls
S Gibbs	.....	Swansea	12	F Smith	.....	Blue Bulls
D James	.....	Pontypridd	11	P Rousseau	.....	W Province
N Jenkins	.....	Pontypridd	10	H Hornball	.....	Natal
R Howley	.....	Cardiff	9	J van de Westduyn	.....	Blue Bulls
A Lewis	.....	Cardiff	8	R Foster	.....	Free State
J Humphreys	.....	Cardiff	7	J Dalkos	.....	Golden Lions
C Anshon	.....	Swansea	6	A Garvey	.....	Natal
C Oudnell	.....	Richmond	5	K Otto	.....	Blue Bulls
C Wynne	.....	Llanelli	4	M Andrews	.....	Natal
C Lewis	.....	Pontypridd	3	J Edwards	.....	Free State
M Williams	.....	Swansea	2	E Wicks	.....	Free State
S Oudnell	.....	Llanelli	1	G Wicksman	.....	Natal

**Replacements:** 16 M Rayer (Cardiff), 17 N Boobyer (Lancetti), 18 D Llewellyn (Ebbw Vale), 19 S Vayle (Lancetti), 20 D Morris (Swansea), 21 R Evans (Swansea), 22 S Williams (Richmond).

**Replaces:** S Dickinson (Australia)

**Replacements:** 16 G Du Toit (Griqualand West), 17 M Sherrin (MTN Falcons), 18 W Swappell (Free State), 19 S Sildstad (Western Province), 20 S Boome (Western Province), 21 O La Roux (Natal), 22 N Drobke (Free State).

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14 November 1998

# WEEKEND REVIEW

COMMENT • ARTS & BOOKS • COUNTRY & GARDEN • TRAVEL

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WHY EVERYONE  
LOVES EWAN

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WALCOTT:  
LIFE AFTER  
TED

BOOKS PAGE 14

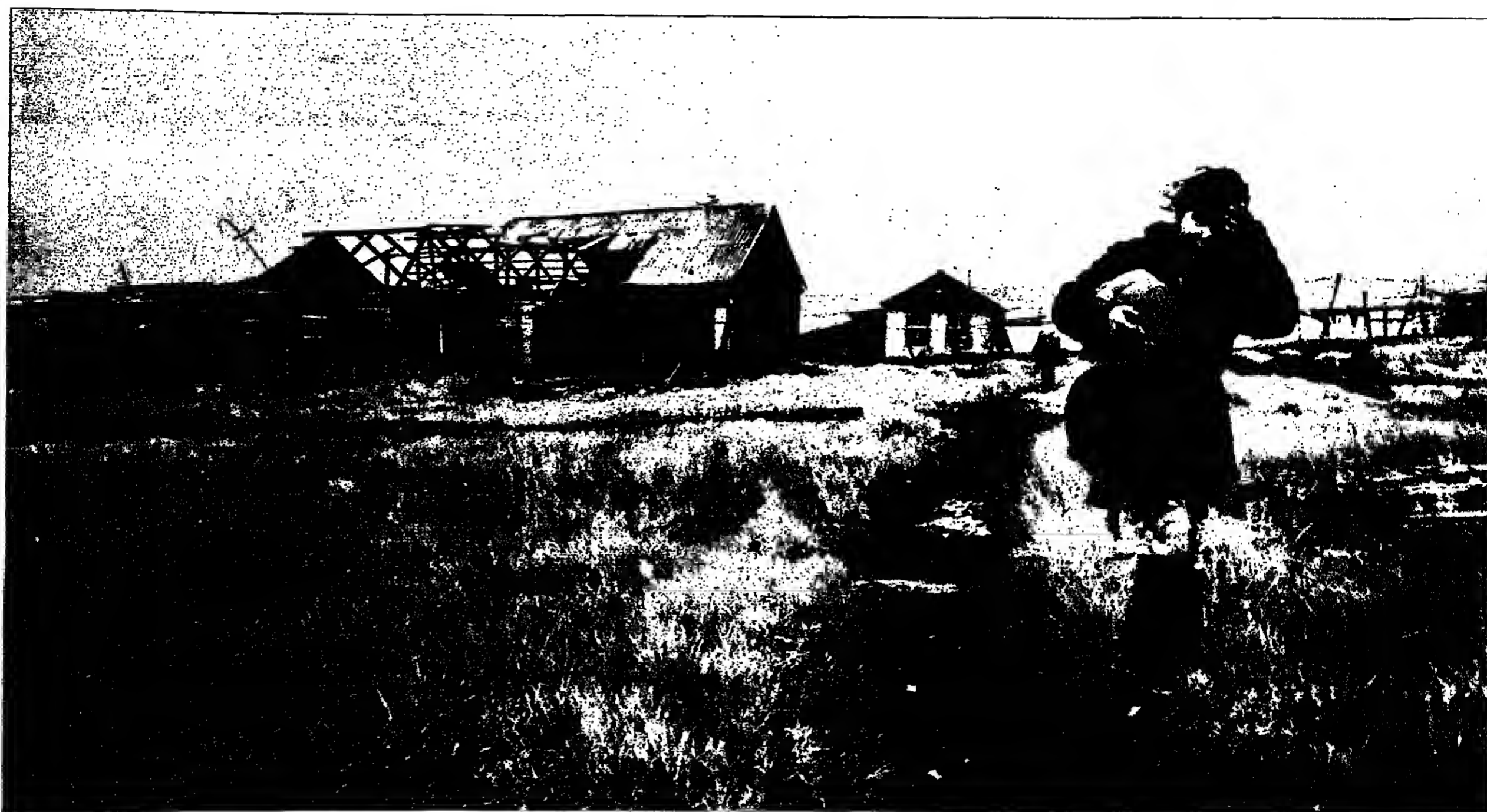
REAL MEN  
DON'T GROW  
FLOWERS

GARDENING  
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A RIDE ON  
THE REAL  
EURO STAR

TRAVEL  
PAGE 22

## Let them eat caviare



Far from Moscow and starved of resources and energy, the people of Kamchatka Peninsula are suffering a total collapse of social and economic life Sarah Leen/Matrix

**Abandoned by Moscow, Oktyabrski is starved of everything except the local caviare. The nuclear missiles have gone, taking most of the people and nearly all of the jobs. Welcome to Russia's forgotten far east, where only vodka can obliterate the cold and despair**

**M**id-afternoon yesterday, with a fresh squall whistling in from the sea, five dozen people filled in to the broken-down hut that passes for Oktyabrski's village theatre, dusted the snow off their boots, and settled down for the big – and the only – event of the day.

They had nothing else to do. The power was off, as usual. The heating at home was minimal, even though the temperature was well below zero outside. The cinema and restaurant shut down long ago. Almost no one has a job. Why not while away an hour or two with the neighbours, even if it means the less than glamorous prospect of watching a children's potato-peeling race?

Times are hard in much of Russia, but few places are as forlorn and abandoned as this community, a village on the western edge of the Kamchatka peninsula. It is, as it is beginning to discover to its cost, on the very rim of the vast Russian Federation, on a giant finger of land that points southward into the Pacific and towards Japan.

Eight years ago the entire region, the front line of the Soviet Union's eastern nuclear defences and a missile test-bed, was closed to foreigners, and even Soviet citizens had to have special permission to visit. But Moscow's grip has grown feeble, and it is now barely felt here, at the far end of a largely defunct supply line. Even the regional capital, Petropavlovsk, is a distant entity, separated by a four-hour car journey along what, in winter, is not a road but a band of ice running across a wild, retriaged landscape of birch forests and snow-covered volcanoes.

"No one cares about us any more," said Sergei Kazanov, 45, a former fisherman. There is nothing left to do. We used to call the winter the drinking season. But now it never ends."

He is not kidding. Local doctors say that in the last fortnight alone, five people – including two women – have drunk themselves to death. Their village, once a thriving Soviet fishing community and a source of Moscow's red caviare supply, is fading away. Seven years ago, there were 7,000 inhabitants. Two-thirds have since left, migrating either elsewhere on the peninsula or to what they call Russia's "mainland" in search of work and better conditions.

The canning factory, which once employed 1,000 people and rattled away round the clock, has shut. The October Revolution fishing collective, which used to run 30 boats, has also closed after a failed attempt at privatisation. There is no bank, no laundrette, no sports

already totally washed up, and will eventually be swallowed up altogether by the sea which laps at its edge.

As this vast country lurches painfully towards winter, anxiety has set in within the international community about the capacity of places such as Oktyabrski – and thousands of others scattered across Russia's 11 time zones – to survive the next few months. No one seems certain that they will battle through, just as they have so often over past decades, weathering terror, war and the destruction of the entire social system. Opinions differ. The UN's food and agriculture organisation has predicted "spot food shortages" but not widespread ones. The international federations of the Red Cross and Red Crescent societies have launched an appeal of \$15m, saying that "a silent disaster" is afoot. The US has extended a \$600m loan to Russia to buy American food,

The dwindling few who have stayed behind in Oktyabrski are typical of many. Their problem is not so much a lack of food as a gross imbalance in their access to it. Dairy products, including milk, and fresh fruit are in short supply. What little there is is too expensive for many to afford – especially after price hikes following this year's rouble crash. In the tiny snowbound outdoor market, apples cost 40 roubles – £1.60 – a kilo, the equivalent of a day's pay for the handful of people who still have work. The able-bodied have filled their garages and basements with home-grown summer produce from their allotments, mostly potatoes, and pickled tomatoes and cucumbers. But there is precious little fresh produce.

"We live on rice and soup," said Ludmilla Danyushkina, 35, as she stood surrounded by a few meagre products in the elders' hut that passes for a shop. She worries about the effect on her 12-year-old son, whom she is trying to bring up single-handedly on a monthly wage of £44. "We have very few vegetables. Every time I make soup there seems to be less to put in it."

There is, however, plenty of fish. In fact, in one of the more alarming examples of the breakdown of supply lines, the abundance is such that there are one-metre-high piles of rotting fish scattered around the village. Once the caviare has been gouged out of the carcasses, no one bothers to preserve the rest, leaving it to the scores of stray dogs, seagulls and the occasional passing bear.

Caviare is plentiful. "We eat about a bucket a year," said Patyana Gerasimenko, the head doctor in the local hospital. "In fact, we get completely sick of it. There comes a time when you just can't eat it any more."

But you cannot live on caviare alone. The doctor says the effect of poor diet and dismal

Continued on page 2

BY PHIL REEVES

complex, no church, no pool and no steam baths. Half the village school's pupils have left. The mud streets, choked with snow and rubbish, have not been cleared for a month, because the local authority cannot afford the petrol for its refuse vehicle.

Electricity is switched off for 21 hours a day because no one has paid the power stations. The heating system is on low power, despite the swirling snow, knee-high drifts and cutting sea winds. The few peeling, putrid, five-storey apartment buildings are covered with blisters of damp and rust. The rest – a butcher's paradise of wooden barracks, builders' lots, rusted storage depots, iron garages and twisted metal junk – is gently falling apart.

The place is turning into driftwood and flotsam, the wreckage of a community that is

and has promised to send humanitarian aid, including 1.5 million tons of wheat. There have been airy assurances from Moscow that there is no cause for panic, despite a dismal grain and potato harvest this year.

Western security sources, cited by The Times this week, fear that Russia's food supplies could run out within weeks, bringing the threat of unrest and thousands of westbound refugees. The reality is likely to be less lurid. It will not pay to be poor and weak, or elderly and ill, or very young, in Russia in the next six months. But for the great majority of the 147-million-strong population, the problem is less likely to be about famine and riots than about misery, chronic illness and the side-effects of an economic decline worse than the American great depression, such as alcohol and suicide.

### CENTRAL AMERICA HURRICANE APPEAL

No-one can have missed the distressing pictures showing the misery brought about when Hurricane Mitch swept through Central America. 12,000 dead, up to 2 million made homeless, crops destroyed, roads and bridges swept away, whole communities lost.

Y-Care International, part of the YMCA, have been active in Central America for over 12 years with a network of local volunteers.

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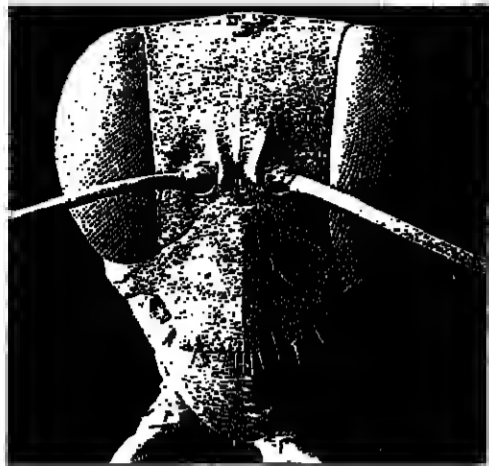
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TOMORROW IN  
THE INDEPENDENT  
ON SUNDAY

## REVIEW



More exciting than the film: the truth about ants

## CULTURE



What's it like to be in a flop? The story of Antony and Cleopatra

## REAL LIFE



Desire: it's in your genes, not in your jeans: Simon Andreae explains

## PLUS



Captain Moonlight: the New Statesman says he's 'brilliantly anarchic'—decide for yourself

How singing can help you survive

David Thomson: why I hate children's films



Hibernating Houses No 6: Norman, the gardener at Blickling Hall, Norfolk since he was demobbed after the Last War, tidies up for winter

Brian Harris

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Post letters to Letters to the Editor and include a daytime telephone number, fax to 0171 293 2056 or e-mail to letters@independent.co.uk. E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

## Climatic hot air

Sir: Your report "World's coral reefs are dying in the heat" (13 November) supports worrying evidence from WWF's projects overseas that the world's coral is dying out. The finding that this is mostly as a result of rising sea temperatures is yet another example of the need for the world's governments to take immediate action to tackle climate change.

As the Buenos Aires negotiations come to an end this evidence reinforces the need for countries around the world to stop stalling, stop looking for ways to buy themselves out of the problem and start taking action to reduce their emissions of carbon dioxide. This can only happen if limits are placed on the use of all "flexible mechanisms" such as emissions trading, which act as a loophole to allow countries to avoid making reductions at home. Only when these limits are in place will the hot air have been squeezed out of the argument.

RUSSELL MARSH  
Energy and Climate Change Officer  
WWF-UK  
Godalming, Surrey

Sir: Wind energy generation is not a technology that can ever have an impact on climate ("Windmill power set for major boom," 12 November). For the last 25 years governments around the world have pumped hundreds of millions of dollars in tax incentives and subsidy into wind "farms" and about 30,000 wind turbines have been built. Their installed capacity is 8,000MW, but because of the intermittency of wind, dependent generation their combined average output is about 2,000MW—the equivalent of just one medium-sized gas power station. The early players in the field like California have more or less abandoned the idea of wind power.

Why, therefore, does Michael Meacher, the Environment minister, have such an attachment to wind turbines? Could it be that to do

something really effective to tackle the emission of so-called greenhouse gases—draconian restrictions on motor traffic and heavy pollution taxation—would be economically and politically costly? Turbines, however, being 300ft high, make a highly visible "green" gesture while opinion polls show that, except in the communities where they are built, they have reasonably wide public support.

ROBERT WOODWARD  
Country Guardian  
Twickenham, London TW1

Sir: I found the timing of your report about renewable energy ironic. On the day it was published I was visiting Border Wind's Blyth Harbour wind-farm in the North-east to demonstrate the Government's support and to see this innovative technology first-hand.

The Department of Trade and Industry's new and renewable energy programme already supports a wide range of projects related to wind energy aimed at both onshore and offshore development. Since the programme started, over 670m has been invested in wind energy.

On coming into office this government inherited a figure of 2 per cent renewable contribution to UK electricity supplies. That figure will now rise to 5 per cent by about 2002. I want to see that figure rise to 10 per cent by 2010 and am determined we will get there.

On support for offshore wind developments, in September this year I took a major step towards generating electricity from offshore wind by launching a consultation document on greater support. We are monitoring the development of the offshore wind project at Blyth and assessing its commercial opportunities.

We have already taken more action to deliver renewable energy in our first 18 months than many even imagined possible.

JOHN BATTLE MP  
Minister of State  
Department of Trade and Industry  
London SW1

## Stop hitting Iraq

Sir: The bankruptcy of Anglo-American policy towards Iraq is every day more apparent. It is isolating Britain from its European partners and the Arab world. It is punishing the entire Iraqi people for Saddam Hussein, without any realistic prospect of bringing him down.

The present government did not devise this brutal and stupid policy, but seems incapable of revising or re-examining it. It is in essence an American, not a British, policy, making cruise missiles a substitute for intelligent diplomacy. It sits oddly, with the idea of an "ethical foreign policy". Try telling that to the people of Baghdad.

Britain has long links with Iraq, both cultural and political. Our priority should be to dismantle the US concept of "pariah states" (Israel also has realistic and chemical weapons, but is apparently not a pariah). A normal and open relationship with Iraq would benefit Britain, the Iraqis and the whole region. It would also be far more likely to undermine Saddam Hussein.

Professor GERALD MOORE  
Udine, Italy

## It was worth it

Sir: "Was it worth it?" asks Harold Judd, a veteran of the First World War (report, 11 November). Of course, Mr Judd is entitled, as so few others are, to ask this question, but I hope that he knows in his heart of hearts that it was worth it.

Our appreciation of the gift given to us by his generation (and those who fought in the Second World War) is not diminished by our ignorance of the price that was paid for it. I am able to live and raise my children in peace and freedom, with only small worries, thanks to these men. And I shall endeavour to ensure that my children know enough about what has gone before to understand how lucky they are.

And to those who wonder why we now spend our time reading gossip about politicians and royalty (letter,

11 November), I would only say: We do so because we can. Distasteful as it often is, it is infinitely preferable to lists of friends and family killed or missing in action.

KIMI GOVIER  
Hintlesham, Suffolk

Sir: The veteran (report, 11 November) asks of the First World War: "Was it worth it?" The same question could be asked of the second.

Both wars were fought against a Germany wishing to control Europe.

How ironic that our "success" in the wars has brought about a situation, through the European Union, when we are dominated by the Germans.

The veteran and many others might well ask: "Was it worth it?"

J.K.L. HUGHES  
Folkestone

## Out and visible

Sir: Of course a public figure's homosexuality is relevant—though not to his or her suitability for a particular job. To pretend irrelevance is to ignore the vital role of visibility in the continuing fight to promote tolerance. I write not to defend outing but simply to say that until gay men and lesbians no longer feel they have to hide their sexuality we desperately need out gay public figures.

It is in this respect that the current arguments for privacy concern me. What exactly are we fighting to keep private? What a person actually does in bed should, indeed, be private.

But arguing that homosexuality itself should be a private affair is so horribly apologetic—it not only acknowledges but bows down to prejudice and allows the bigoted not to confront their intolerance. And it gives us permission as lesbians and gay men to continue the hypocrisy—staying in the closet to protect our family's tolerance, for example, while condemning society's.

Gay Pride is not about being proud in any arrogant sense—we've done nothing special, after all. But it is about a refusal to accept the

converse of pride, which is shame. Please don't continue to promote the idea, however well-intentioned, that it is right and proper to want to hide one's homosexuality. Special circumstances apart, such as the complex issue of homosexuality within a marriage, if you are not ashamed, what other possible reason could there be for keeping it private?

ANTHONY SMITH  
London SE1

Sir: David Aaronovitch (Comment, 10 November) was right to draw a link between the "Nick Brown affair" and the suicide of a 15-year-old boy following anti-gay bullying. But the Government should be taking some of the flak which is being directed at The Sun. The Government is in a position to take a lead on this issue, but by its recent announcements that gay couples are not suitable to be adoptive parents and that the repeal of Section 28 is to be delayed, it has instead made clear its view that lesbian and gay relationships are not equal in value to heterosexual ones and has thereby contributed to a climate in which bigoted attitudes can continue to flourish and in which tragedies will continue to occur.

ISABEL HANDOVSKY  
London N4

Home grown?

Sir: While at first sight, the prediction that sales of organic food will triple in the next four years is good news (report, 7 November), this increase will come almost entirely from imports of organic produce. Currently, 80 per cent of organic food sold here is imported, with simple items such as carrots and onions coming from far away, even though we are capable of growing these ourselves. It is sometimes hard to convince a consumer that an imported organic cauliflower at twice the price is better than a chemically produced one grown only miles away.

The amount of land under organic production in this country has remained static

at less than 1 per cent for more than a decade. While there may be some significant increase in the near future, it will not in any way be sufficient to offset the huge demand to import even more organic produce. As a national pressure group, the Soil Association has repeatedly failed to come up with any solution. It is time we took this issue, including the setting of organic standards, away from such voluntary groups and determine as a nation how we are to meet these demands for organic produce.

MARK FISHER  
Shipley, West Yorkshire

## IN BRIEF

Sir: Apropos the actor Robert Lindsay's lament ("Lindsay accuses critics of vile plot", 13 November), when a play succeeds it is generally the director who is feted; failure often leaves the actor carrying the can. It is, however, unjust and unreasonable that Mr Lindsay should be criticised for his real quarrel is with his director. Our major national theatres are currently experiencing a serious dearth of competent direction; I walk out of more Royal Shakespeare Company productions than I survive. Mr Lindsay might be best advised to do likewise.

MALCOLM ROSS  
Dartington, Devon

Sir: Contrary to Mohamed al-Fayed's assertions (You Ask the Questions, 11 November), Macmillan is delighted with the remarkable sales performance of Tom Bower's unauthorised biography—despite its non-appearance on Harrods' shelves.

MARI EVANS  
Editor  
Macmillan General Books  
London SW1

Sir: Chris Harry's interesting letter (12 November) about underpants superseding shirt-tails poses a possible solution to the problem of concern about Western European loss of sperm count. Down with underpants!

HUW JAMES  
Swansea

## Oktyabrski: life on the edge of oblivion

Continued from page 1  
conditions can be seen on children who are suffering an increase in skin, stomach and respiratory conditions. The range of available medicines is extremely narrow, and likely to get narrower as supplies of imported pharmaceuticals dry up following this summer's collapse of the rouble and much of the banking system.

It was not always thus. Under the Soviet Union, the Oktyabrski workforce was well paid by national standards because they got higher,

"northern" pay to compensate for the tough conditions. Pyotr Bolichyov, 41, a local official, can remember when each year he could afford to go on holiday to the Black Sea, sometimes for several months at a time. Officially, he's the head of the village's communal services department, in charge of heating and street cleaning. But, as his wages are two years late, and have been corroded by devaluation and inflation, he has turned to other work, providing another example of the survival skills

on which many Russians now rely. He has become a poacher. This summer he made 43,000 roubles from red caviar sales. But even that source of sustenance is uncertain. The salmon do not come every year. When the winter is over he says he, too, will be moving out in search of work.

So what are the authorities doing about it all? Today a government commission of 21 officials will meet in Kamchatka to discuss the problems of the peninsula's remote communities. There are plans

for several fishing villages in the north to be evacuated altogether. But it is hard to see any quick solutions, given the economic crisis gripping Moscow and the Primakov government's penchant for making plans but doing little.

Whether the international aid programmes find their targets is an open question. Past efforts, notably a US humanitarian project in 1992, led to widespread corruption in Russia. Having seen too many promises broken before, none of those Russians in real need



Remote communities are suffering the most SIPA

will be holding their breath. Despite this there is a general consensus that the bulk of the Russian people will, once again, accept their fate without resorting to violent protest. "There won't be any revolutions," said Kamchatka's First Deputy Governor, Boris Sinchenko. No matter that he openly concedes that, after striking a deal which ended three weeks of electricity cuts in the regional capital, he can give no guarantee there will be no more power problems. "There is already too much

blood in our history," he said wearily. He is probably right. The tragedy is that, seven years after the end of Soviet communism, Russia should be discussing the issue at all.

## APOLOGY

Because of a production error there were a number of serious mistakes in the interview with David Yelland that appeared on the front page of the Friday Review. Our apologies.

# THE INDEPENDENT

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## The prince and the pauper, still placed at birth

THE BIRTHDAY of the heir to the throne is not a very significant day in the life of the nation. But it does prompt a thought about the nature of élites and the balance between inheritance and merit in New Britain, the Young Country, to use Tony Blair's phrase. For it is still the case that a child born into a broken home on a sink estate is as predestined to live a life of deprivation as Prince Charles, on his birth in 1948, was destined to a life of privilege.

Not that Charles has had a good time exactly, as David Aaronovitch pointed out in these pages earlier this week. He has been so burdened with a sense of duty, a pretension to intellectual seriousness and a series of impossible requirements of his sex life that he has been as securely imprisoned in misery as any member of the underclass. When it comes to the allocation of unhappiness the Royal Family is an outstanding special case among the materially privileged classes, but that does nothing to diminish the force of the argument that our life chances are overwhelmingly determined by the social circumstances of our birth.

Any parent can see how early the separation into advantaged and disadvantaged begins. The class bias in breast-feeding, in the figures for parents who "smack" children under the age of 18 months, in the extent to which reading at home is at least as normal as watching television, and in the persistent inequality of health that Sir Donald Acheson has documented - these and many other biases mean that a system of educational apartheid is already well established by the time children turn up for their nursery classes at the age of four.

There is some evidence that social mobility has increased - albeit at a glacial pace - during this century, in that many people born to working-class parents now find themselves in middle-class jobs. Indeed, the last Conservative government put some effort into trying to soften the impact of statistics showing a growing disparity of incomes, by "proving" that people moved up and down the income scales more easily than in the past. Unfortunately, the studies it commissioned made the opposite case, finding that the individuals in the bottom tenth of the income distribution at any one time might have moved up some years later, but rarely out of the bottom third.

At the top end of the scale, various professions are no longer closed shops of the privately educated, and the story of rising to the top from humble origins is an increasingly common one. John Major's journey from Brixton to Downing Street did serve as some kind of hopeful symbol. British businesses are increasingly run by people who have risen on merit (almost all men, however). Stars in



Rites in the kitchen and the head of the family  
DRINKING PROBLEM  
A DAILY OCCURRENCE.

sport and pop music are handsomely rewarded regardless of their background.

There are signs, then, that the barriers of class, sex and race are eroding, but far too slowly. While British politicians have spouted the language of "meritocracy" at least since Harold Wilson, they have shown little understanding of the concept.

When Michael Young invented the word in 1958, it had a negative meaning. The creative genius, who helped write Labour's 1945 manifesto and founded the Consumers Association, used it in his satire on British society. It was an attack on selection in schools and the 11-plus, in particular. Simply rewarding "ability", the egalitarian Young argued, would create an embittered underclass of the less able.

It was a curiously pessimistic vision for someone on the left and contrasts sharply with the shiny optimism of Tony Blair, who declares that, once the shackles of Old

Britain are lifted, we will all "realise our true potential", with the implication that such an outcome would somehow iron out all the awkward inequalities of academic, artistic and athletic ability and earning power. However Michael, now Lord, Young made an important point, which is that a true meritocracy is not egalitarian. Indeed it would be elitist, and a good thing too. Elites, provided they are not closed castes of inherited privilege, are necessary for the functioning of a fair and efficient society.

But Young was right about one thing, and that is the centrality of education. His argument against the 11-plus carried the day, but we ended up with an embittered underclass anyway, because the real divisions in education were not tackled, in particular the most damaging divide between private and state schools. This month's most telling statistic of social division was that state school pupils achieve higher degrees at

Oxford and Cambridge than their counterparts from private schools. This is proof that money can still buy an advantage in winning places at our elite universities.

Modern meritocrats, however, must accept that rewards will be unequal, while striving all the time to make them fair. In this we should be guided by "the veil of ignorance", the great idea of the liberal philosopher John Rawls. A society is fair, he argued, if it is so organised that we would accept it without knowing in advance what our place in it will be - in other words, if it is so organised that we would accept with equanimity the prospect of being born either on a council estate or in Windsor Castle.

It is one of Prince Charles's strengths that he has devoted much of his effort in public service to attempting to tackle precisely the problems of social exclusion experienced by those of less fortunate birth. We wish him a happy and inclusive birthday.

## You can make a difference

BY YESTERDAY, *Independent* readers had raised £150,000 for disaster relief in Central America, devastated by Hurricane Mitch.

After this week's rather pointless spat about whether or not writing off debts owed by the governments of Honduras and Nicaragua was "relevant" to the immediate needs of the homeless, hungry and ill, it is gratifying to see private citizens responding so generously. Politicians should attend to the long-term causes of world poverty, and mobilise some taxpayers' money in crises; but in an emergency like this one, a real contribution can be made by individuals.

Keep the cheques coming in to the Disaster Appeal (see page 18, front section), and make a difference on the still sodden ground.

## Fear and self-loathing: in other words, that difficult first novel

NOT THAT you asked or are even remotely interested, but it has been a wretched week.

Home from foreign travels, I'd been planning a soft landing on the planet domestica. But trouble is stirring. The carpenter has entered his sixth week in the kitchen (small terraced Victorian house) and announced that he needs more time and more money. I am weak and incompetent in these situations and so prepare to fork out. Six weeks! I mean to be stern, but what's the point? Friends assure me that it will take as long as it takes, whatever that means.

Then there has been the unremitting torment of work. More of it than I have had for a very long time. Television, radio, newspapers, projects long postponed now biting at my heels. Here there is ample scope for self-hatred. Much of it could have been done before now.

If only I had timetabled properly. If only I were neat and practical, drew up lists and kept to rigorous schedules. I remember my wounded pride when a newspaper described me as somebody of "legendary personal dishevelment". Just now I feel the writer was being rather generous. It has been a week when the hollow phrase "should have done, should have done" has followed on my heels from very early morning to late night. There have been numerous deadlines of varying degrees of hysterical urgency. The phones ring with frantic messages as the year tatters to a close and every promise made in the last 12 months comes rolling home.

I looked in the mirror last night and reflected on a countenance of unremitting stupidity: what might, in the remotest parts of Ireland, be called

a face "like a pig's arse". "You big eit," I said. "Why do you take on so much?"

The face could not answer me, and I crept to bed muttering curses against myself. But the greatest injunction bearing down on me is not my work for the BBC or my column for this organ. It is that most terrifying of all propositions - the first novel. Quite a few seasons have passed since I first raised the idea with my literary agent, a woman of great skill and legendary toughness. She was excited by the prospect and encouraged me to get cracking. However, like all those who live by the immediate deadline, I was easily distracted. A crisis in Africa, a drama in Asia, another agony in Ireland. All had prior claim on my attentions.

Sometimes in faraway hotel rooms I would sit down with my laptop and attempt to get started. But my mind was invariably far away, too tired or tipsy or preoccupied with the day's events. Time raced on. My agent dropped a gentle reminder here and there, but she is not the kind of woman to put the pressure on until she really needs to.

In the middle of my avoidance I met a friend for a drink and he asked me how the novel was going. "Ah it's grand," I said feebly. The truth was that work had ground to a standstill. He smiled generously and proceeded to tell me the story of the two aspirant writers meeting in a Dublin pub. One of them announces tentatively: "I'm writing a novel." His colleague adopts a wary expression and replies: "Neither am I." My friend allowed the message to sink in and smiled again. This time without generosity. "Get your skates on Keane," he growled. It should not have been such a



**FERGAL KEANE**  
*I look in the mirror and reflect on what, in parts of Ireland, might be called a face 'like a pig's arse'*

terrifying prospect. I had already produced three works of non-fiction. All had been well received, and one had gone to the top of the best-seller lists. "Be confident, get organised," I told myself. If I was honest I would have admitted to a large measure of fear. Fear of not being good enough, of not having what it takes; fear of being savaged by the critics; most of all the fear of failure.

I've had plenty of praise and also some criticism for my broadcasting work. The latter you take as part of the territory. If you think you can live by praise alone, get out of the business. The really good critics, even those who are occasionally cruel, can help to keep us honest. I believe in the adage "never complain, never explain". But a novel - now that is a higher level of risk altogether, one that involves a much greater degree of self-investment and exposure.

It was my wife, my editor of first resort, who finally shunted me into action. She gave me a present of the

collected prose and letters of Osip Mandelstam, a giant of 20th century Russian literature and a victim of Stalin's camps. I love Mandelstam's poetry and last year read the twin masterpieces written by his wife, Nadezhda, about their life together and their forced separation: *Hope Against Hope* and *Abandoned*. Handing me the collected prose my wife seemed to be saying: "See what this man sacrificed for his writing. Get going." She understood, of course, that guilt is the quickest route to an Irish Catholic's heart.

A deadline has been set for the completion of a portion of the book. And that deadline is the only reality I understand. The date sits marked in red crayon on a piece of paper directly above my desk. My agent reminds me constantly of how excited she is at the prospect of receiving a solid chunk of the work in progress. My anxiety level soars every time I hear this. But it will happen. It honestly will.

I am now fully on message, writing in every spare moment I can find. In the past, when writing non-fiction, I would get up very early in the morning to write. But that was before I had a toddler roaming the house. Try getting up and started before a two-and-a-half-year-old. Impossible. You are lovingly ambushed, dragged into the maw of breakfast and dressing and endless questions. And, as a parent who still spends a lot of time on the road, it is inconceivable to retreat from your child's outstretched arms.

A friend whose father is a well known novelist described how he and his brothers would creep around the house whenever their father was writing. Their childhood was burdened by this authorial silence. Whatever

distraction is caused in my house, there will be no tyranny of silence. Let laughter and crying and tantrums and happiness reign.

This may, of course, mean that I am not a proper writer. From time to time I tell myself that a truly committed novelist would not be distracted by the domestic world, much less by the temporary thrills and passing glories of daily journalism. After thinking this for a few minutes I conclude that I know better. I write when I can, whenever I can. This is generally at night after the child has gone to sleep. I am a late-night animal. It is only then that my brain cranks into top gear.

In his book on writing, *For Love and Money*, Jonathan Raban has described the routine beautifully: "It is a curious occupation, this business of short-distance commuting between the bedroom and the study..." My study is in the attic, looking out over the narrow gardens of London W4. Through the window in the roof I can see the jets stacking up before Heathrow, through the side window comes the frequent noise of tomcats battling it out in the gardens of Chiswick. There are many of them, and they are fierce.

I had always imagined writing a novel in some rural idyll in Ireland, walking on the beach to clear my head after crafting a thousand or so beautiful words. But now that the words have started to come and the plot and characters are beginning to seem real, I need only the quiet and solitude of a house where everybody else is asleep. They are sleeping now. It is high time I was writing.

The writer is a BBC News special correspondent

## THE SALVATION ARMY CENTRAL AMERICA HURRICANE APPEAL

### Thank God we are there.

The Salvation Army has already helped save many lives from the ravages of Hurricane Mitch. But we urgently need donations to continue.

The Salvation Army were among the first to respond to the disaster - providing food, clean water, shelter, and medicines to those in need, and we are working there still. You can help.

Just £17 could provide food for 34 people for one day. £35 could provide 10,000 people with one day's medical aid. £250 will provide water purification for 1,000 people for 1 week and £750 would provide a permanent shelter for a family.

Please, use the coupon to send your donation today. It'll be put to good use as soon as we receive it.

Thank you.

Please return this coupon and gift to: The Salvation Army, Room 327, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London EC4P 4EP

Here is my gift of £17 ☐ £35 ☐ £250 ☐ Other £

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Address

Postcode

Please make cheques payable to: The Salvation Army

Or please debit my Credit/Debit/CAF Card ☐ Expiry date

Card No:

Signed  Date

The Salvation Army is a registered charity

\*Gifts of £250 or more qualify for Gift Aid.

## MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

Iraq crisis • Armistice Day • "Outing" homosexuals • Labour Party control • Female role models • Newt Gingrich's resignation

## ARMISTICE DAY

Eighty years on, the world's press pays tribute to the dead and the veterans of World War One

THE MIRROR  
UK

WHO would have believed 80 years ago that there would be such scenes as the world witnessed yesterday? It says a lot for the human spirit that such remembrances can be held in a world which has changed so much. The First World War was to be the one which ended all wars. We learnt at a terrible cost that was not true. Wars will continue as long as there are tyrants who want to conquer other countries or crush other nations. Yesterday was a time to remember those who gave their lives. But EVERY day we need to remember why. And do what is necessary to prevent another generation suffering the same agonies.

LE MONDE  
France

IF EUROPE wants to affirm its existence and its identity in the 21st century, it must not forget the history of countries once linked to its own. France wanted to honour Adolphe Ndiaye, 104, the last survivor of the Senegalese infantry men who distinguished themselves on the front from 1914 to 1918. Ndiaye died Tuesday, the evening before he was to be decorated with the Legion of Honour. But the blood debt is there, and France owes a debt to Africa, to Ndiaye's children and grandchildren, in Senegal, but also to his children here in France, without identity papers, in the streets of our cities. Europe must not re-create itself by shutting the rest of the world out.

THE GUARDIAN  
UK

THERE IS something valuable in the way remembrance joins us with our forbears and requires us to stretch our imaginations to encompass their lives, and deaths. Heavy injunctions about observing moments of silence are unnecessary and counterproductive. Compulsory memory, like rote learning, tends to be short-run and empty. The significance of 11am on the 11th is only this. We take peace (in this part of

the hemisphere) for granted. An occasional moment of reflection on its blessings and its fragility has to be worthwhile.

LAS VEGAS SUN  
US

WHILE ARMISTICE Day was originally established to honour the establishment of peace following a horrific war, this nation should remember that many wars have been fought since. It is up to this nation to make sure that it is adequately prepared to fight a war, no matter how terrible, if in fact we are to continue to have peace. While our nation must remain vigilant, we should reflect on the enormous price men and women paid to further the cause of freedom. It requires reflecting constantly on the horrors of war for Americans to comprehend the need for continued vigilance, preventing future tragedies.

THE SUN  
UK

On this somber anniversary, we should fall silent. The two minutes' silence at 11 o'clock is a time to honour those who died for their country. Not just those who fell in the so-called "war to end all wars" but those killed in World War II, Korea, Suez, Aden, Northern Ireland, the Falklands, the Gulf and other theatres of war. We enjoy liberty and peace today because they sacrificed their tomorrows. Two minutes is so little to give in honour of those who gave so much.

THE AGE  
Australia

Anzac Day has become a de facto national day. Much of the nation will pause to reflect upon the contribution of those who gave much, sometimes all, for their country. Whether it is from curiosity or respect, it is a sign of our strengthening maturity. More certain is the role war played in forging our nation. More certain still is that we should never forget the sacrifices made, or the ultimate futility of war.

## Saddam must be stopped

THE JERUSALEM POST  
Israel

UNTIL NOW, the Clinton administration has seen support for the Iraqi opposition as contradicting its effort to maintain the UN inspections regime. The current crisis, whether or not it results in the final demise of UN inspections, is an opportunity to change course. Former US president George Bush rightly recognised Iraq's invasion of Kuwait as the first major challenge to the post-Cold War world order. Clinton now has the opportunity to show that the world has learned from the wars of this century that democracies must be willing to decisively confront aggressive dictatorships, before they become even more dangerous.

HONG KONG STANDARD  
China

SADDAM HUSSEIN's determination to prove himself is costing his people dear. His first politically tactless move nearly 10 years ago - his invasion of Kuwait - awakened even his Arab neighbours to possible dangers. So it was easy to build a worldwide consensus against him. But now the world is tiring of Washington flexing its military muscles, as well as of Saddam's antics. The more the Iraqi leader thumbs his nose at Washington and the UN itself, the more his stock rises among strongly nationalistic Arabs who feel they have been grievously wronged by the West. But at what cost is this image building? The Iraqi people are suffering because of sanctions. Surely their welfare counts for something?

SYDNEY MORNING HERALD  
Australia

THE GREATEST need is as it always has been, to see Saddam and all he stands for removed. That can never be fully achieved by external force, at least not with safety. It depends on forces within Iraq to ensure that, when Saddam goes, his departure is not followed by chaos but a transition, as orderly as can be hoped for in such circumstances, to a more internationally responsible government. The Australian Government is right to support President



CRISIS IN IRAQ

World opinion on Iraqi President Saddam Hussein's defiance of the UN

Clinton's decision to move against the Iraqi regime as the only appropriate response to Saddam's defiance of the UN. But the search for a wider solution, beyond the use of military force, must continue, for the sake of the Iraqi people, their neighbours, and world peace.

THE ECONOMIST  
UK

THE DANGERS of letting Hussein run amok go far wider than the Gulf. Iraq's defiance will encourage other budding Saddamisms and badly undermine confidence in all the nuclear, chemical and biological arms control treaties that Iraq has broken,

and that were devised to help keep some order in a dangerous world. The Security Council is one of the few mechanisms for tackling such threats to world peace, and it should do so. But if it will not, or cannot, respond to Iraqi belligerence, its divisions should not stop others - in this case America with as broad support as possible - from doing so. The worst outcome of all would be to let Iraq thumb its nose at the world and get away with it.

LA REPUBBLICA  
Italy

FUNCTIONAL and predictable Saddam Hussein has war prospects in mind again. This

time, however, he faces a different Clinton from the one in August. Clinton is now a very strong opponent. He's no longer suspected of trying to downplay the Lewinsky scandal by launching military operations. Instead, he has renewed his impeccable credentials as peacemaker between the Palestinians and the Israelis. Now he intends to settle the bill left by Bush who ordered victorious Gulf troops to end fighting, thus leaving Saddam's ambitions and repressive army intact. Everything indicates that, this time, Saddam will not get away with a compromise at the 11th hour. Faced with Clinton's wrath, Saddam has nothing to protect his people from the consequences of his still more atrocious and hopeless "bluffs".

## "OUTING" HOMOSEXUALS

Editorial views on the highly charged issue of "outing" gays and lesbians in public life

## THE GUARDIAN

THE SUN is not just out of touch, it is also wrong. The "fears" of a homosexual cabal are baloney. The politicians it names do not form a single coherent faction: on the contrary they could all be identified with competing elements within the Cabinet. Nor are they a secret society: after all, being gay is not like joining the masons, where one chooses to become a member. The Sun's effort is in the worst tradition of conspiracy theories through the ages. Such a tactic has no place in our national dialogue.

## DAILY MAIL

TOWARDS the idea of reducing the age of homosexual consent, hostility remains strong. Given this deep and abiding repugnance towards a measure sought by only a small minority in the country, the Government's stubborn determina-

tion to get it onto the statute book is almost inexplicable. An administration so adroit at interpreting the popular mood would surely be wise to think again. After all, it is now generally known that of the 17 men in the Cabinet before the Davies resignation, at least four, almost 25 per cent were homosexual. If the voters were to form the resentful suspicion that there is a connection between that statistic and the strange unwillingness to heed public feeling on this emotive issue, ministers would have only themselves to blame.

## THE SUN

IS BRITAIN being run by a gay Mafia of politicians, lawyers, Palace courtiers, TV bigwigs - or even police officers? The public has a right to know how many homosexuals occupy positions of high power. Their sexuality is not the problem. The worry is their membership of a closed world of men with a

mutual self-interest. Only the whole truth - not the partial truth Downing Street has been dispensing - will clear the air. We have a right to know about secret liaisons which might explain why certain policies are persistently pursued. Honest politicians have nothing to fear from the truth. To others who tremble to tell the real story, we simply say: come out and end the doubt.

## THE MIRROR

THE WAVE of sentiment which carried Tony Blair to power and swept the nation after Diana's death showed how compassionate we have become. It is a fresh spirit in time with the times and the birth of a new century and millennium. There can be no room for narrow-minded bigotry which scars those who hold it as well as those who are its victims. A growing majority are willing to judge people on what they do, not on what they are.

THE SPECTATOR  
UK

GINGRICH is the loser of the '98 election. Stunned to find someone in Washington going down even faster than Monica, President Clinton generously saluted the Speaker as a "worthy adversary". Alas, the Democrats' House Leader, Dick Gephardt, cruising past Newt's bullet-riddled body in the gutter, couldn't resist reversing back over it: "I hope that whoever succeeds Newt as Speaker will immediately begin the process of repairing the damage that was inflicted over the last four years."

## LABOUR PARTY CONTROL

Comment on the New Labour's management of candidates for regional office

## THE GUARDIAN

TWO OF Labour's deepest instincts are at war. One is the commitment to spread power around, the other the urge to keep every last shred of it to itself. At issue is a simple question: now that Blair has entrusted local communities with power, will he let them pick their own leaders? Labour has failed to understand the logic of devolution. It still believes the usual rules of party discipline apply, still assumes the old hierarchies of obedience remain in place as the system itself is transformed. He should let London pick whoever it likes. If he gets involved, he gets blamed. If he stays out, he can let them make their own decisions - and their own mistakes.

## DAILY MAIL

LIVINGSTONE and Morgan are defying attempts to prevent them running for Mayor of London and leader of the Welsh

Assembly. The Blairites are at last learning that, to adapt Lincoln's adage, you may control all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time - but not all of the people all of the time.

## EVENING STANDARD

THERE ARE no signs that Labour has yet identified a credible star to rival Mr Livingstone. All the signs suggest that Mr Blair and his colleagues have got themselves into a tangle about Labour's mayoral candidate, without much idea how to get out of it. Livingstone will give them no help. Why should he? He has nothing to lose, and nothing would make him more gleeful than to triumph over the New Labour machine. It is too soon to say how this story will come out, but Downing Street will be very rash if it supposes that the Livingstone bid can be dismissed or easily crushed.

## QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"It's nice to know that my family is safe for life, especially when we are going into a recession." Marjorie Loundie, William Hague's aunt, who has just won the National Lottery

"I do not go to see the girls. I am very fond of Peter, and sometimes I talk to the dancers about computers." Terry Major-Ball, explaining his visits to Peter Stringfellow's night-club

"God is in Spaghetti Junction as much as anywhere else." Archdeacon John Barton, Birmingham Cathedral

"The actor I feel really close to is Charlie Chaplin, because I am on the same wavelength as him." George Carey, Archbishop of Canterbury

"I can't believe Alun Michael is the Secretary of State for Wales. It's a triumph for mediocrity. I should know: he lives five doors from me." Marc Cranfield-Adams, explaining why he has rejoined the Tories after defecting in 1995

## FEMALE ROLE MODELS

Verdicts on the announcement by Baroness Jay of acceptable role models for today's teenage girls

## THE SUN

ROLE MODELS are very important. Leading by example can inspire people to high achievement. But is a pop star or an actress the right person for teenage girls to follow? We have nothing against Geri Halliwell (until she sings). But she's all image and no substance. Girls should be encouraged to model themselves on nurses, businesswomen or teachers. That's what they should wannabe.

## DAILY MAIL

LIKE SOME girlie mag in need of yet another pathetic face-lift, the women's unit was yesterday relaunched by that bevy of women ministers, Jowell, Jay and Liddell. The ever-earnest Ms Jowell has just been politically empowered to make the staggering revelation that many girls are more likely to look up to their mothers than to pop stars. Such conde-



scending guff demeans both government and women. New Labour's apology for a women's unit - an idea whose time has gone - is dwindling into the politics of gesture at its most patronising.

## THE TIMES

THE BIGGEST achievement of the Women's Unit will be if it manages to co-ordinate thinking across departments without creating a bureaucratic burden

of its own. Too often policy is made or laws passed that, out of thoughtlessness rather than malice, are worse for women than for men. But the test for this administration will be if joined-up thinking is turned into joined-up action. The final test of success will be when a Women's Unit is genuinely no longer needed at all.

## NEW STATESMAN

TEENAGE GIRLS, patronisingly cast as a tribe of Spice Girl groupies, were depressed. So, one hopes, was the Women's Unit, undermined by a paradox of its own devising. Its better ideas were reasonably aired in serious newspapers beloved of the Seventies feminists whose priorities it has remained. Ordinary girls and women, its new targets, would only have inferred that the new aim is the Barbiefication of Britain - an outcome best described, in male tribal parlance, as a spectacular own goal.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Stories from around the world

THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL  
US

WHEN DOES Modern Art become old, or at least nonmodern art? There's no question that Van Gogh, who died in 1890, and Seurat, who died in 1929, are no longer "new" artists. But compare with Old Masters from, say, the Italian Renaissance, are they really so old? You could easily spend an afternoon pondering whether Van Gogh's violent landscapes, or Seurat's peculiar technique, have more in common with the artists who preceded them or followed them. To our eyes, at least, when you look at a Seurat or Van Gogh, you think of Modern Art. Which leads to another question: If the passage of time defines modernity, then what about the other works in the Museum of Modern Art? Will

they have to be shipped, in due course, to an "old" museum, and replenished with newer paintings?

THE BANGALORE AGE  
India

THE POLICE last week raided a public bath run by eunuchs in the heart of a city suburb after complaints by people in the locality that the hamam was being used for prostitution. However, no arrests were made. It turned out that eunuchs could not be arrested under the Prevention of Immoral Traffic Act, because of their peculiar sexual characteristics, a police officer explained. The public bath, which has six bathing rooms, has been run by the eunuchs for the past two and a half months.

THE DAILY STAR  
Bangladesh

SOME POLITICALLY irate truckers thick-headedly parked their vehicles haphazardly at Shanir Akhra. The highways saw a 20 km-long traffic hold-up lasting over seven hours. Thousands of stranded travellers huddled along on a marathon walk to Dhaka. The truckers would have been sued in another country. Why not generate public interest on the subject of violating the fundamental right of passage through highways and public thoroughfares? We need a deterrent legislation to put an end to the pernicious trend.

RESEARCH BY  
SALLY CHATTERTONTHE OREGONIAN  
US

HIS LEADERSHIP style caused many of his lieutenants to chafe, but it kept a lid on their animosities. Now the lid is off. Gingrich's decision is not the best thing that could have happened to the country right now. It diminishes the prospect of a rational conclusion to the House's impeachment inquiry.

DE VOLKSKRANT  
Netherlands

REPUBLICANS WILL have to look for new leadership outside of Congress, and that increases the chance for the Bush brothers to steer their party back to the political middle. But that could be preceded by an interim with many bloody heads.

NEUE ZUERCHER ZEITUNG  
Switzerland

HIS RESIGNATION shows that not every politician clings on to office regardless of the consequences. Gingrich was more than just a speaker: he largely shaped Republican politics after the Reagan-Bush era.

## Excuse me? You've never seen a vodka luge?

ONE BIRTHDAY, and three extravagant parties on consecutive nights for a thousand guests bearing who knows how many gift-wrapped bottles of designer after shave. There are, it seems, some benefits in being Prince of Wales and reaching 50. The last thrash is tonight at Highgrove. Sadly, I won't be able to make it. We are having a party of our own at home and by the time I've escorted umpteen eight-year-olds back on the Tube from the Rainforest Café (last year I lost one) I know I won't have the energy to make it up to Gloucestershire.

Pity. It would have been interesting to see Prince Charles's wow factor, and before you accuse me of indecency - perish the thought, I'm a royalist through and through - I'd better explain that the wow factor

is the yardstick by which professional party organisers measure a successful thrash.

The wow factor, for instance, at a party last Christmas hosted by a merchant bank was the 6-ft-high vodka luge. Then there was the man-made ocean built into Battersea Power Station for -

I'm so sorry, did someone say they didn't know what a vodka luge was? Forgive me, we urban sophisticates tend to assume erroneously that vodka luges are as common as fish suppers.



**SUE ARNOLD**  
What can you expect from a £60,000 party - champagne certainly, but caviare is out

Corporate logos are the preferred shape for the vodka luge. More flamboyant hosts - pop stars, TV cooks, royal hangers-on - go for something a bit more risqué, such

as matching male and female torsos. No, don't ask.

Talking of ice, the latest party fashion is to have the bar made entirely of ice. You can get some marvelous effects," purred a party organiser. "The only problem is, they take three days to melt."

Now, that would have been ideal for Prince Charles. The ice bar at Hampton Court Palace last Thursday night could have been driven down to Windsor for Friday and then on up the M4 to Highgrove for the party tonight.

Penny-pinching, on the whole, is not uppermost in people's minds when planning parties, advised my good friend Tom, who's in the business. Two hundred quid a head, 300 guests is the sort of thing his clients are looking for, although he

has just done a party for 30 people which worked out at £16,000 a head, not including the two 15-seater Gulf Stream jets. Good grief, I squeaked, where were they going? Tom said it was more than his job was worth to divulge such confidences. OK, so they're going to this unnamed destination, and then what do they do for £16,000 a head, I persisted? "Unnamed things," said Tom.

Incidentally, that ocean I was talking about at Battersea Power Station was for the knees-up Rupert Murdoch threw to launch Sky TV. For me the real wow factor would have been Mr Murdoch and his closer associates sailing across said ocean in a beautiful pea-green boat that subsequently capsized with no survivors. No, that's uncharitable. Make it a proper yacht.

So what can you expect to get from a party costing £80,000? Hot and cold running vintage champagne and beluga caviare? The champagne certainly, but caviare is definitely out. Retro is in, bangers and mash, fish and chips. For some reason debts like bagels. As for venue, I am reliably informed that the London Dungeon, the Natural History Museum and the top of the NatWest Building are dreadfully old hat, whereas the ticket office of Aldwych Tube Station, now defunct, and the Whitechapel Gallery have a waiting list.

"Wow factor," mused Neil, another professional organiser. "Well, I suppose the sexiest party I went to last year was the Romeo and Juliet event up in Hampstead. The theme was red roses. When you arrived you were greeted with a

glass of champagne in a red glass with a bent green stem. Talk about detail. Then there were a series of incredible rooms. The first was Greek - pillars and caryatids; the second was an English garden with lots of people dressed as elves and pixies, not gnomes, who ran up and kissed you and then rushed back into the bushes. A bit strange that, come to think of it."

I doubt there'll be many elves and pixies up at Highgrove tonight. Prince Charles is a rather square host. His favourite band is The Dark Blues, which played at his 21st and is still going strong. "Listen guys, forget the wow factor," I can hear him saying to the party planner. "The ice bar, bangers and mash, and Mrs Parker Bowles coming out of a cake on the stroke of midnight are good enough for me."

## THE SATURDAY PROFILE

EWAN MCGREGOR, ACTOR

# Addicted to the starring role

THE IMAGE of Ewan McGregor that stays most clearly with those who have seen *Shallow Grave*, is of him rolling on the floor. Alex, the cocky Edinburgh journalist played by McGregor in his debut feature, has stumbled, along with his flatmates, on a suitcase full of cash. Having disposed of its dead owner, they are all suddenly rich. They discuss the need for caution, for restraint, the need to eschew any signs of extravagance... It is the cue for McGregor to explode into a riot of expenditure, to drown in champagne at a posh black-tie dinner and to sprawl orgasmically on the polished dining-room floor under Kerry Fox's dominating heel, a giggling incorrigible kid delighted by his own naughtiness.

Which is precisely how McGregor himself comes across, no matter how diverse the characters he has played in his crowded schedule of 10 films in four years. The most popular, and most celebrated, film star of his generation, he takes on unfeasible amounts of work, throws himself into wildly eclectic roles (from *Emma to Star Wars*), has taken on the stage with a play just starting at the Hampstead Theatre and through it all, has a high old time both on and off set. Despite being a famously doting family man, he is a legendary drinker, hell-raiser and party animal. He was nicknamed "Ewan McLager" by *The Mirror*. He turns up in the inner sancta of Celebrity Nitelife - on the eve of the Scotland vs Brazil World Cup match, he was in the Paris bar where Stan Collymore thumped Ulrika Jonsson. Journalists love him because he gossips indiscreetly about fellow actors, and sounds off about the intrigues of the Hollywood "machine". At the Scottish People's Film Festival, after a screening of *Trainspotting* where they bleated out offensive words, he accepted an award and said: "For those of you who missed it, the words were fuck, fuck, fucking, fuck and fuck." He revels in excess, getting stuporously drunk to a degree that makes his friend Liam Gallagher look like John Selwyn Gummer.

He is pure energy, the eternal yes, the uncontainable id, the go-for-it dreamer, the try-anything-once headcase.

In *Trainspotting*, his eyes shone with a mad light as he embraced destruction: "No thanks," he said, turning down the offer of preliminary drinks. "I'll just proceed directly to the intravenous injection of hard drugs..." In *A Life Less Ordinary*, he was the hopeless loser who kidnaps the feisty Cameron Diaz. And this week, he can be found in a cinema near you, going berserk on a rock'n'roll stage with his trousers round his ankles.

It is a scene that every viewer of *Velvet Goldmine* gleefully anticipates: the first sighting of Curt Wild, a demonic, hyperactive American rocker. Wild/McGregor is on stage, dealing with a hostile and heckling audience. He drops his silver jeans to moon at the crowd, waves his penis in their faces and bounces around like a madman. It is a display of ballistic egomania that

almost eclipses the memory of Iggy Pop, the exhibitionist front man of the Stooges, on whom Curt Wild is clearly based.

"I was worried I wasn't going to make it through the number because I'm not very fit," he told *Interview* magazine this month, "but as soon as the camera started turning, I stopped worrying because this

### LIFE STORY

**Origins:** Born 31 March 1971, in Crieff, Scotland.

**Family background:** Father, Jim, a teacher at Crieff's Morrison's Academy; mother Carol, deputy head of King's Park High School in Dundee. His uncle, actor Denis Lawson. Brother, Colin, RAF pilot.

**Vital statistics:** Married, Eve (right), a French production designer, with daughter, Clara. **Training:** Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

**First role:** Private Hopper in Dennis Potter's *Lipstick on Your Collar* on TV.

**Films:** 21, from *Being Human* (1993) to James Joyce in *Noroi*, Nick Leeson in *Rogue Trader* and *Star Wars*, Episode 1.

**Current role:** Bisexual title role in a play, *Little Velvet Malcolm* and his *Struggle Against the Blue Room Voice*, co-starring Jane Horrocks. **On his influences:** "Sex, my uncle, and black-and-white movies."



mad stuff started happening..." The fact that he was facing a crowd of actors rather than rock fans didn't bother him; he was in the Brixton Academy, on stage, getting his rocks off.

"It was great to be there at 4am in front of 400 extras, getting paid well for doing something that would normally end you up in prison," he told *Time Out*.

He was living out a fantasy. In his teens, he would routinely play Billy Idol's "Rebel Yell" at colossal volume before going to school in the morning. He grew up in Crieff, a small town in Perthshire, Scotland, and attended the grandly named Morrison's Academy, a private school where his father was the PE teacher; his mother was deputy head of a Dundee high school.

The burden of two magisterial parents gave the boisterous adolescent an attitude problem; he suffered from depression, and was hauled before the headmaster for antisocial behaviour. At 16 he left school, to general relief, and headed for Perth Repertory Theatre.

His ambition to be an actor was sealed by the age of nine. He attributes it to three things: his passion for black-and-white movies on television; his chronic adoration

for every principal boy in every pantomime he attended; and the influence of his uncle, Dennis Lawson, the actor and singer best known for his starring role in *Local Hero*. Lawson used to visit his Perth relations, travelling up from London in his cool flares and Afghan coat, and bringing a whiff of green room glamour and metropolitan trendiness to McGregor's provincial backyard. Ewan left home, took a drama course at Kircaldy College of Technology, then headed for London, aged 17. His first film part was as an extra in *A Passage to India*, when, he said, "my life went into widescreen. I had a ball, and the depression lifted". In his final year at the Guildhall School of Speech and Drama, he got a breakthrough: a part in Dennis Potter's *Lipstick on your Collar*, in which he played a disaffected War Office clerk who fantasises about becoming Elvis, and shook a mean tail-feather in the rock'n'roll dream sequences. The part could have been written for him.

At 23, as Alex in *Shallow Grave*, he looked every inch the new star on the block - handsome, callow, devious and damnable sexy. At the end, when he is once again lying on the floor (it's a motif of the film) but with a huge kitchen knife skewering his arm to the limo, he manages a radiant grin that sums up all the actor's indomitable, unshakable life force. It was a good year for him - 1994. He'd met Eve Mavrakis, a French set designer, on the set of *Kavanagh QC*, the legal-eagle television drama series. They were married in France a year later. "I completely believe I will be with her for ever," he says fervently, "and that we'll go through everything together. Otherwise I wouldn't be married." They now have a daughter, Clara, who will be three in February, and live in some luxury in Belsize Park, north London.

*Shallow Grave* was the first feature by the gifted triad of Danny Boyle (director), Andrew McDonald (producer) and John Hodge (writer). They were all together at the Sundance Film Festival, when they heard that Channel Four had agreed to co-finance *Trainspotting*, from Irvine Welsh's best-selling book. They gave McGregor the script to read, but without guaranteeing him the key role of Renton. "He was like a Christmas present," McGregor said of the part. "I'd been waiting for him to come along and when I read the script I thought, well, here he is - here he comes. For months beforehand, I thought about nothing else, and I threw myself into it 100 per cent and played him with a passion."

It was a curious kind of starring role - a skinny, crop-haired, pustular heroin junkie whose most sublime moment is diving head first into a crumpled and reeking lavatory to rescue the opium suppositories he has just voided, and emerging in the blue, transcendent waters of druggy bliss. It was a squalid, vicious movie, desperately uncertain in tone, but it grabbed the mid-Nineties zeitgeist by the throat and shook it. McGregor's skinny, drenched image was



"Working on films back to back, I began to find I was losing myself"

David Sandison

on every bus, advertisement hoarding and magazine cover.

The Boyle-Hodge-McDonald team cast him in a third film, *A Life Less Ordinary*. They seemed to be a quartet that would last for ever, with McGregor for ever playing of Arianne to their *Three Musketeers*. But that moment of uncertainty at the Sundance Festival, when they wouldn't guarantee their star a part in *Trainspotting*, proved to be prescient. For their next feature, *The Beach*, based on Alex Garland's backpacker best-seller, they bypassed McGregor and offered the lead to Leonardo DiCaprio. It seems an extraordinary slap in the face to a lucrative colleague and friend, but McGregor is philosophical. "They needed more money and he's more bankable," he told *Time Out*. "There was no big falling-out, but I was hurt. I haven't seen Danny [Boyle] since."

He has not, of course, spent many nervous hours waiting by the telephone for a substitute project. There are about six McGregor films awaiting release. In *Rogue Trader* he plays Nick Leeson, the spendthrift dealer who brought down Barings bank. He plays a thick pigeon-fancier in Jim Cartwright's *The Rise and Fall of Little Voice*, with Jane Horrocks and Michael Caine, directed by Mark Herman who previously directed him in *Bruised Out*. More recently, he filmed *Serpent's Kiss*, about

a 17th-century craftsman who falls for his employer's wife (Greta Scacchi), and flew to America to make *Nightwatch* with Patricia Arquette, playing a law student accused to being a serial killer. And he was signed up by the legendary George Lucas to play Obi Wan Kenobi in the "prequel" to *Star Wars*, *Balance of the Force*.

The only rip in this seamless robe of success concerns his family. In interviews, a querulous note sometimes sounds about the strain put on his domestic life by his inability to say no to anything. "Working on films back to back, I began to find I was losing myself... I'd completely forgotten what it was like to get up in the morning and sit and watch the telly. I didn't have a bath for two years because I didn't have a fucking tub." His feelings that he might be neglecting his family crystallised during a terrible period when his baby daughter Clara contracted meningitis and nearly died. As she was rushed into the casualty unit of the Chelsea and Westminster hospital, Ewan was in Los Angeles, guest-starring (ironically) in *ER*, guest-directed by Quentin Tarantino. He flew home in a panic and found Clara wired up to a heart machine. "Your daughter is doing well," the doctors told him. He pulled a photograph from his pocket. "This is what my daughter looks like when she is doing well," he tearfully informed them.

Clara was in hospital for nearly three weeks, but made a full recovery. McGregor was badly shaken by the experience. He has been through a period of emotional retrenchment this summer, turning down films, seeing his family, playing golf and preparing to go back to the theatre. From now to 2 January, he can be found on stage at the Hampstead Theatre, playing the title role in *Little Malcolm* and his *Struggle Against the Eunuchs*, by the Sixties one-hit wonder David Halliwell. It is directed by his Uncle Dennis, as if the born-again family man were determined to keep his professional life familial too. The spring will be devoted to his pet project of producing a film about Nora Barnacle, the Galway chambermaid who became James Joyce's earthy consort.

An exhaustively energetic fellow, he has done more at 27 than most actors (and most drinkers) achieve in a lifetime. And he has scruples about quality. His stated reason for returning to the theatre, for the first time in five years, is fear of complacency. "I felt I was getting a bit lazy," he says. "I want to remember what it's like being really frightened again. The fear of being crap is always what makes you good, I think." And that is as near to discussing his "motivation" as Ewan McGregor is ever likely to get.

JOHN WALSH

## ACCIDENTAL HEROES OF THE 20TH CENTURY

14: WILLIE NELSON, COUNTRY SINGER

WHEN FRANK Sinatra died, several obituaries named him, with some justification, the Voice of America. Willie Nelson - happily still with us and still performing - is something else, not so much the Voice of America as a road map of America.

In a nation whose popular music has been shaped and defined by the shiftless nature of its people, Nelson is the ultimate hobo. Born in 1933, north of Waco in Texas, in a cotton-farming town called Abbott that doesn't even exist any more, Nelson has barely stopped moving since.

Abbott was the kind of town built for escaping from. Around the time Nelson was born - at the height of the Depression - it looked like a B western. The scene where the tumbleweed blows down the dusty

main street and the camera zooms in on the old town limits sign: "population 300", carved into a lopsided battered board.

But unlike thousands of other performers emerging from backwoods beginnings, Nelson is no country cornball, no Wild West cliché. His father was a travelling mechanic; his mother went looking for work one day and never returned; so Nelson was raised by grandparents with an eclectic record collection, including Sinatra and jazz as well as popular Western swing artists such as Ernest Tubb and Bob Wills.

These varying influences were not lost on Nelson, which is probably why he has always managed to appeal to audiences for whom the words "country" and "western" in

any kind of proximity are normally anathema. Nelson's jazz phrasing is as distinctive an element of his music as the melancholic autumnal voice that can render the most banal material deeply affecting. In the twilight glow I see her/Blue eyes crying in the rain/When we said goodbye and parted/I knew we'd never meet again. This fairly unremarkable opening stanza from one of Willie Nelson's greatest hits is

elevated by his performance into a kind of truck-stop poetry.

Perhaps it is because he is singing about what he knows. For 40 years, carrying the same battered guitar, Nelson has criss-crossed his homeland. The Willie Nelson website describes him as "a highwayman, a sad, spiritual poet endlessly travelling America, his voice as cracked and weather-beaten as the well worn leather skin that

clings to his frame. He doesn't want to stop. Probably can't."

But if Nelson had merely carried on until retirement age performing more or less the same act, he would probably earn nothing but our scorn. He has in fact continually renewed his artistic vision. His albums, which number more than 100 - some estimates put the figure as high as 200 - draw deeply on pretty well every strand in American popular music.

Nelson's endless striving for something new has no doubt played a part in his chequered romantic history - four times married - and his experiments with various drugs alongside his beloved whisky.

The affection felt for Nelson by his compatriots crosses not just musical divides but social and political bor-

ders as well. He understands red-neck culture, yet behaves like a hippy. He regularly joins family farmers to campaign against factory farming. Some idea of the support Nelson commands became apparent when he was landed with a \$18m claim for back taxes. His defence - "I forgot" - was in fact quite convincing, coming from Nelson, and when he was forced by the IRS to sell his possessions, the purchasers returned them to him.

But Nelson was far from being a tax-dodging pariah; his contemporaries beat a path to his door to record with him - Ray Charles, Bob Dylan, Neil Young and others - while the man himself continues to get his kicks on Route 66 and wherever the muse takes him.



## THE WEEKLY MUSE

BY MARTIN NEWELL



November rides and all the skies  
Are dirty swabs of cotton wool.  
St Martin's Little Summer comes  
And leaves the leaf-mould ditches full.  
A rheumy-eyed old soldier sees  
Through brazier smoke across the yard  
A skirmish in the freethorn trees  
As starting units go in hard.

Now cannabis: the Lords progress,  
The trials have met with some success.  
It helps glaucoma and MS  
But leaves your memory in a mess...  
What was I saying back then? Oh yes,  
It leaves your memory... I digress.  
But let's not be too cavalier,  
For even if a breakthrough's near  
You shouldn't compromise a peer  
By asking if he's tried the gear.

The mane of hair, the killer pout -  
She's Jagger's daughter without a doubt.  
At five foot nine and just fourteen  
She wants to join the fashion scene;  
But Daddy's rather less than keen  
That she should be a catwalk queen.  
All kind of perils wait out there  
For young girls who are unaware,  
Not least the old Lotharios  
Who date the models after shows.  
So here's a deal that she could do  
To barter with the old yahoo:  
Go up to Dad and say one thing:  
"I won't pose... if you don't sing."

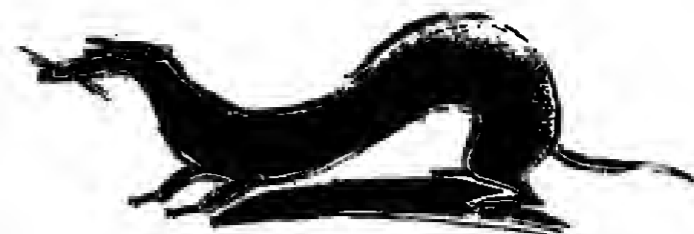
And no cure for the common cold:  
The virus has a stranglehold -  
About five million up the spout -  
And long research has failed to rout  
The blocked-up nose, the aching head  
And hogroll underneath the bed.

The Beast of Brent or Mayor Ken?  
Those very nice young Labour men  
Are stepping up covert attacks  
To stop his wagon in its tracks.  
The Millbank Dalek intercedes  
To say what London really needs.  
Be careful, cherubs, how you spin:  
You might let Jeffrey Archer in.

Now Ms Lewinsky meets the press  
With raven hair and flouncy dress,  
A dyed pink poodle by her side.  
The tabloid boys - no easy ride -  
Ask, "What about the wacky hound?"  
The poodle says, "Bill sent her round."

## THE WEASEL

Disappointed by Prince Charles's lemon curd and my compatriots' oyster-eating habits, I find solace in my passion for gasometers



THE DECKLE-EDGED invite might conceivably have been lost in the post, but I guess we have to bite the bullet. Inexplicably, the Weasels have been omitted from the guest list of a certain wing-ding taking place tonight at Highgrove House. A shame, really, because I had prepared some excellent jokes about my fellow guests. Q: What is the leguminous link between Rowan Atkinson and Mrs Drue Heinz? A: Mr Bean. I'm sure that such genial joshing would have evoked a good-natured chuckle from King Harald of Norway. Instead, Mrs W and self may be forced to watch the glittering tribute shown on ITV tonight, *A Royal Celebration*, starring such irresistible funsters as Roger Moore and Sir George Martin (you might recall that the Beatles used to refer to the starchy record producer behind his back as "the Duke of Edinburgh").

Still, there's no reason why those of us who have been excluded from the Highgrove high jinks should not enjoy the same culinary delights. I think it's a safe bet that the comestibles on offer will include items from Prince Charles's Duchy Originals brand, available to all through the snootier sort of outlet. Doubtless, Camilla will be dishing out Duchy Originals gingered biscuits with a free hand ("Go on, stick one behind your ear for later") as the evening wears on. Nor is it wholly beyond the bounds of possibility to imagine Stephen Fry tucking into a spot of regal lemon curd in the course of the festivities. At a recent degustation in Weasel Villas both items were judged to be most toothsome, though

the biscuits were not exactly a snip at £1.99 for 14.

The only thing that puzzles me is the name Duchy Originals. It is hard to see how the lemon curd could be original in any way. This is odd, since the Prince of Wales is a notorious stickler for correct use of English. Jonathan Dimbleby's long-winded hagiography quotes RHR exploding in 1990: "All the people in my office, they can't speak English properly. They can't write English properly... And that is because English is taught so bloody badly." Of course, I didn't really expect the lemon curd to have been stirred by the Prince's own hand, but I thought this "original" confection might have been the work of one of his peons down in Cornwall. Instead, the small print on the label reveals it to have been "manufactured under licence by Crabtree & Evelyn Ltd, London W8".

A spokesperson for this Malaysian-owned outfit revealed: "We work closely with Duchy Originals to develop specific recipes they're happy with." The resulting elixir is produced at C&E's jam works in Somerset. Despite his disappointing lack of personal involvement, I'd hazard that a parenthetic instruction on the label bears the distinctly quirky touch of Prince Chas: "Delicious in pies, puddings and on toast (or by the spoonful straight from the jar)."

IT IS always reassuring to discover that others share your secret passion. For

years now, Mrs Weasel has refused to let me display a number of rather unusual photographs: "Horrible things. You're not putting those up." But now I discover I'm not alone. The Museum of London has mounted an exhibition of paintings on the same theme, though it admits they may not be to everyone's taste ("an unlikely symbol of London"). They are by Mark Caza-



let, who was commissioned by a fellow enthusiast, the late Marcus Samuelson, to paint a cycle of eight works depicting London's splendid gasolders.

The *Cathedrals of Industry* exhibition begins with a diptych devoted to the celebrated cluster of five gasometers that loom behind King's Cross station. Beside the oleaginous waters of Regent's Park canal, their filigreed ironwork mirrors the Gothic spires of St Pancras station. A second diptych

features the familiar chunk of Victorian ironmongery, often mentioned in the commentaries of the late Brian Johnston, that overlooks the Oval cricket ground. But most striking is one of four studies of the behemoth at Kensal Rise, chummily known as "the Colonel" to locals. Cazalet's depiction of this titanic crown is wonderfully creepy. The soaring grid is eerily illuminated by a full moon, while a row of sodium lights casts a hellish orange glow on the vast riser below. A stray whiff of gas is almost palpable.

Should Mr Cazalet choose to explore this theme further, there is a towering example at Battersea (called "Jumbo" by Victorians) and a tremendous empty holder, with a metal ladder zigzagging up the iron grid, behind Habitat in Croydon. Best of all is the East Greenwich holder, where once I took Mrs W during our courting days (she has never quite recovered). A near neighbour of the Millennium Dome, it is being repainted in dark brown and beige for the festivities. "It is not going to be hidden," a spokesman for English Partnership, the government agency that owns the site, assured me. "In fact, many visitors have been more impressed by the gasholder than the Millennium Dome." Quite right too.

THOUGH I now pitch my tent among the heavyweights of the comment pages, I still keep an avuncular eye on my erstwhile colleagues at the *Indy* magazine. Last week, I cheered Simon

Hopkinson's view about the bizarre English way with oysters. "One thing that I cannot bear is to see them cut from their shells and then flipped over," he thundered. "The juices trickle off the shell and, anyway, it looks so much prettier and natural when presented the right way up." Though I rarely patronise the louché oyster bars of the West End, I encounter this distressing practice on the Scarborough seafront. However much I object, my oysters are still presented "easy over". I suppose it is an attempt to placate those who agree with Dr Johnson - "He was a brave man who first ate an oyster". But, following Hopkinson's rebuke, England's shuckers will surely observe the magisterial injunction of Larry Sanders: "No flipping!"

While on the topic, I have a heap of my own concerning the parsimonious quantities of oysters offered in restaurants. I recall that Marco Pierre White's "signature dish" of oysters in champagne sauce with spaghetti consisted of just three shellfish. You'd no sooner sniffed it, then - puff! - it was gone. The same stinginess is apparent in the new *Livebait Cookbook* (Hodder, £20), which remarks of a recipe for oysters with caramelised leeks: "At Livebait we serve three shells, which makes a good portion." Not at Weasel Villas, it doesn't. I'd like to remind Britain's gastronomic Gauleiters of Brillat-Savarin's approving recollection of an acquaintance in 1798 who consumed 32 dozen oysters as an hors d'oeuvre and then went on to tackle a large dinner "with the vigour and bearing of a man only starting to eat".

## SPIRIT OF THE AGE

PAUL VALLELY

## An audience with the alien

I HAVE been talking to an extra-terrestrial entity. His name is Omar. And he is not best pleased with me.

Let me begin by saying that I went to meet him with an open mind. You may find that hard to believe. But in trying to discover what people believe - and what attracts them to it - you have to do a bit of suspending of your own disbelief.

After all, what would you say to a religion centred around the teachings of a bloke who sat around in a cave and did nothing? Or one based on a book dictated to one man by an angel in a dream? Or one that maintains that God was born in a stable, was killed and then rose from the dead? But the fact is that these faiths - Buddhism, Islam, and Christianity - are judged by non-adherents by different criteria, such as what beneficial impact they have upon the lives of believers, and on the rest of the world.

So, when I found the leaflet about Omar in an alternative "healing centre" in Brighton, full of New Age crystals, books and American videos, I decided to discount the fact that he was an extraterrestrial and see what fruits he bore. I went along to make contact with him.

You have to take this stuff seriously. Even in the Seventies, when Hinnell's authoritative *Hindbook of Living Religions* was published, the rise in what was then called "psychic" and "magical" new religions was estimated to be 104 times higher than the pop-

ularity of more mainstream "new" religions, such as Mormonism.

In the two decades since then, the New Age movement has grown exponentially to become a significant feature of the Western world's spiritual life. Today, as much as 25 per cent of the adult population is said to have explored its ideas in some way.

When I rang up to make an appointment with Catherine, the "channel" through whom Omar communicates with the world, her minder, Clive, sounded rather fierce. Omar was not a doctor, he said; he would not tell me about my health, or my job, or my love life. Just my spiritual growth. Right, I said. And I should come along with a list of spiritual questions, said Clive, because Omar only answered questions. Right, I said.

I jotted a few down on the train on the way there. You know the sort of thing: How do I achieve inner peace? Should we strive for knowledge or detachment? Why is there suffering in the world? What is evil? What happens at the end of this life? What must I do to gain eternal life? And so forth.

This, however, was not what Omar wanted. I arrived at the Brighton healing-centre to be ushered upstairs, past a rickety wooden gate and into the presence of Catherine. She was a woman of most enormous girth, wearing a gigantic floral skirt, who sat on a bed surrounded by cushions. The room smelt faintly of urine.

She was in a bad mood to start with.

Someone had chipped the 17th-century green glass globe which she used to channel Omar. Disgruntled, she held it in one hand as she closed her eyes and started to twitch her pudgy arms, before - her soft-toned voice suddenly husky with extraterrestriality - swiftly announcing his arrival with the words: "Omar Ready."

"How do I stay focused upon what is important?" I asked, starting with an easy one. "Bring matters to attention," Omar began portentously before moving on to reveal what was, for a resident of an outer dimension, an admirable grasp of colloquial English. He advised me to get in contact with my Higher Self, and when I asked what its requirements were he told me that there were no requirements - only hope or desire. I did not need communion with others to do this, Omar said, only a focus on inner self.

I was beginning to get the picture. This seemed familiar New Age turf. The enlightenment and harmony being ushered in by the Age of Aquarius seems singularly focused on desire rather than the discipline required by the established religions. Monism, relativism and individual autonomy are where we are all heading in our quest for greater knowledge and a new consciousness.

Would the Higher Self continue after death? But when I asked that, Omar began to go ungrammatical and even more impenetrable. I don't quite follow, I said, are you saying there is



Close encounters of the spiritual kind? Or maybe not

life after death, or not? The fat lady twitched her arm-dram shudder once more. She opened her eyes. "He has broken the connection," she said in her ordinary voice. "He did not like the questions. They are too outside, not from inside. Call for Clive. These are not the kind of questions that people usually ask."

So what kind of questions did other people usually ask, I wondered. She muttered at me, but nothing coherent. Back came Clive, a burly, balding chap with wispy hair at the sides and straggly sideburns. They sent me from the room. I was not spiritual enough for channeling, they told me when they called me back. It was too advanced. I would be better starting with a reading from Benedict.

He was summoned. Yes, the unshaven, fine-featured epine Benedict said, when I told him my questions; these indicated the wrong kind of spirituality. If I came back in half an hour he would do me a reading.

But when I returned, Benedict had gone off the idea and palmed me off with Clive, a Tarot reader, whose cards told me that I was not spiritual, but a practical chap who would be best sticking to that, as I could make a lot of money.

I finally admitted defeat and left the centre. At a nearby baker's I bought a lump of bread pudding and a cup of coffee, and went down to the pebbly beach. There, gazing into the heavy-laden, grey sea, a practical chap, I sat down and ate and drank them.

## DAYS LIKE THESE

5 NOVEMBER 1878

CHARLES DARWIN, naturalist (pictured), writes in a letter:

"If it were universally known that the birth of children could be prevented, and this were not thought immoral by married persons, would there not be great danger of extreme profligacy amongst unmarried women, and might we not become like the arret societies in the Pacific? In the course of the century France will tell us the result in many ways, and we can already see that the French nation does not spread or increase much."

6 NOVEMBER 1918

CHIPS CHANNON, a soldier in Paris, records in his diary a dinner with Marcel Proust and Jean Cocteau:

"Their manners, usually so bad, were excellent tonight, and they seemed to compete as to which could be the more engaging. I felt stupid be-



and Out in Paris and London" with the printer's queries on it yesterday. As a pseudonym, a name I use when travelling is P S Burton, but if you don't think this sounds a probable kind of name what about: Kenneth Miles. George Orwell. H Lewis Always. I rather favour George Orwell"

19 NOVEMBER 1899

RAYMOND ASQUITH writes to his father from Balliol College, Oxford:

"On Wednesday our rugby team played King's, Cambridge; after which they had a big dinner at 5pm and both teams were desperately drunk by half past 8; they made hay of the quad, which irritated our dons, hawled in the streets, which drew down the Proctors on them, and are also being prosecuted by the South Western Railway for wrecking a train and assaulting porters at the station: three men have been sent down and the rest gaoled."

IAN IRVINE

19 NOVEMBER 1932

ERIC BLAIR writes to his agent:

"Many thanks for your letter. I sent off the proof [Down

## Our King says he can't carry on

CLASSIC  
PODIUM

From a speech  
in the House of Commons  
by the Prime Minister,  
Stanley Baldwin,  
on the abdication of  
King Edward VIII  
(10 DECEMBER 1936)

It was being exposed, to lose that power far more rapidly than it was built up - and once lost I doubt if anything could restore it.

I saw the King on Monday, 16 November, and I began by giving him my view of a possible marriage. I told him that I did not think that a particular marriage was one that would receive the approbation of the country. That

marriage would have involved the lady becoming Queen. I did tell His Majesty once that I might be a remnant of the old Victorians, but I did know what the reaction of the English people would be to any particular course of action, and I told him that, so far as they went, I was certain that it would be impracticable. I cannot go further into the details, but that was the substance.

I pointed out to him that the position of the King's wife was different from the position of the wife of any other citizen in the country; it was part of the price which the King has to pay. His wife becomes Queen: the Queen becomes the Queen of the country; and, therefore, in the choice of a Queen the voice of the people must be heard. It is the truth expressed in those lines that may come to your minds:

His will is not his own;  
For he himself is subject to his birth;  
He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends

The safety and the health of the whole State.  
Then His Majesty said to me that he wanted to tell me something that he had long wanted to tell me. He said, "I am going to marry Mrs Simpson, and I am prepared to go."

I said, "Sir this is most grievous news, and it is impossible for me to make any comment on it today." He told

the Queen that night; he told the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester the next day; and for the rest of the week, so far as I know, he was considering that point.

In the meantime, a suggestion had been made to me that a possible compromise might be arranged. The compromise was that the King should marry; that Parliament should pass an Act enabling the lady to be the King's wife without the position of Queen.

I gave him the reply that I was afraid it was impracticable. He took my answer with no question, and he never referred to it again.

The King has told us that he cannot carry, and does not see his way to carry, these almost intolerable burdens of kingship without a woman at his side, and we know that. This crisis, if I may use the word, has arisen now rather than later from that very frankness of His Majesty's character, which is one of his many attractions. My efforts during these last days have been directed, as have the efforts of those most closely round him, in trying to help him to make the choice which he has not made, and we have failed.

We have, as the guardians of democracy in this little island, to see that we work to maintain the integrity of democracy and of the monarchy, which is now the sole link of our whole Empire and the guardian of our freedom.

# THE SATURDAY ESSAY

# Idle, sad and baffled by sex. What's wrong with men?



ANTHONY CLARE

Men, renowned for their ability to get stoned, drunk or to be sexually daring, appear terrified of themselves

What in God's name is wrong with men? Our prisons bulge with them. They wreak havoc on roads for all their reputation as gifted drivers. Drugs, alcohol, Aids, gambling, single parenthood - the statistics consistently confirm that when it comes to antisocial behaviour, risk-taking and social mayhem, men win gold. Yet for all their behaving badly they do not seem any the happier. The rise in the number of young men killing themselves across much of Europe has been termed an epidemic. For the old, the situation is no better. For every six elderly women in 100,000 who kill themselves each year, 40 elderly men take their own lives. And the suicide figures are viewed as the tip of an iceberg of an even larger epidemic of male depression, an epidemic hidden only because men are either too proud or too emotionally constipated to admit to their feelings being out of control. Men, renowned for their ability and inclination to get stoned, drunk or sexually daring, appear to be terrified by the prospect of revealing that they can be - and often are - depressed.

Perhaps it was ever thus, and all that is happening now is that men are coming out of the emotional closet. Or maybe there is a genuine rise in male dissatisfactions. There is no shortage of suggested causes. Top of the list is the growing assertiveness of women. The fact that men still outnumber women in positions of power across the globe, are paid more, and still glower downwards through the glass ceiling, serves only to obscure the extent to which the very foundations of all this patriarchy is being steadily eroded. In every education authority in England and Wales, girls are outclassing boys - in primary schools, through secondary education and right into the universities. In the European Union, 120 women have university degrees compared with every 100 men. And on leaving school, women's prospects exceed men's, not just here but in other European countries, too. In Germany, for example, between 1991 and 1995, twice as many men lost their jobs as did women. In West Germany, women even gained 210,000 jobs, while men lost 400,000. Young men are more and more aware that the basis on which their superiority and power have rested over the centuries is evaporating in a fatulent, self-deceiving puff. Many are reacting with a mixture of aggression and self-destruction.

And if changes in education, training and work are not sufficient to demoralise the average man, there is the dismal public soap opera of man's relationship with his penis. For one thing, he appears unable to keep the damn thing under control. This affliction even affects the most powerful man in the world. He, who has been entrusted with pressing or not pressing the nuclear button, cannot keep the same hand from the zip on his trousers. In Britain, ministers of state, who exude a pompous self-satisfaction with the political power they wield, are regularly revealed to be randy goats unable to resist a shapely thigh or a heaving cleavage. And there is no respite from exposure to the darker side of male sexuality - the relentless media revelations of rape, paedophilia, sexual violence committed overwhelmingly by men against women and children. Innocent men, rather like the relatives of torturers or Gestapo agents, find themselves



Men appear scared by the prospect of revealing that they can be - and often are - depressed

apologising for crimes they have not committed - but for many, the very fact of being a man is itself the mark of Cain.

At a recent meeting in my old Alma Mater, University College Dublin, Germaine Greer declared that underlying much of the dynamic between men and women is "the fear of the unknown female, the contempt of the known female". She is right, I believe, but her analysis needs to be taken further. Why are men so fearful? What is fuelling the contempt? Might the fear, the contempt, be related to a deeper anxiety concerning their own sexuality? I realise that here I am treading on dangerous ground. Put a foot wrong and you risk being accused of blaming women for men's inability to control their sexual inclinations. That is what many men believe, and some even act on it. Women are feared, despised and sometimes even destroyed because of what men perceive women do to them. Male sexuality is unpredictable, capricious, dangerous; but the male is tempted to project all this and more on to women - and many do just that.

It is, of course, true that women, by their very presence, remind men of the precarious control men exercise over their own sexuality. Given the extent to which men make a fetish of being in control, any suggestion of a lack threatens the very essence of what, to many men, being a male is all about. What made much of the discussion of Bill Clinton's sexual behaviour fascinating was the extent to which the hoary old Garden of Eden myth that men fall because women tempt them is still alive and flourishing, even within the breast of many a robust feminist. Many

men, and many women too, blame the seductive Monica for leading poor old Bill astray, a pathetically predictable and inadequate analysis enthusiastically seized upon by those men who, rather than expose the nature of male sexuality, its relationship to power and aggression and control, to a genuine, rigorous and honest analysis, retreat into a self-pitying and ultimately depressing moan about the difficulty of being a sexual man in a dynamic relationship with a contemporary woman. Men, particularly young men, do seem disoriented and threatened by what has happened to the self-confidence and the self-esteem of women and many, characteristically, prefer to project the blame for their own misfortunes back on to women than to accept that the change in women necessitates, indeed demands, a corresponding change in men.

Greer mischievously taunts men for our preoccupation with the size, shape and erectile potential of our genitalia, dismissing our prized manhood with Sylvia Plath's concise description as "old turkey neck and gizzards". Men, particularly young men, are still disconcerted by mocking references to their genitals. *The Full Monty* quite explicitly drew an analogy between the male inadequacy consequent on the loss of a job and male anxiety concerning genital potency. Men must share, bond, emotionally relate, must reveal themselves, if they are to be fully human, went the movie's message - and then, the ultimate male cop-out, everything was indeed revealed to the cinema audience at the finale - save "old turkey neck and gizzards"! Germaine Greer is

wrong if she attributes the male preoccupation with the shape, size and erectile potential of the penis to inordinate pride. It is founded on an incorrigible fear - not the Freudian fear of castration so much as the Adlerian fear of ridicule. Are we up to it, ask today's men anxiously, fretting at their social skills and shrivelled cocks, are we up to competing, succeeding, achieving, conquering, controlling, asserting, pontificating, as well as getting it up?

And there is the unavoidable reality that, unlike the female orgasm, a male erection cannot be feigned. The obvious visibility of the male genitals, their state and size, aroused and unaroused, are readily measurable and comparable. Hardly surprising, therefore, that the arrival of Viagra is accompanied not merely by much dodgy humour and double-entendre but by po-faced yet panicky political discussions about the bankrupting of health finances due to a stampede by men to get their hands on the latest "old turkey gizzard" stimulant.

And when Greer declared in *The Female Eunuch* that the male perversion of violence is an essential condition of the degradation of women, that the penis is conceived of as a weapon, where was the male response? How have men answered the accusation that the male sexual drive is blindly aggressive, egotistical, narcissistic, destructive? With a few admirable exceptions, we have responded for the most part by behaving in precisely those ways - aggressively denigrating, ridiculing and dismissing the feminist analysis as so much emotional trash.

And all that the little Y chromosome

accounts for - the male strength, stature, muscle power, attributes which in a world of iron and steel and coal, of shipbuilding, labouring, lumberjacking, soldiering provided men with their justification and their self-importance, count for damn all now. This very week has been full of reminiscences of the Great War, a war distinguished among many things by the terrible losses sustained by European manhood. It marked the end of war as an overwhelmingly male preserve. Today, citizens, male and female, as well as soldiers, die in armed conflict, and women have insinuated themselves into the military of many countries. Men no longer die for anyone but themselves, and chivalrous masculine sacrifice for domestic hearth and helpless women is the stuff now only of Bogart movies. Merchant/Ivory costume dramas and, irony of ironies, the year's most successful film, *Titanic*.

There is hardly anything that can be done that can't be done by a woman. So what, say women, not unreasonably given the age it has taken to establish such a state of affairs. So what indeed. The problem is one for men, and particularly for those men - and they have been the majority - who have defined their lives, their identities, the very essence of their masculinity in terms of work, and have prided themselves on the work that only they could do. Men's mess is compounded by the male inability, refusal or reluctance to engage in any serious analysis of the extraordinary impact that the industrial and scientific revolutions have had on their notions of masculinity.

And then there is the problem of men as husbands, men as fathers. The second millennium is ending with man's claim to a role in procreation, let alone a key role, under serious threat. The rise of single-parent families is a reflection of both male inadequacy and male redundancy. Increasingly, women are asserting that they can do it on their own. They don't need fathers for their children. The development of assisted reproduction, including techniques such as IVF, AID and surrogate motherhood, and the highly political and questionable argument that single parenting is as good as two parents, raise the question: whether the role of the father? Conception, pregnancy, delivery and child-rearing seemingly can be perfectly well accomplished without the active participation of the male. Once so proud of his penis (poor old Freud even believed women envied it), man now finds he has been reduced to the role of support seed-carrier as woman occupies centre-stage in the creation and nurturing of new life. Not surprisingly, there have been those who have seriously suggested that the only way men can regain a reproductive, a biological role of any significance is if they can be assisted by science to have babies themselves!

In a courageous piece, written earlier this year, Fay Weldon declared that women need men as partners and fathers, and that life without them isn't all that much fun for most women. It is a risky argument as it goes against the conventional feminist thesis concerning the redundancy of the male. But we men cannot depend on the Fay Weldons of this world to make our case. We have to make it ourselves. In *Anatomy of Desire*, his recently published, provocative and fair exploration of the nature of male and female sexuality, Simon Andree concludes that for all the numerous alternative ways of arranging human sexual relationships, the union of one man and one woman, for better or worse, "is still as sensible and realistic a way of trying to optimise human relations and contributes to the greater happiness, peace and stability of mankind as any of the myriad alternatives". If he is right, and with regard to heterosexual men I believe he is, then I believe that within that perspective many men can begin to rediscover the point, purpose and satisfaction of being a male in the first place. A century ago, a peevish Freud, perplexed by the seeming epidemic of hysterical, depressed, lethargic and dissatisfied women, asked, "What do women want?" A century later, it is not women's wants but men's that mystifies us.

Dr Anthony Clare is currently writing a book on redefining masculinity, *The Dying Phallus*, for Chatto and Windus

## BAROMETER

SEAN O'GRADY

### Homophobe of the Week

This week: Richard Littlejohn of *The Sun* (where europhobia meets homophobia) who says that "there is a homosexual freemasonry operating at the highest levels in politics, television and within the Royal household". No evidence for this, but, then again who needs it? If there were any, it wouldn't be a conspiracy would it? Mr Littlejohn is a skilful propagandist. During the war he would have made a good match for Dr Goebbels, who was also fond of talking up a fictional conspiracy, the now unfashionable "international Jewish" variety, and who wasn't too enthusiastic about gay rights either. Perhaps homosexuals are plotting to get us into the European single currency. A pink pound perhaps, but the pink euro seems just a little far fetched.



### Dinosaur of the Week

Another ferocious predator with a gigantic mouth. Newly discovered *Suchomimus tenerensis* roamed Africa 100 million years ago and managed to grow to be 36 feet long just by eating fish. Cod 'n' chips all round then.



### Bustard of the Week

Feeling twitchy? Ornithological palate jaded by greater yellowlegs, blue-cheeked bee-eaters and black bellied dippers? Tired of the little bustard? Good news. The world's heaviest flying bird is back. No, not Monica Lewinsky but the great bustard. Hunters found *Otis tarda* too big and unmissable a target and wiped them out 170 years ago. Which must have been a real ustad.

### Winner of the Week

Mrs Marjorie Longdin, 73, of Rotherham, who has just won £86,648 on the National Lottery. Mrs Longdin has the distinction of being William Hague's auntie. Probably, by now, his favourite



auntie. But she needs help with her soundbites. "It's nice to know that my family is safe for life, especially when we're going into a recession." A recession, don't forget, Marjorie, made in Downing Street.

### Image of the Week

The Venerable John Barton, the Archdeacon of Aston, Birmingham, modelling his new vestments. These feature modern imagery, including an aerial view of the most famous motorway intersection. "God is in Spaghetti Junction," says the Archdeacon. Wondered where he'd got to.



Boish, bashful Will Macdonald

TUNE INTO Channel 4's cult show *TFI Friday*, and you will be bemused by the weird relationship that the brash Chris Evans has with his producer, Will Macdonald. This boyish, bashful Old Etonian is fast becoming a celebrity in his own right. But he plays stooge to Evans, submitting to ritual humiliation, be it dressing up for Evans in micro leather hot pants with red stilettos, allowing himself to be given a painful electric shock, or letting Evans slag off his ex-girlfriend in public.

Will likes us to think he is a cheerful chap, always up for high jinks. His new book, *How to Be a Pub Genius*, offers 50 tricks "guaranteed to wow babes and win beer". I am ringing him because I am worried.

He doesn't seem very happy to me.

We start with his cleverest pub trick. "The best ones," he says, "are those that obey the basic laws of physics. For instance, did you know that if you fill a glass of water to the brim, you can still fit 50 five-pence pieces in it without spilling any water? It is all thanks to our old friend, the meniscus."

"The meniscus?"

"The circular edge of water held together by surface tension." Of course, I say, remembering that Will, for all his antics, is in fact a scientist with a zoology degree from Oxford University.

"You are really a pretty serious person, aren't you, Will?"

"You mean I'm not very funny?"

"No, it's just that you don't seem proud of being serious, and you cover it up with a smokescreen of silliness."

"I just don't want to disappear up my own arse."

"But it is more than that," I reply. "It is that whole English elite thing of working terribly hard to make life look effortless."

"No," he says. "I am reacting against being taught always to take myself seriously. I wanted to lighten

up. I am saying that it is funny to be hit in the face by a five-pound berring and fall over."

"Otherwise, you can just disappear into your own gloom."

"Are you gloomy?"

"No, not at all, but I have got elements of that," he says. "I am quite introverted compared with Chris. He says what he thinks, whereas I don't say things out loud. It is part of being southern. I wish I could let more out. Earlier on this

## COLD CALL

JACK O'SULLIVAN RINGS  
WILL MACDONALD

year, I got a cyst on my vocal chords, which was put down to me not screaming out loudly."

"Will," I say, "why don't you stop trying so hard at being lightened up? You're all right. It's OK to be a serious person."

"But I don't feel I'm trying hard," he replies. "I couldn't have tried less hard writing this book. Everyone should be allowed to do what they want instead of people picking holes in it and telling them why they shouldn't do things. I agree I used to try too much but not anymore. I always tried to keep everybody happy, rather than telling people straight and pissing people off."

"So have you managed to lighten up enough yet?"

"I think I could lighten up a bit more. The main thing is to be happy. People get exasperated with overt seriousness."

"Will," I say. "I can't work out whether you are getting there or singing in the dark."

"I think I am getting there," he says. "But are you?"

We've reached an impasse, so I ask a final question. As a zoologist, which animal would he like to be?

"A male blackbird. He sings first thing in the morning. But it's a stupid time to sing because he is hungry. It's a show of strength. The ones who can sing the longest are obviously the fittest and the ones the females want."

"Make sense of that."



Ken Livingstone, the maverick left-winger whose ambition to run as Labour's candidate for London mayor is threatening to upset the Millbank apple-cart

## Blair alters noble principle to read: one man, one veto

WHEN PADDY Ashdown gave his speech to his party conference, he asked a question of his new friend, Tony Blair: was the Prime Minister a control freak or a democrat?

This week saw the Prime Minister give his reply. Omov (one man, one vote), the great cause of the Labour right in recent years, was simplified down to one man, one veto.

In London, the Prime Minister dispatched his henchmen to block Ken Livingstone from running for London's mayor. Meanwhile, in Wales, the gloves came off as an exasperated Alun Michael failed to persuade Rhodri Morgan from standing down as candidate for the post of First Minister. Mr Michael and his cohorts are plugging new depths in political chicanery by making the leadership campaign last indefinitely to burn off and arm-twist supporters of Mr Morgan.

Rather than making capital out of these Stalinist tendencies, William Hague seems to be catching the disease. In a fit of pique he phoned up Michael Portillo to slap him down for writing an article which forgot to mention Mr Hague's great leadership (an easy thing to forget). This will backfire. Mr Portillo has no official role in the Tory party and will make Mr Hague regret these attempts to limit his freedom to speak and write as he thinks fit.

WHILE PADDY Ashdown wallows in his glory as Tony's newest crony, the speculation mounted, in the corridors, as to what crumbs would drop from the cabinet table on to the Liberal Democrat mat. A tangible prize of patronage is being sought to placate their uneasy backbenchers. Certainly Alan Beth, the



### MICHAEL BROWN

deputy leader who celebrates 25 years in Parliament this week, looked increasingly cheerful as his name was touted as the next Speaker.

Reaction in the Commons to the deal was scathing, however. Dennis Skinner was less than fraternal, reminding MPs that the last pact, in the 1970s, ended in tears when the Liberals ran away because "they couldn't stand the heat". Tony Benn wanted to know whether MPs could table questions to Paddy Ashdown, since the Liberal Democrat leader had more access to Downing Street than Labour backbenchers.

FRANK DOBSON's office prides itself on its computer literacy, but the Millennium bug seemed to strike early in his department this week. First, a draft letter was sent to every Labour MP telling them to welcome the extra money he was giving to their local hospitals to reduce waiting lists. Trouble was, Mr Dobson was also sent the letter, telling him to fill out his name and congratulate himself on his fine decision.

Later, robotic electronic government left Mr Dobson speechless for over an hour. He was unable to make an emergency statement in the Commons on CJD because his department's computers had crashed.

As he became increasingly frantic, Margaret Beckett stepped into the breach with her weekly business statement. A harassed government whip, Graham Allen, had to make Labour MPs ask questions to Mrs Beckett to delay proceedings until a hot and bothered Mr Dobson finally arrived.

Mr Dobson apologised and said the computer failure meant his statement could not be typed up. Perhaps they should keep an old-fashioned manual typewriter, or even a pen.

HOOLIGAN OF the week was the new Tory MP for South Holland and the Deepings, John Hayes, who lived up to the reputation he established at university - "You could have counted the people on campus more unpopular than myself on the fingers of a thalidomide's hand," he once said tastelessly.

Mr Hayes was so unruly during Prime Minister's Questions that he was threatened with expulsion from the Commons if he repeats it. Betty Boothroyd cautioned him with the worst tongue-lashing I've seen during her time as Speaker. It was splendid stuff.

A chastened Mr Hayes was already riding for a fall having tried, by immendo, to embarrass Peter Mandelson in the wake of Nick Brown's "outing". Mr Mandelson was replying to a debate on factory closures when Mr Hayes interjected: "Would not the Right Honourable gentleman do better to emulate

the Minister of Agriculture, who addressed the House in a mood of contrition and humility?"

He is the most recent in a line of Tories who have tried clumsily and unsuccessfully to cash in on Mr Mandelson's press difficulties. Chris Chope, for instance, had urged Mr Mandelson to study the pink paper - referring, of course, to the *Financial Times*, not the gay newspaper. And they wonder why they're not taken seriously as an opposition party.

IN MY new capacity as a Westminster elector I slipped in to the local Tories' public meeting entitled "Listening to Britain" held in a draughty church hall. And what a shambles it was.

A restless gathering of 80 members of the public (average age 65) waited for over half an hour before we were introduced to the crossbench peer Lord Marsh, the master of ceremonies. The chief listener, local MP Peter Brooke, arrived three-quarters of an hour late.

He didn't miss much, however. The first speaker was against automation and complained that modernisation would mean unemployment for paid domestic helps. Other Tories in the audience addressed the traditional issues: immigrants (too many); welfare state (too many scroungers); the homeless (it's their own fault); capital punishment (bring it back), etc.

It only heated up when one speaker suggested there were too many BMWs outside the council blocks and that rents should be doubled. This provoked fury among the non-Tories in the audience. Those who weren't Conservatives were even less inclined to vote Tory by the end. One told me afterwards: "What a load of hull. When's Brooke retiring?"

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## PC WORLD

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## Davies to be candidate for Welsh cabinet

THE FORMER minister Ron Davies is expected to announce that he still intends to stand as a candidate for the new Welsh Assembly next May.

In his first public engagement for more than 11 days, the Labour MP was due to tell local party members at a meeting last night that their strong support had persuaded him to fight on.

Mr Davies' supporters said yesterday that he was also likely to offer his constituency party in Caerphilly his own explanation of the incident on Clapham Common last month, which led him to quit the Cabinet. Addressing his local party for the first time since his resignation, he will try to correct media coverage of the "error of judgement" that led him to pick up a man before being robbed.

The new Secretary of State for Wales, Alun Michael, hinted this week that he would be prepared to include Mr Davies in his cabinet to run the assembly.

One of his colleagues said yesterday that he was determined to stand and play an influential role. "Ron has been immensely heartened by the response locally and wants to stand," he said. However, the Caerphilly constituency chair-

BY PAUL WAUGH  
Political Correspondent



Ron Davies: expected to stand for Welsh Assembly

man, Derek Lamb, said that Mr Davies would be constrained in his answers by a pending court case connected to the episode.

A 38-year-old man is currently remanded in custody charged with robbing Alun Michael of his car and mobile phone.

Mr Lamb said that he expected most of the 60 members of the constituency's general management committee to attend the private meeting.

"Certain people I'm sure will ask questions but Ron has got to be very careful what he says. As far as he's able to an-

swer he will and if he can't he will give the reason why."

Mr Davies had been due to address last Friday's weekly meeting but withdrew because "he was not in the best of health", Mr Lamb said.

He added that the constituency party had already expressed "absolute support" for Mr Davies but the MP wanted to meet members face to face.

Last week the media pressure on Mr Davies had become "intolerable", Mr Lamb said, but he spoke to him on the phone yesterday and he seemed "much stronger".

Mr Davies' only public appearance since his resignation as Secretary of State for Wales was to make a brief statement in the Commons, in which he attacked the press and appealed for a more tolerant society.

His resignation as prospective leader of the Welsh Assembly has triggered a bitter succession battle between Alun Michael, who replaced him at the Welsh Office, and Rhodri Morgan, who was defeated by Mr Davies in a party ballot earlier this year.

Yesterday the Welsh Labour Party's taskforce failed to produce concrete proposals for the new selection contest, but will meet next Thursday to announce its decision.

## Bruno Brookes, 37, joins Trendy Tories

THE FORMER Radio 1 DJ Bruno Brookes has become the latest "Trendy Tory" recruited by William Hague to revitalise the Conservative Party.

Brookes, who was culled by the BBC to make way for the new generation of DJs, has been chosen as a key member of Hague's Creative Forum, the think-tank charged with rebranding the party for the millennium.

The forum, which will advise on everything from the party logo to its "new millennial brand image", meets for the first time next week. Other members include the fashion designer Katharine Hamnett and James Bethell, the man behind London's Ministry of Sound nightclub.

Tony Blair has made great political capital out of attracting celebrity support for his

BY GARY FINN



Brookes: His company staff were not surprised

"Cool Britannia" message, and the recruitment of so-called "Trendy Tories" is further evidence that Mr Hague is not prepared to cede that ground.

Brookes, 37, boasts of being a millionaire and runs a grow-

ing media company that syndicates his shows to local radio such as Aire FM. Colleagues at the Leeds-based station said the move came as no surprise since "everyone knows Bruno is a Trendy Tory".

Brookes himself was reticent yesterday after being "outed" as a Tory and redirected callers to Conservative Central Office.

Tories hope his combination of business sense and media savvy will pay dividends. But whether he will supply the fresh approach demanded by Central Office remains to be seen. Last year, Brookes appeared in a billboard advert for Aire FM that was banned by the Advertising Standards Authority as "offensive, sexist and gratuitous". The poster showed a cigar-toting Brookes framed by the stockings of his wife, Debbie.

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Thirty-two years after the Moors murders, Hyde is stunned by another police investigation, now Europe's largest. By Emma Cook

# The town with bad memories

A part from the two grim-faced grave-diggers intently shovelling soil in the pouring rain, Hyde cemetery was all but deserted two weeks ago. Amid the rows of neatly tended granite graves, though, three stood out from the rest. Flowers had been placed that morning beside the highly polished headstones, but they still looked conspicuous. The graves of Marie Quinn, Blanka Pomfret and Ivy Lomas - all patients of Dr Harold Shipman - were piled high with mounds of fresh black earth.

Though it was eerily quiet by early morning, the hours before must have been very different: police guards at the entrance of the cemetery, the rumble of a mechanical earth digger, a concentrated focus of activity carried out under bright arc lights, with white tents raised over the graves.

This wasn't the first and may not be the last of these discreet early-morning operations. The first exhumation took place on 1 August when the body of 82-year-old Kathleen Grundy was excavated. She had died in June, and Dr Shipman, 52, now charged with murdering six of his patients, had given "old age" as a cause of death on her death certificate. Her family had then questioned a will, drawn up just before she died, that named Dr Shipman as the main beneficiary. At that point detectives said that they might be looking into the deaths of as many as 28 patients.

The number of cases under investigation then spiralled rapidly. Police indicated that the inquiry would cover 90 deaths, but in the last four weeks that figure has been reported as 116. This week the bodies of three more women have been exhumed: Irene Turner, 67, on Tuesday; Alice Kitchen, 70, on Wednesday; and Jean Lilley, 58, on Thursday.

The sheer scale of the investigation has left the small town of Hyde reeling, not to mention the police. As a spokesman for Greater Manchester Police said while trying to clarify the chronology of this week's activities, "We're getting a bit confused this end... I don't think any police force has had to deal with anything of this nature before."

Initially it was described as the largest investigation of its type in Britain. Now it's commonly reported as Europe's biggest murder inquiry. Not a particularly enviable claim to fame for the market town already described as an S-bend with chip shops. Except that this isn't the first time residents of Hyde have endured the media glare. Thirty-two years ago, the world's press were focused on Hyde's magistrates' court, with its panted walls and white, domed ceiling: the committal proceedings were held here against Ian Brady and Myra Hindley.

As you wander around the streets of red-brick terraced houses, it's hard to forget the proximity of the couples' crimes. Look above the roofs and there are the moors, stark and strikingly green, dominating the horizon. Settled in its shadow is Hyde's small town centre, and a soulless shopping centre with Halfords, Kwik Save and discount carpet shops. It has a population of around 35,000, and it's hard to imagine how younger people spend their time



Above, the scene of the exhumation in Hyde cemetery. Below left, Dr Shipman after his arrest, below right, Alice Kitchen's grave

Jennie Robertson/Brian Williamson

here, and harder still to believe that Manchester's lively student areas, such as Chorlton and Didsbury, are only 15-20 minutes away.

The concrete rows of shops seem to cater for a distinctly ageing population: Age Concern, Clippets, a dog grooming "salon", numerous dental and medical practices. There's no cinema, and the few pubs, like everywhere else in the town, appear to attract a much older crowd. In the town centre residents seem muted and the atmosphere is gloomy.

On the one hand residents are clearly jaded by recent events and the ensuing media attention; on the other they find it hard to think of anything else - especially when their local cemetery is the focus of so much nocturnal activity.

John Bell, a councillor, says, "My initial reaction was one of shock when they dug up the first grave. We knew that something untoward was going on - people had seen the arc lights late at night - then we found out about it in the press."

What has really irritated Bell lately is the negative image so often given by the press. Words such as "grim" and "bleak" have begun to lurk in his mind - especially, he says, because they're so often penned by south-easterners. "Hyde is often described in an appalling way. We're proud of the market town and the people here are strong enough to sustain anything that's thrown at them."

It's what isn't thrown at them that makes the experience so frustrating, though: residents have lived among the activities of recent weeks in a state of virtual ignorance. Like everyone else, they glean their information from the media. Police say they are unable to keep people informed as they are bound by the rules of sub judice, so many people in Hyde seem to have even more questions than the press who pursue them. "Why here? How long will it go on? Is it only women patients?"

"It's so upsetting not knowing what's going to happen", says 75-year-old Alice Lawrence, shopping



in the market square. One of her friends used to be a patient in Dr Shipman's surgery. "You don't hear a bad word about him round here."



Outside Age Concern, opposite Dr Shipman's surgery, which is open for business as usual, Ivy Teale, 68, voices a widely felt grievance. "It's the way of being told anything new that's the worst," she says. "Nobody bothers to tell you anything - you have to see it on the telly. You just wonder how long it can all go on for," she adds gloomily.

"So many people are worried. So many questions are being raised about their relatives. There's so much anxiety and stress," says Father Denis Mahern, of St Paul's Church, who was close friends with Kathleen Grundy. "Lots of people are sharing their doubts with me. There's nothing worse than having doubts and questions that can't be answered. It's going to cause a lot of long-term problems. People feel guilty about what's happening."

Hyde, he says, is an unusually tight-knit community, and one that treats outsiders with suspicion. "We recently had a funeral for a 76-year-old woman and the church was full. They turn out for things like that round here. There's great support. Very few people here wouldn't be connected to each other by blood or marriage. If you hurt one, you hurt a hundred."

But they were just getting over that. This may bring it up again. Mr Bell agrees. "It's one of the great tragedies - everyone associates this place with those awful deeds, but they shouldn't."

In The Wheatsheaf pub, though, it's pretty clear which case still lingers in the town's psyche - or, at least, it does for now. Pete Matthews, who works for the council, says, "It's just strange after 30 years that everyone's interested in us again. But ask anyone in this pub and they'll say more about the Moors murders. What they did to those kids must be worse than anything that may have happened since."

"They came to that Town Hall over there," he says, pointing in the direction of the magistrates' court. "That's what we remember still."

Whether those memories are about to be overshadowed, we'll know soon enough.

(Some names have been changed at interviewees' request)

## High-anxiety parenting

IT WAS our son Tom's 11th birthday and, within reason, he could choose whatever treat he liked. So it came about that the four of us, plus three of Tom's friends, slogged up Everest and down again last Sunday, after a large Chinese meal, in a special-effects cinema which made you feel you were really there - a sort of 3D without the silly glasses.

This was not the ideal wet weekend fare for someone terrified of heights, such as myself. Early on in the film, while tracing the climbers' training sessions, the combination of trick photography and special effects sent us viewers flying off a track along the edge of a canyon in Idaho, then left us dangling from a sheer rock-face hundreds of feet above the churning sea, then hurtling down a bottomless crevasse in the foothills of the Himalayas.

A good deal of the enjoyment for Tom and his friends, whom he had briefed in advance on my delicate condition, was to watch my appalled reaction to these head-spinning aerial sequences, and the urgent whisper of "Look at Dad" that trickled along the row was all that kept my composure.

Likewise, Tom was hugely amused at his mother's tears when the inevitable tragedy struck - in this case, we were dropped on a climber trapped in a storm near the summit, talking by radio with his seven-

### PARK LIFE



BRUCE MILLAR

months-pregnant wife at home in New Zealand a couple of hours before certain death. Oh, the mandolin sentimentality of adults: tough 11-year-olds cry only at really important things, such as not being allowed to watch *Top of the Pops*.

they certainly spent as much time as possible up mountains in their early years together. I vividly remember them departing on what they had announced would be their last ever climbing trip, shortly before my second sister was born, leaving two orphans, the logic went, would be regrettable; three orphans was irresponsible.

They were right to stop, of course, because the odds are stacked against mountaineers surviving for long. Every year or so, my father would come home with grim news: "Tony was killed last week. A rock fall on the Zugspitze - he did not stand a chance. They have four children."

But even after they had reluctantly given up climbing, my parents would regale us with tales from the mountains, which must have come to represent a golden age of youthful freedom to them. There was the fellow climber who could down pins of beer all night and then power up vertical cliffs all day, fuelled only by fruit-and-nut bars; another who lost all his fingers and toes to frostbite, but carried on climbing regardless.

My father, who once took 18 months to put up a simple shelf for the telephone, accomplished in one weekend the far more complicated task of building a lookout platform for me in our conker tree, when I was about eight. I do not remember having to nag him to put it up; in fact I think the impetus came from him,

quite unbidden. Whether or not he meant to introduce me to the thrill of heights in this way, the experiment ultimately failed.

Not straightaway, though: I climbed trees quite happily as a child, and did not even particularly worry when I fell out a couple of times. But at some stage in that complicated period known as adolescence, I became convinced that I suffered from vertigo.

I do not know whether its origin was neurotic, or whether the climbing gene inherited from my parents was overwhelmed by a late-developing heights-are-terrifying gene picked up from some earlier ancestor, but the conviction has never left me. My first and only business partnership - as a window-cleaner, one summer holiday when I was 17 - broke up after only a week over my point-blank refusal to climb a ladder and administer to upstairs panes.

Since then, I have made an exhibition of myself at the top of tall buildings including St Paul's Cathedral, the Eiffel Tower and the Empire State Building, hugging a wall or even lying on the floor in a state of frenzied fear.

But I have never been near the top of a mountain, and I hope that Tom stays well clear of them, too. If he shows signs of mountain-lust as he gets older, I will just have to buy him a motorbike to encourage him to court danger in a safer manner.

### MY WEEK

SEVEN DAYS IN THE LIFE OF ADRIAN WOOTTON, THE DIRECTOR OF THE LONDON FILM FESTIVAL

**Saturday**  
My day was spent with Roberto Benigni, a wild and wonderful Italian comedian and director. On stage he said he was tremendously honoured and so excited to be there that he wanted to kiss every member of the audience on the mouth and take all his clothes off. I managed to dissuade him.

**Sunday**  
Every day during the festival we have a meeting at 10am when we work out all the logistics of the day. It doesn't matter how late you were out the previous night - you have to be there. At 6pm there was a presentation of the *The Importance of Being Earnest* archive restoration; Michael Redgrave's widow, Rachel Kempson, came with her daughter Vanessa, as well as Dorothy Tutin, the only surviving member of the original cast. After they were whisked off to have a drink, I welcomed Willem Dafoe and did an interview with him on stage. We all ended up at The Ivy for a very late dinner.

**Monday**  
Terry Gilliam, the director of *Fear and Loathing in Las*

**Vegas**, got in from New York and we were waiting to hear if Johnny Depp could make it - he couldn't. I welcomed Terry, then shipped him off to a big festival dinner. I went back to the *Fear and Loathing* party at the Atlantic Bar & Grill, which ended at some point or other.

**Tuesday**  
I met Jonathan Demme and the star of *Storefront Hitchcock*, the musician Robyn Hitchcock, at the NFT. I packed Jonathan off to his hotel and jumped in a cab to go to the gala screening of *The Nephews*. I had to make an appearance at the party afterwards to keep the sponsors happy, though my body is craving sleep. I made the mistake last year of going to my hotel room to lie down for 20 minutes and nearly slept through an interview I was supposed to be doing on stage. I'm not doing that this year.

**Wednesday**  
The British gala performance of *Walking Ned*. All the parties and receptions blur into one after a bit, though I don't drink - I'd never be able to be articulate to sponsors. They only way I survive is on coffee and cigarettes.

**Thursday**  
The young American star Matt Damon will be arriving tomorrow, so we had to deal with all the private jets and security arrangements. Meanwhile I flew from screening to screening with different people. Then I had to take a bunch of people to dinner. Forty minutes later I rushed back for another Q&A. I rarely eat a full meal during the festival. I usually end up having a few bits of bread and some canapés in the evening.

**Friday**  
Matt Damon Day started early at 9.30am. Now we have to worry about things like security barriers and which cars to allow into Leicester Square. I've still got screenings to introduce and Q&As to do before changing into my tuxedo. There's also a wild party going on in St Martin's Crypt tonight which I think will be quite a contrast to our elegant gala. I'll just be glad when it's 8.30pm and Matt Damon's on stage.

INTERVIEW BY  
GLENDA COOPER  
The London Film Festival is in its 42nd year, showing 150 features from around the world

# Tommy Flowers

TOMMY FLOWERS'S contribution to codebreaking in the Second World War was immense. He led the team that designed and built Colossus - the first electronic programmable computer - to break the complex encoded communications between the German High Command and the field. The first model was demonstrated at Bletchley Park, the British forces' Intelligence Centre, in December 1943, with a faster version in operation by June 1944, days before D Day. Historians believe that the codebreaking facilitated by Colossus shortened the war by two years.

As the war progressed and the volume of enemy encrypted radio intercepts increased, it became evident that the manual method then in use for deciphering this material was woefully inadequate. The Post Office Engineering Department at Dollis Hill in London was involved in many different projects designed to further the war effort, and an approach was made by Bletchley Park for assistance in devising equipment to speed up the decryption process.

Flowers had joined the staff at the Research Station at Dollis Hill in the mid-1930s. A team-player with unconventional technical ideas, he had established himself as a man of

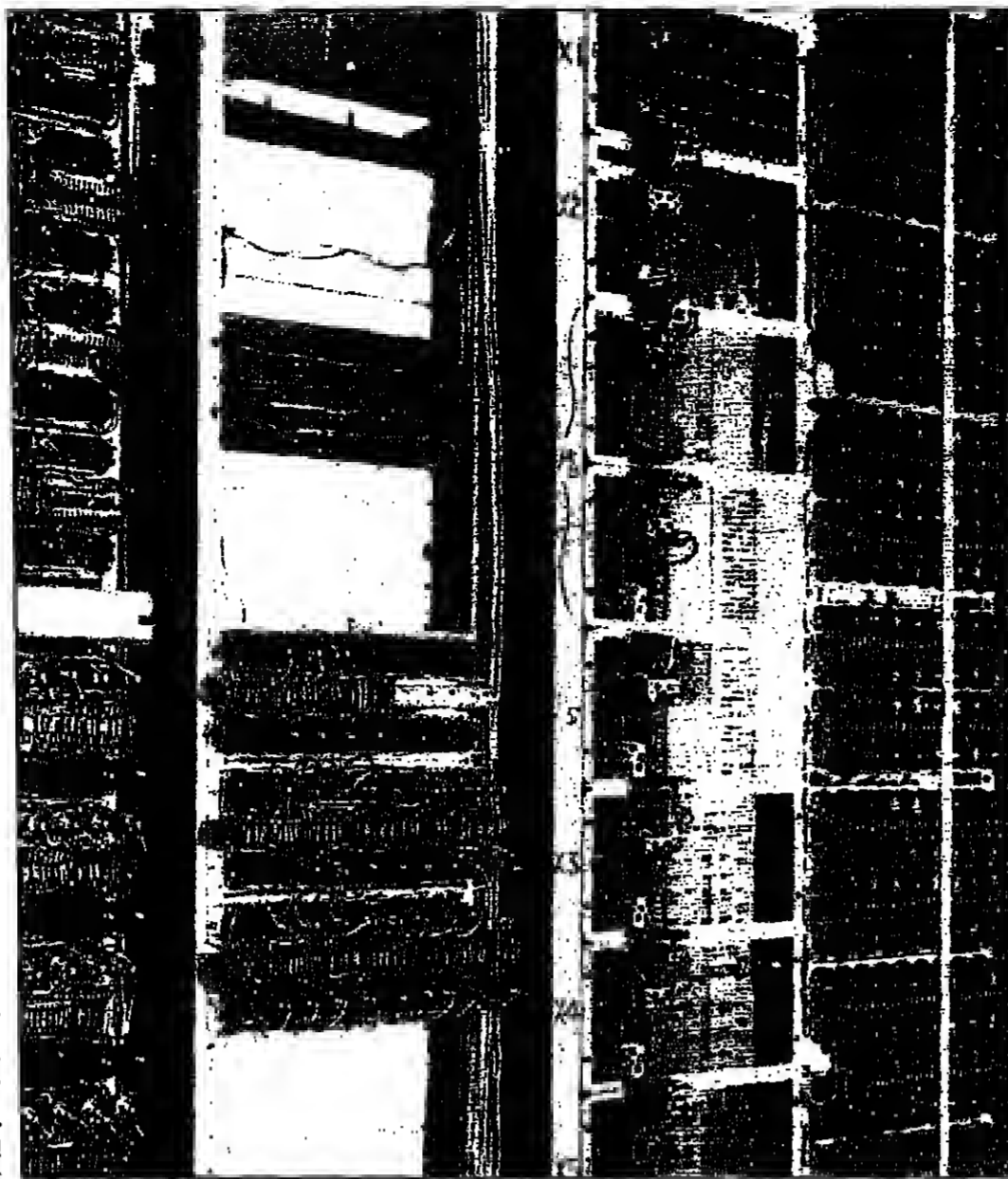
considerable foresight in the field of telephone exchange switching design, and was asked to find an answer to this problem. He devised a machine, called a "Robinson" (as he described it later, it was "a Heath Robinson affair held together with string and sealing wax").

The use of thermionic valves was felt by many of those concerned to be a weak point in the design of this kind of machine. Flowers made the revolutionary claim that a valve left on all the time, and not switched on and off as required, would have a very long life. The Staff Engineer in charge at DH had faith in Flowers, and backed him. A small design team was formed in great secrecy to work on the first and subsequent machines, the last of which were the 10 Colossus machines, having 2,500 valves apiece, which were so successfully employed at Bletchley Park.

Colossus was designed to deal with the complex intelligence known as Fish, with messages sometimes 10,000 characters in length sent between Hitler's High Command and commanders in the field, and containing vital information on troop dispositions, ration strengths, and even details of leave arrangements for generals. The Morse-transmitted Enigma code, on the other hand, although very complex, used messages of a purely tactical nature, which were never more than 250 characters long. This work had no association with Colossus.

Colossus was engaged on the statistical analysis of the enemy teleprinter intercepts. A separate machine to use this data to decipher each message was needed, and Flowers arranged for me, a former member of the DH staff, then in the Army in North Africa, engaged on another DH-backed project, to be posted home to join his team. Busy though he was, Flowers made a daily visit to his small band working in a small laboratory to observe progress.

The new machines, codenamed "Tunny", were to be fed with an enciphered message tape, and after



The Colossus at Bletchley Park, 1943 Science Museum / Science & Society Picture Library

being set up according to the Colossus data, were to produce a printed output on a teleprinter in clear German. To facilitate the testing of Tunny, one of the design engineers devised a certain set of code wheel patterns, and on his next visit Flowers was invited to type in the message "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party". His delight at seeing the machine print out "I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high o'er vales and hills" was reward enough for the small band, who like Flowers, did a 12- or 14-hour day without complaint.

Born in the East End of London in 1905, Flowers gained a scholarship to technical college, enabling him to

stay on until 16. He served a four-year mechanical apprenticeship at the Royal Arsenal in Woolwich, gained a London University degree in Engineering through evening classes, and then joined the Post Office as an electrical engineer in 1928, aged 20. Besides his involvement with electronic telephone transmissions, he also did sterling work in the forward line of the DH hockey team in the immediate pre-war years. After the war, he continued his work at Dollis Hill, applying his expertise of electronics to telephone switching and signalling systems.

He was appointed MBE for his contribution to the war effort along with a rather meagre £1,000 award,

but, since the codebreaking activities at Bletchley Park were kept secret for 30 years, Flowers remained largely unknown to the public. Only later did his work receive recognition - he was presented with an honorary doctorate from Newcastle University in 1977, and another in 1993 from De Montfort University in Leicester. A reconstruction of Colossus is now on view at the Bletchley Park museum.

G. O. HAYWARD

Thomas Harold Flowers, engineer; born London, 22 December 1905; MBE 1943; married 1935 Eileen Green (two sons); died London 28 October 1998.



Related recognition

# Nina Youshkevitch

THE RESPECTED New York City-based ballet teacher Nina Youshkevitch was a rare remnant direct link with the legacy of the great choreographer Bronislava Nijinska. She was a protégée of Nijinska both as dancer and as teacher.

In recent times, Nijinska's daughter and heir Irina Nijinska, encouraged Youshkevitch to reconstruct lost Nijinska ballets in which Youshkevitch had danced. Both were eager to bring to light the breadth of Nijinska's contributions beyond the best-known works, *Les Biches* and *Les Noces*. Starting in 1990, working from memory and the methodical Nijinska's notations, Youshkevitch staged Ravel's *Bolero* the original ballet made for Ida Rubinstein in 1928, the poetic abstract *Chopin Concerto*, and the Bride's solo in the Stravinsky *Le Baiser de la Fée*, and was prepared to do more.

The daughter of the distinguished

playwright and novelist Semyon Youshkevitch, she left Russia with her family in 1921. They settled in Paris, where from the age of seven she studied ballet under leading teachers of the time, Olga Preobrajenska, Lubov Egorova, and Léo Staats. She also graduated from the Conservatoire de Paris with a first prize in piano. She was chosen by Nijinska from the age of 10 for her companies, dancing such roles as *La Garçonne* in *Les Biches* and the Bride in *Le Baiser de la Fée*.

On a tour by a second Colonel de Basil company to Australia and New Zealand in 1936-37, she was befriended by the British dance writer Arnold Haskell, who chronicled the tour in *Dancing Around the World* (1937), singling her out among the younger dancers as a true ballerina, with her sense of the modern manner and her musicality. With an equally young Igor Youshkevitch (no relation) she danced *Aurora*, *Odette*, and the

Princess in Nijinska's sophisticated fairy tale *The Hundred Kisses*. Youshkevitch then joined Nijinska at the Polish Ballet as prima ballerina. The ballets made for her included *Chopin Concerto*, which called on her virtuoso turning ability for expressive purposes and won the Paris Choreographic Prize. She danced in the ballet at Covent Garden.

Youshkevitch emigrated to the United States in 1949, where she became ballerina of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet and danced *Aurora* in the first full-length *Sleeping Beauty* in the US in 1945 in San Francisco. In 1947, she began teaching in Nijinska's studio in Hollywood. She started her own company in 1952, choreographed for television, and taught highly regarded classes in New York from 1977 until June this year. Her students included the rising young Jennie Somogyi of the New York City Ballet.

Youshkevitch's first reconstruction

tion of Nijinska's work was the Bride's solo from *Le Baiser de la Fée* in 1990. She staged *Bolero* in 1995 for the Oakland (California) Ballet, and was to stage it at La Scala, Milan, for an Ida Rubinstein evening in 1999. *Chopin Concerto* came next in 1995-96 for Goucher College in Maryland, and the second movement for Oakland Ballet in 1997, with the complete ballet planned to follow in 1999.

It is to be hoped that the legacy of Nijinska will be carried on, in spite of the death of Irina Nijinska in 1991 and of the soft-spoken, regal, and dedicated Nina Youshkevitch, who liked to say, "Nijinska was absolutely amazing because she had so many ballets, and no two look alike."

MARILYN HUNT

Nina Youshkevitch, ballet dancer and teacher; born Odessa, Russia 7 December 1920; married Robert Johnson (one son); died New York 3 November 1998.



Youshkevitch in *Suwan Lake*; a drawing by Daryl Lindsay

# Margaret Keay

ALTHOUGH HER speciality was plant pathology, the diseases of field crops, Margaret Keay contributed extensively to the development of emergent educational institutions in Africa. Throughout the several phases of her career, she held the causes of equal opportunity, black and white, male and female, dear to her heart.

Born in South Africa in 1911, she spent much of her working life in Africa. She was an only child born of Scottish parents in Pretoria and, as she recalled, ran free in the hush from a house behind the Parliament building there. It was not a house of luxury, even though her father was Under-Secretary for Justice in the then Union of South Africa, but a strict, religious home. Her birthday celebrations consisted of a birthday tea and being told that a sum of money had been sent to the local orphanage.

She went away to secondary school at the Collegiate School for Girls in Port Elizabeth, a long journey alone on the train. In later years she had difficulty coping with people who were always late. You see, she would say, they were not brought up to the fact that, if they missed the train, it would be three days before there was another.

It seems as if Margaret Keay long had an eye on Cambridge, for she

had discovered that Cape Town degrees were recognised by Cambridge University. At Cape Town she was taught by women members of staff who had been to Cambridge, so she knew that if she was to successfully complete a higher degree there she would only be awarded the title of the degree. Undaunted, she completed a degree in Botany, then a Secondary Teachers Certificate (with distinction), before arriving at Newnham College in 1934 to work in the then Botany School as a research student under Professor F.T. Brooks in Mycology and Plant Pathology.

The Botany School had fewer than a dozen research students at that time so they were a close-knit community. Newnham had strict ideas about how its members should conduct themselves - they even had to pass a punting proficiency test on the Upper Cam before being allowed to punt along the Backs.

Her first post was as Research Assistant in the Department of Agricultural Biology at Reading University, later promoted to lecturer in 1943. Reading was followed by a time in Norfolk, researching diseases of flax, at that time an important constituent of parachute harnesses. At the end of the Second World War she returned to Cambridge to work with the then Commonwealth Potato Collection which was attached to the



Just off to change before your lecture?

School of Agriculture of the university. Britain was in the gloomy period of the post-war depression and rationing, and indeed bread rationing was still in force. Keay would sometimes appear at my mother-in-law's door with one or two potatoes surplus to experimental requirements.

During this time, Keay joined a pressure group, based on the Women Graduates Club, calling for the foundation of a third college for women at the university (Girton and Newnham were the only colleges open to women). It was a

source of considerable satisfaction to her that first New Hall and later, Lucy Cavendish, came into being.

In 1954 she was appointed to Makerere College at Kampala, Uganda (later redesignated Makerere University College as part of the University of East Africa and now Makerere University), as Reader in Agricultural Botany in the newly founded Faculty of Agriculture. Makerere was a challenge as it upgraded itself, first to a constituent college of London University, then as one of the three components of the University of East Africa. Keay was appointed Head of the new Department of Agricultural Biology after just six years.

She was no push-over, requiring to be convinced by reasoned argument and accurately estimated costs when her staff put forward proposals for teaching or research. Her famous duplicate book was in evidence here. For every note she wrote on departmental matters there was a dated carbon copy. No use saying that you did not know this or that, she had the evidence to prove otherwise.

She also expected good standards of dress and behaviour. Passing a colleague in the corridor whom she perceived to be inappropriately dressed, she enquired, "Just off to change before your lecture?" For

men, a tie (even with short-sleeved shirts) and property cut and laundered shorts (with knee-length stockings) were *de rigueur*.

She was a very effective lecturer and teacher, giving degree courses in plant systematics and morphology, climatology, lower plants and micro-organisms as well as plant pathology and the botany of East African crop plants.

She was elected to the College Council, and served as Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture for the academic year 1963-64. She was Convenor of the Scholarships Committee of the Uganda Association of University Women and was closely associated with the establishment of the bursary fund for the secondary education of girls in Uganda, as well as being a member of the Uganda Foundation for the Blind.

After 10 years at Makerere, and knowing that her academic progress there was blocked, she moved to Northern Nigeria as Senior Plant Pathologist in the Institute for Agricultural Research and Special Services at Ahmadu Bello University. Her section was responsible for research and specialist advisory work on plant disease problems in the Northern States. Her teaching and administrative abilities were quickly recognised by her appointment in 1968 to the Chair and Headship of a

newly established Department of Crop Protection.

Nigeria was unsettled at this time and frequent road blocks were encountered whilst travelling. While driving to the Jos Plateau to collect examination materials, she was stopped at a road block, the car and her luggage thoroughly searched. On her return journey, she was stopped at the same place by the same soldiers. She offered to open her suitcase - "No need, Madam, we know the colour of your slippers."

On retirement from Ahmadu Bello University in 1971, aged 60, she was awarded a Resettlement Fellowship by the Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas tenable at Wye College, in Kent, part of London University. A year later, Margaret Keay was appointed Academic Assistant to the Principal and Dean of Women Students at Wye College. She retired in 1976, having been made an honorary life member of Wye College Union Society.

From August 1978, she was offered "desk space" in the Department of Applied Biology at Cambridge, where she remained in association with a wide range of biologists working on post-harvest biology problems, until it closed in September 1989.

Retirement did not stop a con-

We know that he spent some time in hospital after this wound and we know that he always carried the scars on the top of his head. But, as he was also wounded on the Somme in July 1916 it is not clear what experience followed which wounding.

He appears to have seen much of the war. In addition to fighting on the Northern Front in 1915 he took part in the Dardanelles expedition. Britain and France had declared war on the Ottoman Empire in November 1914 but the French High Command had been reluctant to take troops away from the vital Western Front and had only consented to send a contingent made up of Foreign Legionnaires, troops who had been in depots and Senegalese.

Ndiaye remembered catching a glimpse of Istanbul in the mist, but as a Muslim, he remembered particularly that the French commander thought that he would surprise the enemy by attacking on a Friday, the day of prayer. He remembered that he and some of his companions wept because they did not want to make war against fellow Muslims.

He had no feelings about the Germans. He knew nothing about them except that they were very cunning and that they wanted to kill him. He was young and strong. He recalled breaking a German soldier's legs before making him prisoner. He found two Germans hiding in a shell hole and threw his grenade at them. He never thought of disobeying orders but he was thinking of his uncle back in Thiowor. If he were to desert that would bring shame on him.

He met many French people, since, apart from his stays in hospital, he and other African troops were moved south during the winter, and he seems to have spent some time in Saint Raphaël. There were French people who had never seen anyone as black as him, and they asked if it was the sun that had made him thus, "or was it the work of God?" French women, he claimed, gave him food and some of them wanted to make love with him, but he refused.

After the Dardanelles he fought on the Somme, at Verdun in 1917 and again in 1918. He was made a corporal. After the armistice he was given the Croix de Guerre and asked to re-enlist. But, according to one French journalist, he wanted to get back to his mother, his brother and his camel. He lived the rest of his days in Thiowor.

In many ways he was like any old soldier, talking about "14 to 18", remembering his old army number (14576), recalling the discomfort of the trenches. Perhaps he did not know how rare it was for the French to recognise the role of the troops from *L'Afrique Noire*. It was not until May 1983 that a movement acknowledged "the memory of the Senegalese soldiers who died in the battle of the Chénoué Dunes".

Ndiaye did discover that a war pension was due to him as a soldier who had been wounded. This was in 1949. He received from that date a regular monthly pension which was much less than that received by men of French nationality. But it kept his family, some 30 people in all, in their primitive comfort. He also received the right to travel on French railways at a reduced rate.

DOUGLAS JOHNSON

Abdoulaye Ndiaye, soldier; born Thiowor, Senegal, 1894; married; died Thiowor 10 November 1998.

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# Gerald Long

GERALD LONG spent almost all of his working life with Reuters, the old-established news and information agency. He became known first as a capable journalist, and later as a creative if temperamental manager. He was appointed general manager of Reuters at the age of 39 in 1963; he left in 1981. During those 18 years the agency was transformed from a business in slow decline into one of great success and profitability. How much (or little) credit for this revolution should be given to Long personally remains a matter of dispute, especially among those who worked under him at Reuters.

Long was born at York in 1922, the son of a postman. He was educated at St Peter's School, York, and at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he read Modern Languages, taking a First in Part I of the Tripos. While serving as an officer in the Intelligence Corps in post-war Germany, he became involved in setting up newspapers under British military control. In 1948 he joined Reuters as one of its first graduate trainees. Long spoke both French and German like a native, and he possessed a rare, because equal, admiration for French and German literature, music, art and - not least - food and drink.

After spells as a Reuters correspondent in Paris and Ankara, in 1956 he was appointed chief representative in Germany. In 1959 his journalistic skills led to his being temporarily transferred back to Paris to reinforce the coverage by Reuters of one of the most dramatic post-war news stories, the state return to power of General de Gaulle. In 1960 Long became assistant general manager for Europe, based in London.

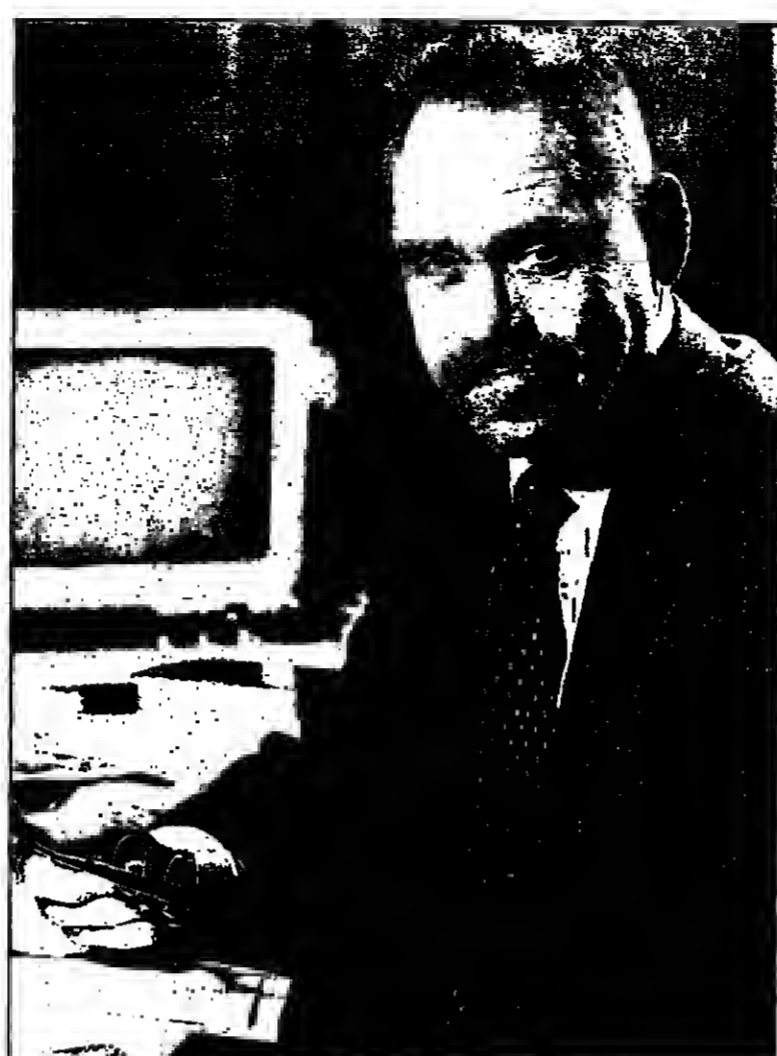
Gerry Long's personality was intriguing. His mind was subtle, but not his manner. He had a Yorkshire forthrightness, which many took for brusqueness, sometimes correctly. Yet he could be engaging. His face bore a striking canvas for either humour. His hair was short-cropped, his eyes steady, his gesture firm, his voice slow but decisive.

All found themselves at odds with him sooner or later, even his protégés. The answer was not to let him slip into bullying. He enjoyed free-wheeling discussion (time-wasting, said his critics), and he might accept contradiction if it was well-informed and obviously for the good of Reuters. His concern for the old agency was undoubted, and his knowledge of its history considerable. From 1963 he set out to make Reuters into an aggressive and profitable organisation, such as it had been in Julius Reuter's prime a century earlier. "I felt I had much in common with him."

To introduce the necessary novel products and services Reuters needed fresh capital. Long persuaded a reluctant board to borrow heavily. In 1967 the long-standing but inappropriate dependence of Reuters upon two US news suppliers - AP and Dow Jones - for much American general news and economic information was at last ended. This was a financially risky but essential initiative if Reuters was to become a truly independent and global news provider. Long forced the proposal through the Reuter board.

In the next year the handling of general news by Reuters in its London newsroom was modernised by the introduction of a computerised message switching system. Even more revolutionary was the introduction during the 1960s and 1970s by Reuters Economic Services of a succession of com-

*His mind was subtle, but not his manner. Many took his Yorkshire forthrightness for brusqueness - sometimes correctly*



Long was at the head of Reuters from 1963 to 1981

puterised electronic products for world financial markets.

For this breakthrough, however, Long must share the credit with others. These innovative products were found or devised by various young managers within RES, especially Michael Nelson and Glen Renfrew. Long's contribution was, first, to recognise the great openings for profit which were being offered; and secondly, to calm a timid board in the face of the inevitable start-up costs.

With regard to technical problems and marketing arrangements, he was content to delegate, even to the point of laziness.

The Reuter Monitor Money Rates service, launched in 1973, proved to be particularly profitable, changing in a few years the very face and fortunes of Reuters. As late as 1968 the company was still reporting an overall loss; by 1981, the year of Long's departure, it was heading towards annual profits of hundreds of millions. Glen Renfrew, Long's successor as managing director, ensured that this success quickly caused himself and Nelson to become multi-

millionaires through share options. In contrast, Long, who had been their chief, received no such great extra financial reward for his work. He always claimed that he did not care about this, which may have been true. None the less, in 1965 one fellow journalist (not from Reuters) described Long in print as a "tragic hero". Perhaps the financial deprivation was not exactly tragic, and maybe Long was never quite a hero. But the remark was significant.

By the late 1970s Long was obviously bored by his job at Reuters, and in 1981 he eagerly accepted an invitation from Rupert Murdoch to become managing director of Times Newspapers, and subsequently deputy chairman of News International. Unfortunately, this career move did not work out. Long had no experience of newspaper management, and he lacked the patience (even if he possessed the deviousness) necessary to deal with the print unions. He also became something of a laughing-stock in journalistic circles over an intense correspondence published in *The Times*

about the provenance of cheese provided at Albert Roux's restaurant. Long left News International in 1984, and lived thereafter in France. In retirement, he gave an impression of disappointment about himself, unnecessarily so ("I'm a shit"). Even his sharpest critics could not deny that he had overseen the revival of a great communications company, often called a national institution, even if never so by the cosmopolitan Long himself. Without the introduction of much capital and more innovation, recognised by Long as urgently necessary, Reuters would slowly but surely have faded away.

DONALD READ

Gerald Long, journalist: born York 22 August 1922; staff, Reuters 1948-61, assistant general manager 1960, general manager 1963-73, managing director 1973-81; managing director, Times Newspapers 1981-82; deputy chairman, News International 1982-84; married 1951 Anne Hamilton Walker (two sons, three daughters); died Paris 8 November 1998.

## CYBERNETIC NOTES

DENISE DANKS

### Battle of the black and white hats

IT'S THE fashion nowadays to call programmers who confine themselves to writing code "white hats", and those who also enjoy breaking and entering, "black hats", as if the distinction was ever clearer than mud.

Two whey-faced, bespectacled hackers currently dominate the electronic pages of the world's virtual newspapers. One is Bill Gates, the Henry Ford of the personal computer industry, chairman of the software giant Microsoft Corp. To some the devil incarnate for making the cyberworld Windows-shaped. He's the white hat. The other is Kevin Mitnick, unemployed, one-time fugitive from justice and the longest-serving detainee at the Metropolitan Detention Center, Los Angeles. He's the black hat.

Both Gates and Mitnick are wrestling with an American justice system that wishes to make examples of them both. Whereas Gates is feared because his phenomenal success in the highly competitive computer business has given him the wealth and power of a nation state and a *de facto* monopoly of the world's most widely used business tool, Mitnick is feared because of what people imagine he might do, and others like him, when Gatesworld is wired up, and relies on being safely and securely so.

Bill Gates has deep pockets to pay the palmines of lawyers and spin doctors he needs. He will probably not end up in

gaol even if it is proved that he is a black-hat businessman and his company broke the laws of capitalism and ruined its competitors. Were it to be proved, then his fortune and his company would be hostage to the lawsuits that would follow, all based on estimated losses of victim companies.

Kevin Mitnick is being accused of causing his victims losses of a mere \$80m and is facing a 500-year sentence for his crimes which, on closer examination, amount to theft of telephone source code (computer instructions which determine how a system behaves), which he kept to himself - the worth of which is debatable - and a few hours of free mobile-phone calls.

Hijacking source code is not as shocking as it might appear. Computer companies whose patents have been infringed go to court only if they see their technology being exploited successfully by their competitors and a deal between them cannot be struck. Cases are almost invariably settled by commercial arrangements that, they hope, are mutually beneficial.

Mitnick refused to plead bargain and has now been in federal custody for nearly four years awaiting trial. He has spent time in solitary and his reputation for electronic wizardry is so feared, the authorities' ignorance of electronics so great, that he was once deprived of a Walkman in case he used it to bug his warders.

Thanks to the laxity of its original design, the Internet retains its potential for accessible free speech. Mitnick incarcerated, though broke, is not without a voice. He has his own website. His supporters continually lobby for his freedom. Whatever Mitnick did, they reckon, isn't worth what he's got. As a consequence, websites, including that of *The New York Times*, have been regularly targeted by hackers and their pages overrun with slogans, scribbles, spoof threats, and juvenile smut in order to raise the profile of Mitnick's case and attack anyone else they feel has offended them.

Along sentences for Mitnick would ensure that hackers, however they are motivated, would be more likely to plead bargain in the future. The defence thinks it suits the government to portray Mitnick as a dangerous public nuisance in order to justify its own agenda for regulation and control of the Internet and the telecommunications industry.

But Mitnick pursued his hacking career rather typically, for knowledge and control. He did not have the criminality to sell trade secrets in Taiwan nor the white-hat profit motive to exploit what he found. If he had done so, he might, like Bill Gates, have got himself the best justice money can buy.

Denise Danks's latest novel, *Phreak!*, is published by Victor Gollancz, £9.99

## GAZETTE

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

#### BIRTHS

HAMMERSLEY: On 7 November, to Alexandra (nee Spratt) and Paul, a daughter, Miss Theodora.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In memoriam) are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements (notices, functions, Forthcoming marriages, Marriages), which must be submitted in writing (please include a daytime telephone number), are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra.

The Independent's main switchboard number is 0171-293 2000.

The OBITUARIES e-mail address is [obituaries@independent.co.uk](mailto:obituaries@independent.co.uk)

#### CHANGING OF THE GUARD

TODAY The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; Nijmegen Company Grenadier Guards mounts the Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Coldstream Guards.

TOMORROW The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 10am.

#### BIRTHDAYS

TOMORROW: The Prince of Wales, 50; King Hussein of Jordan, 63; Sir Lawrence Barrett, chairman, Barrett Developments, plc, 71; Dr Boutros Boutros-Ghali, former secretary-general, United Nations, 76; Mr Quentin Crewe, writer and restaurateur, 72; Mr James Crowden, Lord-Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, 71; Mr Paul Dacre, editor, *Daily Mail*, 50; Mr Lord Dawson QC, former Solicitor General for Scotland, 50; Mr Michael Dobbs, novelist, 50; Ms Louise Ellman MP, 53; Mr David Elstein, chief executive, Channel 5, 54; The Right Rev Mgr George Hay, parish priest, 68; M Bernard Hinaut, cyclist, 44; Mr Peter Katin, co-ordinator, pianist, 68; Mr Mark Le Fanu, general secretary, the Society of Authors, 82; Mr Thomas Mitan, ambassador to Lithuania, 52; Air Marshal Sir Richard Nelson, 91; Mr Patrick Nicholls MP, 58; Mr Gunther Sachs, former bobleigh champion, 66; Miss Diana Skidbeck, Headmistress, the Queen's School, Chester, 56; Sir Dudley Smith, former director, Public Health Laboratory Service, 68; Sir Arthur Watts QC, former legal adviser, Foreign and Commonwealth Office, 67; The Rev John Witheridge, Headmaster, Charterhouse, 45.

TOMORROW: Mr Ed Asner, actor, 69; Mr Howard Baker, lawyer and senator, 73; Mr J.G. Ballard, science-fiction writer, 68; Mr John M. Bamfield, former chairman, Mobil Oil, 51; Mr Daniel Barenboim, pianist and conductor, 56; Mr Andrew Castle, tennis player and broadcaster, 33; Sir Geoffrey Chandler, chairman, Amnesty International, UK Business Group, 78; Miss Petula Clark, singer and actress, 66; Mr André Deutsch, publisher, 81; Professor Peter Dickinson, pianist and composer, 64; Mr Martin Hammond, Headmaster of Tonbridge School, 54; Mr John Hobbouse, former chairman, RSPCA, 88; Miss Paula Kahn, former chief executive and chairman, Longman Group, 58; Mr Aleksander Kwasiński, President of Poland, 44; Mr Brian Low, former High Commissioner to Papua New Guinea, 61; Lord Mackay of Ardbrecknish, former MP, 60; Mr David Rae Smith, chartered accountant, 79; Mr Paul Raymond, impresario, 73; Canon Eric Staples, former chaplain to the Queen, 88; Mr Sam Waterston, actor, 58; Sir Roger Young, former Principal, George Watson's College, Edinburgh, 75.

#### ANNIVERSARIES

TODAY Births: Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, 1676; William Glen, poet, 1789; Claude-Oscar Monet, Impressionist painter, 1840; Leo Hendrik Baekeland, inventor of Bakelite, 1863; Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Indian statesman, 1889; Mrs Mamie Eisenhower (Mamie Doud), 1896; Harold Larwood, cricketer, 1904; Dame Elisabeth Frink, sculptor, 1930.

Deaths: Justinian I, Roman emperor, 565; Nell (Eleanor) Gwyn, actress and mistress of Charles II, 1687; Louise de Keroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress of Charles II, 1734; Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, philosopher, 1831; Hector Hugh Munro ("Saki"), writer, killed in action 1916; Tony Richardson, film and theatre director, 1991.

On this day: one of the greatest known earthquakes in England occurred, 1318; book tokens first went on sale, 1932; Coventry Cathedral was destroyed by enemy bombing, 1940; the aircraft

carrier *Ark Royal* was sunk, 1941; the *New Musical Express* published Britain's first pop music chart, 1952; after a subterranean volcano erupted, a new island, named Surtsey, appeared off Iceland, 1963; the *Apollo 12* spacecraft was launched from Cape Kennedy, 1969; Princess Anne married Captain Mark Phillips, 1973.

Today is the Feast Day of St Adeodatus Arbert, St Dubricius or Dyfrig, St Laurence O'Toole, St Nicholas Tavellic, St Peter of Narbonne and St Stephen of Cuneo.

TOMORROW Births: Catharine of Braganza, queen of Charles II, 1638; William Pitt the Elder, first Earl of Chatham, statesman, 1708; Sir William (Friedrich Wilhelm) Herschel, astronomer, 1738; Charlotte Mary Mew, poet, 1869; Georgia O'Keeffe, painter, 1887; William Averell Harriman, diplomat, 1891; Erwin Johannes Eugen Rommel, field marshal, 1891; Annetta Bevan, statesman, 1897; Sir Sacheverell Sitwell Bt, poet and writer, 1897; Hamish Hamilton, publisher, 1900.

Deaths: Johannes Kepler, astronomer, 1630; Aelbert Jacobsz Cuyt, painter, 1691; George Romney, portrait painter, 1802; Emil Durkheim, sociologist, 1917; Viola Tree, actress and author, 1938; Lionel Barrymore (Blythe), actor, 1954; Tyrone Edmund Power, actor, 1958; John Le Mesurier, actor, 1983.

On this day: Isaac Pitman published his shorthand system, 1837; London was flooded when the Thames rose by over 28 feet, 1875; Brazil became a republic, 1889; floods and landslides caused over 500 deaths in northern Haiti, 1963.

Tomorrow is the Feast Day of Saints Abibus, Gurlas and

Samouas, St Albert the Great, St Desiderius or Didier of Cohors, St Fintan of Rheinau, St Leopold of Austria and St Malo or Machutus.

#### LECTURES

TODAY National Gallery: Tom Parsons, "Mythical Beasts (II): Pousin, Cephalus and Aurora", 12 noon. Victoria and Albert Museum: Frances Musker, "Fashionable Dress, 1550-1700", 2pm. Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "John Singer Sargent: virtuosos performances", 1pm. British Museum: Paul Collins, "Hunting Animals in Ancient Assyria", 11.30am; Paul Collins, "The Discovery and Revival of Ancient Assyria", 1.30pm. National Portrait Gallery: Moya Corcoran, "Julia Margaret Cameron", 3pm.

TOMORROW Victoria and Albert Museum: Frances Musker, "Fashionable Dress, 1700-1800", 2pm. Tate Gallery: Turner Prize Artists' Talks: Cathy de Monchaux talks about her work, 4pm (telephone 0171-387 8604 for tickets). National Portrait Gallery: Paul Webb, "J.F. Kennedy and the Special Relationship", 3pm.

#### DINNERS

Manchester Consular Association The Annual Banquet of the Manchester Consular Association was held last night at the Victoria and Albert Hotel, Manchester. Mr Wang Zhidong received the guests. Among those present were:

Col John Timmins, Lord-Lieutenant of Greater Manchester; Mr Tony Burn, Deputy Lord Mayor of Manchester; Mr Tony Lloyd MP, Minister of State, Foreign Office; Mr Zhonggang Ma, Ambassador of China.

## Let the Aztecs wipe the smugness off your face

THE CHIEF Rabbi once told me (and I've been waiting 47 years to say that) that if you wanted a definition of Judaism then you could do worse than think of it as the language God uses to talk to Jews. I thought that was rather neat at the time, simple, self-effacing and deceptively wise.

I was reminded of it again this week as a new film opened in London dealing with the largely forgotten role in the First World War of the British Empire - men from the Indian sub-continent who fought alongside the English, Welsh, Scots, and Irish and who died thousands of miles from home on the Western Front. *The Dance of Shiva* focuses on the relationship between the Christian padre, Captain Greville, and one of his Hindu recruits before tackling, by association, the conflicting claims to truth of what seem mutually exclusive world faiths.

The year 1915, when the action is set, is a time of certainties. Christianity is true; the rest are false. But on the battlefield things are not so clear-cut and even an Anglican chaplain in His Majesty's Armed Forces is forced to conclude that in extremis the philosophy contained in Hinduism's eternal cycle of birth, death, and rebirth might offer some sort of solace to soldiers aware that their next few minutes would, more than likely, be their last (or now on earth).

But Captain Greville has to confront the much more troubling possibility that this philosophy - despite its pantheon of implausible gods - might have a lot in common with the Christian philosophy; worse still, the Christian truth a.k.a. THE Christian truth. Both cannot be right. Can they?

By coincidence I, too, have been faced with similar thoughts this week, though thankfully from the comfort of a study chair. After nine months of research I have just finished a children's book on world religions ("I'm a very slow reader," the late Frank Muir once remarked). After nine months of research my head is packed with gurus and

the-road Anglican like me who has been taught that salvation and entry into God's presence are through Christ alone. But is it right to dismiss Judaism as only half of the story or Islam as a needless embellishment of a matter which was settled once and for all in AD 30 odd? Is the world-view of Hinduism simply flawed? Are the insights of Buddhism quaint but essentially misguided? To put it more directly: are the millions of Jews, Muslims, Hindus, Buddhists, Jains, Zoroastrians, Sikhs, Taoists and the rest simply barking up the wrong tree?

It is not enough to be content with the line about all beliefs being equally valid. Exposure to

ancient Aztec belief is enough to wipe the relativist smugness off your face. The implicit tolerance of all religions as essentially different paths towards the same goal rather breaks down in the face of human sacrifice and the religious injunction to slaughter a dozen or more prisoners a day to satisfy the blood lust of the sun god. Confronted with such "alien gods" you can quite easily imagine, indeed actually feel, the jaded disillusion of Eliot's magi as they stood in the presence of "Truth" in the form of the Infant Jesus and prepared to make their weary way back to a homeland hopelessly in error.

So what is one to make of the polarisation inherent in the "this is right; that is wrong" school of thinking? Those disinclined to a religious world view have a ready answer: they are all wrong. They argue that all religion is an essentially human projection of self-validating "truths" which are nothing more than elaborate, often infantile, fictions. And dangerous fictions at that. After all, they say, it was a Christian country we have to thank for this week's other anniversary, Kristallnacht, the night of broken glass when Nazis destroyed Jewish homes, businesses, and synagogues in an orgy of destructive hatred that signalled the waking nightmare of the Holocaust had begun.

Those of a religious disposition cannot argue with that, and however splendid the achievements of religion, all it takes is one Crusade or armed Jihad to put them on the back foot. And yet, for those devout Hindus and Christians who went to their fate before the Armistice was signed 80 years ago this week, there was more to religion than that. They have a different story to tell and a different understanding of the power of faith at that terrible moment in their lives.

In all conscience all they could do was listen to the voice of the divine in whatever language it chose and conclude, with Eliot once again, that "the rest is not our business".

# Don't worry... be happy

Bossa Nova is 40 this year, the sunny product of Brazil's post-war boom. So how come the beat's as fresh as ever? By Alex Webb

Some musical revolutions happen quietly. Forty years ago this year, just such a revolution was launched by a 78rpm single on EMI's Brazilian subsidiary Odeon. The single was called "Chega de Saudade" (No More Blues). The new record was unaccompanied by any new stances, slang, sexual come-on or sartorial trend - anything, in fact, that today's marketing men could get their teeth into. But it contained that rare thing: a new rhythm, a new kind of swing. "Chega de Saudade" was the first Bossa Nova (new beat) record.

It is the archetypal Brazilian guitar shuffle, and an enduring influence on popular music throughout the West, from its breakthrough in pre-Beatles USA to its presence in the music of artists such as The Beautiful South, Everything But The Girl, Sade and, most recently, Beck and Sean Lennon. Today, it is a music library staple for films and ads looking for a gloss of sophistication, as well as the bane of every cheesy hotel foyer. But what explains its extraordinary success?

In Brazil in the Fifties post-war optimism had not yet been tarnished by experience. President Kubitschek was building Oscar Niemeyer's futuristic new capital Brasília and proclaiming "50 years' development in five". Cinema Novo was emerging; the national team won the World Cup for the first time in 1958. In the bars of Rio's beach neighbourhood Ipanema, a group of self-aware musicians and poets was gathering, including the established pop and classical composer Antonio Carlos "Tom" Jobim and the poet Vinícius de Moraes. Significantly, perhaps, almost all of this milieu were the offspring of wealthy parents, and had the luxury of a level of musical experimentation denied to most pop or samba musicians.

It was into this circle that a young guitarist called João Gilberto came.



Bossa bossmen and women: clockwise from top right: Chico Buarque, Stan Getz and Astrud Gilberto, João Gilberto and 'Tom' Jobim

"Saudade" in the summer of 1958 brought a critical response ranging from apathy to dislike. The Odeon boss Andre Midani persisted, however, and in 1959 released an album by Gilberto.

"As we couldn't get through the radio," recalls Midani, "we went through universities, which in 1958 was an absolute revolution. The artists faced resistance from their middle-class families; on the other hand the music faced resistance from the radio stations. So we went into universities, because that would appease the families and at the same time we would go directly to the young crowd. And here, we had an immediate response. And then it got picked up on radio."

The music's huge international

break came in 1962, with the LP *Jazz Samba* by the US converts Charlie Byrd and Stan Getz, followed famously by the LP *Getz/Gilberto* in 1964 with Astrud Gilberto's lispier version of "Girl from Ipanema". Getz was to Bossa Nova what Dizzy Gillespie was to Cuban music: a North American who approached the music with genuine humility and sensitivity. Unfortunately the explosion of American interest led to most of the copyrights to the great Bossas being swallowed by US publishers in very poor deals, something that Jobim was to rue to the end of his life. The apathy of Brazilian publishers and the laid-back, vaguely anti-business mentality of the Bossa pioneers did not help.

Two events were to bring the

Bossa heyday to a close: the arrival of four young Liverpoolians in the States in 1964, and the imposition of military government in Brazil the same year. The gentle optimism of the Bossa no longer seemed the appropriate sound-track to Brazil's brutal new realities; a new wave of Brazilian songwriters was waiting, armed with the musical techniques of Bossa Nova but thinking in darker, more subversive lyrical terms. Bossa Nova became part of the musical library of Brazil, but was no longer at the forefront.

Jobim continued to make records, including the latter-day standard "Águas de Março" in 1972 and the adventurous "Urubu" in 1976. He died in 1994. Gilberto, regarded as increasingly eccentric

and unreliable by music promoters, nonetheless still performs and records occasionally. He is the last of the original circle to remain active, and his brilliance is undiminished.

One reason that Bossa Nova is still around is because musicians like to play it - they love the clever middle eight of "Ipanema", the dissonances of "Desafinado". But it also communicates something unique to the listener.

The great Bossas captured an extraordinary, optimistic moment in Brazil and combined it with the country's unique swing and a peculiar delight at both the beauty of nature and the possibilities of modern living. The form also contains moments of wonderful tenderness.

There are few more intimate sounds in music than Gilberto whispering Jobim's own lyrics on his neglected classic "Ligia" from the LP *The Best of Two Worlds*: "I've never dreamed of you," he sings in Portuguese, "I've never been to the cinema/I don't go to Ipanema/I don't like the rain, nor the sun/... And when I've telephoned you/I put the receiver down/I don't know your name/ And at the piano I forget the silly words of love I was going to say/ Oh Ligia..."

The musicians are playing so quietly, so carefully, that they sound as though they are trying not to wake the baby next door; Gilberto sings as if he is telling you a secret. The great Bossa Nova records are perfect miniatures, moments of serenity in a noisy century.

## TEN OF THE BEST BOSSAS

1. João Gilberto & Stan Getz, "Ligia", 1976. From the Getz/Gilberto reunion LP *Best of Two Worlds*: Bossa at its coolest and most seductive. Getz excels.
2. João & Astrud Gilberto with Stan Getz, "Corcovado", 1964. From the best-known Bossa LP of all, Getz/Gilberto, this version of the Jobim song includes both Portuguese and English lyrics.
3. Doris Monteiro, "Regra Treza", 1972. Fast and jazzy, this little morality tale by Toquinho and Vinícius is proof that Bossa need not be soporific. The "rule three" of the title is that less is more, but the singer complains that her boyfriend gives her so little that the rule no longer applies.
4. João Gilberto "Chega de Saudade", 1958. The one that started it all sounds surprisingly unassuming now but still delights.
5. Tom Jobim & Elis Regina, "Águas de Março", 1974. Do not be put off by its later use as a Coca-Cola jingle; its simplicity conceals a wonderful chord sequence.
6. Stan Getz & Charlie Byrd, "Desafinado", 1962. A close call with many other takes of this song, but this, which starts with the bass and brings in percussion layer by layer, allows the listener to anatomise the rhythm.
7. Tom Jobim & Sting, "Insensatez/How Insensitive", 1994. For once, Sting's robotic vocals sound perfectly appropriate. From Jobim's last album, with the composer adding vocal harmonies and piano.
8. Chico Buarque "Construção", 1971. Buarque was driven out of Brazil by the military. "Construção" starts as a conventional Bossa but the lyrics, telling the story of the death of a construction worker, are darker than anything Jobim wrote.
9. Ivan Lins & Terence Blanchard "Antes Que Seja Tarde", 1996. Pianist Lins wrote this subtle protest song in the last years of military government.
10. João & Astrud Gilberto "Girl from Ipanema" with Stan Getz, 1964. Well, it had to be in there.

Redfern

## The Ghost of Christmas Past will arrive at platform six

NO SOONER has the final firework been ignited in celebration of the fine old English custom of flame-grilling Catholics than Yule Britannia is upon us. A tidal wave of mince pies and fake snow cascades through the shops to join the advance guard of Christmas puddings that snuck on to the shelves in September. Santa abandons his elves at their huius time of year to embark on a hectic round of product endorsements. And "Stop the Cavalry" makes its perennial and unwelcome return. As the forces of

commerce drag the start of the festive season ever closer to October, it is only right that Dickens's plea for philanthropy also gets an unseasonably early outing. Stagings of *A Christmas Carol* usually take one of three forms: a "yuletide entertainment", a dark, Victorian ghost story with shades of Edgar Allan Poe, or a cautionary tale for smug fat cats and other members of the Carlton Club. But the director and adaptor, Andy Hay, shies from the easy options, and seeks instead to stage a "plea for change" which,

he argues, "is not strictly about Christmas". His chosen path is a near-word-for-word presentation of Mr Dickens's writings.

As such, the production exemplifies many of the pitfalls of literary adaptation. The rhythm, flow and narrative structure of a piece of prose are usually totally different from those of a drama. Just as a concert performance is not an opera, this is not a piece of drama so much as a rehearsed reading, and while remaining true to the book, it fails to fulfil the rich visual and

dramatic potential which differentiates theatre from the written word.

Mike Bearwith, a designer of outstanding flair and creativity, excels himself with the opening scene, a Victorian-alley tableau by Anton Pieck: it has the slight distortion of an early Disney scene and a metropolitan fussiness to which "Victorian" Christmas cards can

only aspire. However, having exhausted himself with such a vision of loveliness, Mr Bearwith apparently took to his bed, and his influence fades like the Cheshire Cat until Scrooge is left wandering an empty stage punctuated only by black drapes. The visions of the Cratchits' and Fred's Christmas festivities are played so far back in this hangar-like space as to turn Tiny Tim into Microscopic Tim. Visibility is not aided by the fact that the Stygian gloom is chronically mis-lit, with Scrooge's feet regularly being

the only subject of illumination.

Not to be outdone in this feast of maladroitness, the sound department arranges for the Ghost of Christmas Past to be so distorted and unrecognisable that it would come as no surprise to hear her announce the arrival of the 15.23 from Liverpool Street. With such a lack of technical polish, and a set so minimalist as to be non-existent, you wonder whether you haven't stumbled into the technical run by mistake.

But despite the page-bound two-dimensionality of the text and the

non-dimensionality of the set, Terry Taplin produces a rounded, glowingly three-dimensional Scrooge. He manages to make believable both the choleric Inspector-Morse-like "bah humbug" days and the transformation to New Scrooge, a giggling blend of Ken Dodd and Harry Wirth.

Andy Hay's desire to strip the story of chocolate-box glitz is admirable. It is unfortunate that the end product is literally rather than metaphorically, a "dark tale".

TOBY O'CONNOR MORSE

### DEREK WALCOTT

'Ted [Hughes] developed a deeper and deeper love of England as he got older. That's what was great in him'

— THE WEEKEND REVIEW, PAGE 14 —

### AVBREY BEARDSLEY

Until 10 January 1999

"A rare peek at the naughty Nineties" *Evening Standard*

Please note that some material in this exhibition is of an explicitly erotic nature.

Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, London SW7



## Thrift, Horatio, thrift! And stuff the quality

A COUPLE of weeks ago, in conjunction with something else, Trevor Nunn alluded to the National Theatre: to re-establish a permanent company there. He announced his idea so shyly, so tentatively, so wistfully, even, as if it were impossible - the ideal that has been at the heart of every plan for a National Theatre since such things were first contemplated over a 100 years ago, "the ideal that led Peter Hall to found the Royal Shakespeare Company and underplanned Laurence Olivier's assumption of the leadership of the National at the Old Vic".

The models were there: La Comédie Française, the Schiller Theatre in Berlin, the Burg Theatre in Vienna - all supported by the state, richly equipped, offering the citizens the very best that the theatre could offer; all sources of national pride.

The new century brought ever more companies: the Moscow Art Theatre, the Abbey, Jouvett's la Compagnie des Quinze, and then, after the Second World War, and perhaps most influential of all, Bertolt Brecht's Berliner Ensemble. Only Britain lacked either a national theatre or a company based, like Brecht's or Stanislavsky's, on an idea.

Two theatres, working on the most meagre of shoestring budgets, the Memorial Theatre in Stratford and the Old Vic in Waterloo, held together companies for whole seasons in a wide range of classical plays, and the development of the actors' work was astonishing, laying the ground for the great generation of actors now just gone. When finally, thanks to a very British combination of heady idealism, political chicanery and the operation of the old

### SIMON CALLOW



boys' network, these two organisations transmogrified themselves into the Royal Shakespeare Company and today's Old Vic within a couple of years in the early Sixties, it seemed we might at last be entering the theatrical kingdom of heaven.

And indeed, the richness of fare provided by those theatres during the first decade, both in terms of staging and acting, is enough to break your heart by comparison with what they offer today. Not, I

hasten to add, that the talent is any less remarkable, or that there is any less passion, or less commitment. It is purely and simply that it is impossible for *ad hoc* groups to produce the results that an ensemble can achieve, and there is today no ensemble in Britain. Why?

The answer, too boring to be bearable, is always the same: thrift, Horatio, thrift. It is more expensive, without question, to keep a group together than it is to cast from play to play. And for a group to function at the level that the RSC reached under Hall and then Nunn, or the National under Olivier and then Hall, the inspiration, whether from an idea or from an individual, needs to be white hot. Somewhere, they lost their power to inspire their members to think of themselves as a team, a family, a regiment - an

ensemble. Being a member of the RSC or the National became just another job: a rather less well paid job than the one in the West End or in television or film. It is unlikely that it will ever be able to compete in terms of financial reward with these media, and if Nunn's ensemble is to come into existence, it will certainly be incumbent on leading actors to make a sacrifice. If the theatre in this country is really to move forward, it must come into existence.

We're still drawing on the legacy of those companies in terms of the present crop of sixty-something actors, formed and nurtured in them, whose work simply could not be what it is today without that experience.

To take two at random: Ian Holm, now blissfully returned to stage work, and Elizabeth Spriggs, whose supremely achieved performance in *Sense and Sensibility* was a stirring

reminder of the depth of the RSC of that vintage. As in so many areas of British artistic life, we managed to achieve something remarkable, and then, instead of taking it forward, we were immediately put into the position of fighting to keep what we had, making compromise after compromise till the original glory began to look very distant. If Nunn is able to create his ensemble - and there is no one in the British theatre more likely to make it happen - we may look forward to a new heroic age of acting.

And then perhaps he might consider creating a school of acting attached to the theatre; this is the source of the inspired work of most of the great European and Slavonic companies. There is no limit to the depth and the brilliance of what could appear on our stages. That's my idea of the millennium.

John Viles 1550

1. John Coltrane & Stan Getz: *Coltrane's quartet with Getz, LP Best*
2. John Coltrane & Stan Getz: *Coltrane's quartet with Getz, LP Best*
3. John Coltrane & Stan Getz: *Coltrane's quartet with Getz, LP Best*
4. John Coltrane & Stan Getz: *Coltrane's quartet with Getz, LP Best*
5. John Coltrane & Stan Getz: *Coltrane's quartet with Getz, LP Best*
6. John Coltrane & Stan Getz: *Coltrane's quartet with Getz, LP Best*
7. John Coltrane & Stan Getz: *Coltrane's quartet with Getz, LP Best*
8. John Coltrane & Stan Getz: *Coltrane's quartet with Getz, LP Best*
9. John Coltrane & Stan Getz: *Coltrane's quartet with Getz, LP Best*
10. John Coltrane & Stan Getz: *Coltrane's quartet with Getz, LP Best*

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## THE WEEK IN REVIEW

BY MIKE HIGGINS

OVERVIEW	CRITICAL VIEW	OUR VIEW	ON VIEW
<b>THE FILM</b> FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS Johnny Depp and Benicio Del Toro star in Terry Gilliam's adaptation of Hunter S Thompson's druggy, satirical account of Nixon-era US.	"It has the forlorn look of a museum piece; a screeching battle hymn that wants to celebrate hysteria, and, instead, merely succumbs to it," bemoaned Anthony Quinn. "[It] celebrates extreme drug abuse and social irresponsibility of all kinds - sexual harassment, theft, homicidal driving, threatening people with guns, you name it," tutted the <i>Daily Mail</i> . Far out, thought the <i>Evening Standard</i> . "A wildly enjoyable trip - decorative, morally reprehensible and ultimately an eye-opener." <i>Time Out</i> was less impressed: "Depp and Del Toro... end up mugging like mad, while the merciless satirising of American mores is finally too relentlessly weird, wacky and tacky."	They said it was unfilmable - and they were right. Gilliam delivers typically imaginative visuals but, without a plot or a point, it's a lot of narcotic sound and fury signifying almost nothing.	<i>Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas</i> is out on general release, certificate 18, 118 mins.
<b>THE PLAY</b> TROILUS AND CRESSIDA Michael Boyd heads Shakespeare's difficult play into the early 20th-century, the Trojans becoming Irish rebels and the Greeks the occupying English.	Notwithstanding strong performances, Paul Taylor was unimpressed: "Conceptually, the production fails to add up. It feels like an incoherent accumulation of individually compelling touches." "Why does Ajax resemble a particularly dim heavy-metal rock star?" wondered <i>The Daily Telegraph</i> . <i>The Evening Standard</i> was kinder to Boyd's	"Ingeniously conceived and powerfully staged" production. "Though the framework is rickety and Shakespeare's vision compressed, an atmosphere of anti-heroic oppressive tension grows." "For once, it's like the work of the real RSC, rather than a scratch team falsely trading under that name," chimed <i>The Guardian</i> .	<i>Troilus and Cressida</i> is at The Pit, Barbican, London EC2 until 21 November. For bookings and enquiries, call 0171-628 2295
<b>THE TV PROGRAMME</b> BIG TRAIN Following the success of their sitcom <i>Father Ted</i> , writers Graham Linehan and Arthur Mathews dispense with the pre-biting to return with a new comedy sketch series.	"One had quite high expectations... and, divine it was," enthused Serena Mackey, adding: "If the BBC bosses haven't already recommended this, they're greater fools than News 24 suggests." Been there, done that, reckoned <i>The Mirror</i> . "Monty Python's <i>Flying Circus</i> was doing the same sort of thing over 25 years ago far better."	appreciated the show more thinking about it later than watching it," remarked the <i>Daily Mail</i> . <i>The Times</i> was more sanguine: "Those expecting something as magically mad as <i>Father Ted</i> may be disappointed but there were enough intelligently crazed routines here to make you feel that tuning in next week won't be a waste of time."	Sketch shows, including the hallowed <i>Fast Show</i> , are a mixed bag, but the pedigree of Mathews, Linehan and their collaborators suggests that <i>Big Train</i> is certainly on the right track.
<b>THE ALBUM</b> WHITNEY HOUSTON For <i>My Love Is Your Love</i> , her first non-soundtrack album in eight years, Houston has collaborated with Mariah Carey, Wyndol, Jean, Missy Elliott and Lauryn Hill.	"Intriguing," remarked Andy Gill, "though as the album progresses... she slips back into her comfortable old routine." <i>The Guardian</i> looked on the bright side: "Houston makes a praiseworthy job of exploring genres outside her usual area... She's never sounded less uptight." <i>The Daily Mail</i> also approved: "Only occasionally	does she sound ill-at-ease with tougher, modern beats and, if anything, it is the traditional ballads which disappoint." "An eye-opening set," agreed <i>The Times</i> , as long as you ignore the album's first single "When You Believe": "an untypical simple-minded duet with Mariah Carey which sends out all the wrong signals."	Left behind by the current R&B stars, Whitney has recruited the cream of the crop to make a decent fist of reinventing herself for the 21st century, but seems to get the fitters halfway through.
<b>THE COMEDY</b> JACKIE MASON The veteran Brooklyn-born rabbi-turned-comedian returns to London with a new show - <i>Much Ado About Everything</i> - but the same old wry Jewish wise-cracking attitude.	"Imagine a wise guy New York cabbie setting the world to rights - oo fast forward - and you get the idea," marvelled James Rampton. "He is constantly playing with racial stereotypes but in a way that is playful, rather than pernicious." <i>The Daily Telegraph</i> was appalled, however, finding "his comments, particularly about blacks	and homosexuals, unpleasant, oddly obsessive and surely passé". It added that his stage presence "is curiously fascistic in its overtones and devoid of intimacy". <i>The Times</i> thought him "unsure of his audience" but was more tolerant of his tastelessness. "That half-suppressed anger is what makes his shows so rewarding."	OK, so Mason's a little out of line with some of his non-PC material, but he's still untouchable on his home turf: the never-ending differences between Jews and Gentiles.
			<i>Much Ado About Everything</i> continues at the Playhouse Theatre, London WC2 until 28 November. For bookings and enquiries, call 0171-639 4409

### EXIT POLL

THE EXHIBITION  
WORLD PRESS PHOTO  
RHH, LONDON

NEIL HALLIGAN  
25, journalist, Ireland  
"It certainly makes you aware of what is going on in the world, rather than concentrating on your own area or country. The images here are striking. Some of the sports pictures I have seen in the national papers, but a lot of the images struck me as amazing."

PHILIP JAMES  
42, photographer, London  
"The images that stand out most were of the New York prostitute. It really told the story of that kind of degradation and survival. I think a lot of the pictures just happen to catch a moment in time and are quite effective. But some of them seem a little more staged. I tend to look at the staged images with scepticism, because I am aware they might not tell the full story."

ELISA KREY  
35, photographer, London  
"To have all these images in one gallery is amazing. It is inspiring to come and look at other people's work; how they have told the story in a single shot. I love documentary shots that tell me about something rather than shots that are set up. I prefer to see things how they are."

MAQUIN RINE  
20, shop assistant, Swindon  
"There is a lot of violence at the moment. The images of Albania are really horrifying, the pure rage. It tells you something you wouldn't get on the news. When you hear the news you don't get how people think and how they feel, you just get the facts. I think it is very important to show this, although it is horrifying. You get the more human side."

## The experts' guide to misogyny

Two classic plays, Seneca's *Medea* and David Mamet's *Oleanna*, currently on in Glasgow, illustrate vividly the danger in messing with a woman scorned - let the world's men beware. By Sue Wilson

A STUDY of female terrorists published a few years ago bore the arresting title *Shoot the Women First*, after an instruction commonly given to counter-insurgency forces - apparently women consistently prove the deadliest sex under ambush or threat, because they're less predictable, less amenable to reason. It's a view few would quibble with after seeing either of these two Citizens' studio productions, ancient and modern variations on the theme of messing with a determined female at her peril.

Clare Venables's new version of Seneca's classic tragedy *Medea*, directed and designed by Stewart Laing, plays the piece fairly straight in terms of structure and language, albeit sprinkling the text with oods to later revenge narratives, including Congreve's immortal "Hell hath no fury..." line.

Combined with the archly incongruous society-wedding costumes, this echo effect subtly heightens the story's elemental timelessness, even as Venables gives due sensuous prominence to the original's epic descriptive passages. The taffeta suits and full-dress kilt regalia also, with equal understatement, underline the fact that at the root of *Medea*'s betrayal by Jason be money and material power.

Kathy Kiera Clarke as *Medea* rightly commands centre-stage with a performance of riveting intensity and poise, an anguished fusion of

gigantic, terrifying rage and hot-tomless grief. She, together with Ellen Sheehan and Leonard Kavanagh, both on strong-form as a slightly saucy but increasingly alarmed Chorus, fill the near-bare space with vivid verbal tableaux from the drama's mythic background, recounting *Medea*'s key role in capturing the golden fleece and saving the Argonauts, the very feats for which she's now decried.

Gerrard McArthur's Creon pits a fine, steely coldness against Clarke's incandescence, while Pascal Langdale as Jason strikes an effective balance between defensive arrogance and hapless incomprehension.

Those same last attributes are also abundantly displayed by David

Mamet's college professor, John, in the second act of his infamous two-hander *Oleanna*, which is widely, though erroneously, regarded as an attack on political correctness.

To interpret it as such is to fall headlong into the very trap in which Mamet so cunningly and meticulously ensnares John, as virtually his every act and utterance during the first half stacks up his culpability - ethically if not always literally - for the charges later laid against him by his aggrieved student, Carol.

The point being that his constant interruptions, his condescension, his vanity and his presumptions of superiority all add up to entirely normal, un-outworthy behaviour for a man in his position, whereas Carol's turn-

## Soothing soup from a national treasure

PASS THE soup bowl, and I'll tell you a secret. This was comfort music. Watch the audience: not the usual itching-to-dance away for other African groups, but rap, smiling faces with a glow in their eyes. Ladysmith Black Mambazo (LBM) has a hot line to the northern European craving for inner warmth. The agency that coupled its television ads to "The Star and the Wiseman" knew the score exactly.

It really should do family afternoon dates, as LBM's appeal is totally homey and direct, but the act itself is a pretty sophisticated affair.

Once they'd run on and limbered up like a football team they were in charge. When on-stage audience participation seemed to be getting out of hand, the founder and lead singer, Joseph Shabalala, had it sorted in a flash. The harmony of the 10 a cappella singers was spot-on, the rhythms



LBM: went down well without catching fire Richard Young/Rex  
hint at real excitement. Mostly it soothed the British public.  
LBM is clearly seen as a South

was one of their greatest hits, with the hit single half-way through and "Homeless" at the end. Shrewdly handled, though: when the once-controversial *Graceland* collaboration came up, they made the audience sing the tune that used to be Paul Simon's.

Plenty of energy too from Busi Mkhongo in support. Her diminutive presence shuffed about in front of a five-piece band and backing singers, hitting you in the face with a soaring, sometimes wordless high line. Later you could hear LBM's lower voices set up the same rhythms. On Monday it went down well without catching fire. The guitar work was solid, rather than dynamic and Busi's less assertive moments found her competing with it in the middle register.

Extra show: RHH, Monday, 7.30pm

ROBERT MAYCOCK

## THE WEEK IN RADIO

ROBERT HANKS

THERE HAS been a disturbing outbreak of revisionism about the First World War in recent years, a tendency to suggest that Butcher Haig was a highly competent general, and not such a bad stick after all. The latest and strangest version has been Niall Ferguson's notion that soldiers quite enjoyed the war really; how else do you explain the time it lasted?

One good thing about the torrent of war programmes on radio this last couple of weeks is that that sort of idiosyncrasy has been swamped: the loathsome futility of the whole business, and the disregard for the common soldier that fuelled the slaughter, have been re-established in the popular consciousness.

All the same, I can't help wishing that there had been a little less of it all. There are only so many afternoon plays about Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon you can listen to in a lifetime. *Strange Meeting* (Radio 4, Wednesday) - an entirely reasonable play for the 15 minutes I could bear to listen to it - took me well over the limit.

But one or two programmes managed to make the terrible facts seem fresh, particularly Ruth Prince's feature *The Unknown Soldier* (Radio 2, Tuesday). Superficially, this was a stereotypical Great War compilation: old soldier's anecdotes, scratchy period songs and readings from Wilfred Owen,

strung together with a narrative about the awfulness of it all. But Prince also tried to make sense of the culture and politics the war left behind, the way Versailles led on to Munich and Dunkirk. And Tony Robinson brought to the narration a lightness and a pleasing sense of irony, simply observed rather than strained forcing how a pair of graves near Mons (for Private J Parr, one of the first soldiers killed in August 1914, and Private G E Ellison, the very last British soldier to die on 11 November) bookended four and a half years of slaughter.

Meanwhile, *The World Tonight* (Radio 4, Wednesday) devoted some time to discussing the

consequences of the war. Lisa Jardine and Will Hutton were asked for their views - despite the fact that either, as far as I could make out, had any insights to offer beyond what an intelligent listener could pick up from a couple of paperbacks and the odd edition of *Time*.

We moved on to an item about the Metropolitan Opera in New York. For this, they'd called on Norman Lebrecht to be his controversial self. This clichéd approach to experts is getting me down. Yesterday morning, the Today programme tackled the relationship between monarchy and government: lo and behold, "constitutional expert" Vernon Bogdanor and the Queen's

biographer, Ben Pimlott. Don't get me started on Jonathan Glancey. I don't want to put down any of these individuals (except Lisa Jardine, whose attempt to argue, in the Radio 4 programme *Lion's Den*, that the British novel is too parochial and bound up with love affairs in Hampstead, was one of this year's intellectual low points - largely because of her inability to name a novel published in the past 20 years that fitted the category she was attacking. What I want to put down is the laziness involved in asking them - the people making these programmes can't even be bothered to have a quick flick through the Rolodex. And then they wonder why Radio 4 loses listeners.

### ARTS DIARY

DAVID LISTER

SIR PETER Hall has suffered a rather startling setback in his laudable aim to run a repertory season at The Old Vic next year. Sir Peter asked the Arts Council if he could have a £500,000 guarantee against loss (not a subsidy; he stresses) for the next three years. "They were sympathetic but not encouraging," he told me. "Their view is that there is sufficient serious theatre in London."

How fascinating to learn that the funders of drama will pay for only so much "serious theatre". What is their cut-off point? How do they define serious? Oh, to be a fly on the wall at the next council meeting. "I'm a bit worried about this Racine hloke in the West End. Sounds suspiciously serious." Gloomy shaking of heads all round. "Yes, French. Must be serious. Oh dear. Not even a Hollywood star we can give some public money to, and show Chris Smith we're modern and cutting-edge."

I look forward to the Arts Council drama director, Anna Stapleton, explaining what constitutes serious theatre and exactly how much there should be in London. In the meantime, Peter Hall's offer to run The Old Vic with a repertory company and an artistic policy should be embraced and properly funded if there is a genuine concern about theatre, "serious" or otherwise.

IS STEPHEN Daldry (right), the Royal Court's artistic director, auditioning for a role as a spin doctor? Certainly he delivered a Shane Warne-like linguistic

National Theatre has not been all air kisses and huggy being there for each other. The National's design does have its problems, particularly in the Olivier's acoustics, though I believe the building as a whole is still vastly underrated.

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## THE BOOKS INTERVIEW

## Whispers of immortality

Derek Walcott, friend of Ted Hughes and fellow bard, tells Paula Burnett about myth and memory

**D**erek Walcott is sitting in the corner of a small dark-panelled hotel bar, just north of Oxford Street, nursing a cold as the half-light of a dull November afternoon fades. In as many days, he has been in Heidelberg, with Volkswagen ("It's good. They're developing a kind of relationship to the arts that's international now"), in Nice, in Granada and now London. In four days' time, he will be in Bermuda for a performance of his play *Rememberance*. Tiny tables topped with beaten copper take a shine to the coal fire nestling improbably in a Victorian range. It is not hard to imagine TS Eliot's London, where "A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps". But now it is not so much Eliot as Ted Hughes who bulls the shadows. Walcott was in Spain for the Lorca centenary when he heard of his friend's death.

He is here for the British launch of his essays, *What the Twilight Says* (Faber, £9.99): three important statements of his ideas, including the beautiful Nobel Prize lecture "The Antilles", some short studies of diverse writers, and a story. Walcott is a kingfisher critic, with flashing insights, an original who writes a profound, poetic prose. Mine is his fourth appointment of the day, but he is courteous as ever. He speaks as he thinks, twisting and turning, allowing one idea to spark another, changing sentences in mid-stream to capture precisely what he is after, reminding me of Hughes's much-loved poem "The Thought-Fox". The familiar recording of it in Hughes's rich voice had begun the hastily-scheduled tribute that packed the Purcell Room the day before, to which Walcott contributed.

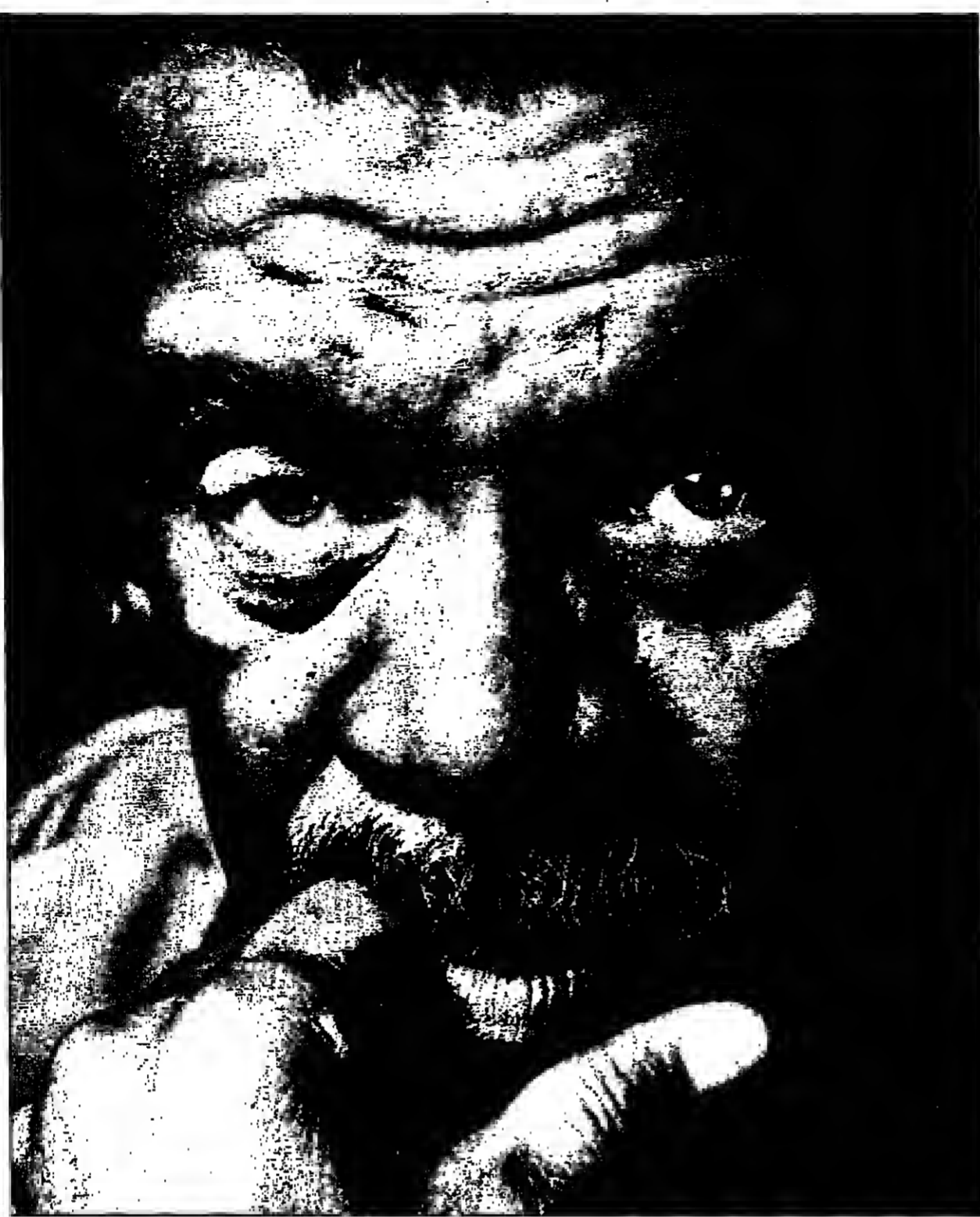
At 68 (and so born in the same year as Hughes), Walcott is far from retired. Now based in New York, he commutes for one night a week to Boston University to teach. Otherwise, he spends as much time as possible in his native St Lucia, where the "bounty of Sweden" has enabled him to build a house with a studio that's "very nice, nicer than the work I do".

Between writing poems, plays and screenplays, painting, and doing storyboards – not to mention directing plays, and reading internationally – he is always busy. He rises early, though not quite as early as he used to, and works at the typewriter, liking the noise that "makes you feel you're working", but aware of the "stupid age-prejudice" that he has against the computer. He rejoices that he has now given up not only alcohol but tobacco (laughing, he says "If I've done it, anybody can do anything") and has learned how to have that first coffee without a cigarette.

He is brim-full of projects. He has filmed some scenes from his play *The Odyssey*, is hinging out a volume of his watercolours with an introduction that has turned into a longish poem, and is working on screenplays, including adaptations of *Omeros*, his epic transposition of the *Odyssey* to St Lucia, and *Ti-Jean*. So many Caribbean novels would make "terrific films", he says. "I would love to do a [Sam] Selvon, setting it in London".

At home, he has plans for his Rat Island arts centre, with "a band-shell, studios, etcetera, but that is going to take a lot of money to raise". The dream is still in its infancy, but last summer he gathered a score of international theatre artists in St Lucia, including some of his old colleagues from the Trinidad Theatre Workshop, as well as some new young actors. His face lights up as he talks of their brilliance.

A question about *The Capeman* – the musical he wrote with Paul Simon, which



## DEREK WALCOTT, A BIOGRAPHY

Born in St Lucia in 1930, Derek Walcott and his twin brother Roderick were brought up by their mother, a schoolteacher. Their father, an amateur poet and painter, died when they were a year old. He has published 18 volumes of poetry, including two epics, *Another*

*Life* (1973) and *Omeros* (1990). He graduated in Jamaica and studied theatre in New York, then returned to the Caribbean to found and direct the Trinidad Theatre Workshop from 1959. He has written some 40 plays, and several screenplays. In 1992, the RSC staged *The Odyssey*, and this

year his collaboration with Paul Simon, *The Capeman*, opened in New York. He is now Professor of Poetry at Boston University. His honours include the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry in 1988 and the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1992. He has three children and three grandchildren.

closed after a few weeks on Broadway and many years' work – summons a more sombre mood. For the last month, he stopped going to rehearsals, feeling betrayed by Broadway's "very high banality". "It's not a Broadway play," he insists, and talks about the "disastrous" absence of anything like the National Theatre or the

RSC in the US. But he is careful not to carp. "Perhaps it was bad," he says, "but at least it should have gone down as its own thing". Could it be revived? There was some good work in it, he replies, which "should be somewhat preserved and re-attempted ultimately" – but not yet.

I ask him about myth, discussed in

"The Muse of History", one of the essays in the book. He begins by calling myth history's alternative, the opposite of reason and hierarchy, and then cites Ted Hughes's view that myth "is much more powerful than reality". He warms to his point.

"What happens now? Ted Hughes is dead. That's a fact, OK. Then there's some-

thing called the poetry of Ted Hughes. The poetry of Ted Hughes is more real, very soon, than the myth that Ted Hughes existed – because that can't be proven. You follow what I'm saying? Since this is a domain of myth, anyway – a kind of tribal-memory thing – what happens? Ted Hughes enters the tribal memory of England. So Hughes's poetry is a part of the myth of England and is part of the myth of English poetry..." He pauses. I think of Hughes, who said that, as Poet Laureate, he served the tribe.

He turns to education: "When a child's mind develops and is heading in a certain direction, we murder that mentality, we murder that imagination, by saying 'Now, that is all well and good, but now sit down and start to study'. What is lost in this process, he adds, is Traherne's and Blake's idea of the "innocence of soul".

So is writing, for him, a devotional practice? "Yes, completely. I mean, I am grateful, you know. I have to be grateful in the sense that I feel that what I have is a gift. That's another pompous expression that is out of fashion, to say that poetry is a gift. It sounds pompous because you say, who gave you the gift, and what is this gift?"

"And the gift is where I am, the gift is what I have come out of, the people around me who, I think, are beautiful people. They are, because they have gone through so much, and their fortitude is tremendous, and their beauty is part of that fortitude, and the landscape they inhabit..."

He leans forward. "Just recently, a guy was playing a shac-shac [a kind of maraca made from a gourd with seeds] in a band in St Lucia and I was looking at that guy's face, and I was saying, that's why I'm here, that's what I want to do, I want to have that guy's face – a black guy with beautiful creases in his face, you know, and wearing a hat, and a kind of serenity on his face, playing the shac-shac, and the creases on his face. Not to paint it, not just to say, 'to paint it would be good', but to feel it. That's why I'm here. I'm here for this man's face."

The older you get, Walcott says, the stronger you know what your roots are. "That happened to Ted. Ted just developed a deeper and deeper love of England. It just got deeper as he got older. And that's what's great in him. I think of Eliot's poem to the Commonwealth war dead, which opens with the line 'A man's destination is his own village'. Destination, it says, is not the same as destiny."

When I leave, the street is dark and awash with a tropical-strength downpour, but cold. Walcott has to miss Hughes's funeral, but Seamus Heaney is coming to London for it and they have a night at the same hotel, sharing memories. Those who heard Hughes, Heaney and Walcott read together a few years ago at Stratford's Swan Theatre are unlikely to forget it.

The next day a car will whisk Walcott to receive an honorary degree at Warwick University. He will sleep as a sodden England wheels by. But once there, refreshed, he greets old friends like Odysseus in the underworld. He addresses 700 young people with the wit and gravity of the gifted teacher that he is, and reads them "Spiller's Return", with its spiky fusion of calypso and classical satire, as well as the heart-rending poem "Sea Canes".

It begins "Half my friends are dead", and begs "give me them back, as they were... with faults and all", but then moves on to the wisdom that "out of what is lost grows something stronger". Out of what is lost, and what is held, Derek Walcott's words still go from strength to strength.

## COVER STORIES



**DESPITE THE** presence of Irish PM Bertie Ahern and two of his predecessors, there was a refreshing lack of formality when Rodder launched Helen Burke's and Olivia O'Leary's biography of Mary Robinson in Dublin. The former Irish President (now UN High Commissioner for Human Rights) was detained in Geneva and might have been embarrassed by the praise heaped on her by Ahern – who ran the campaign of Brian Lenihan, Robinson's opponent for the post. However, President Robinson's own easy informality did not always please the Brits. When Prince Charles visited her, royal protocol demanded that security personnel be present during his private lunch. Robinson said no, and HRH had to settle for one security man on the other side of the corridor.

**NEXT SPRING**, one of O'Leary's fellow *Newsnight* presenters will also make a debut between hard covers. Francine Stock has opted for fiction: *A Foreign Country* (due from Chatto) is about a TV journalist whose coverage of a war in the former Soviet Union brings his aged mother face to face with her past.

**NO ONE** could have failed to shed a tear at this week's *Talking Heads*, with Thora Hird waiting for death in an old people's home. Alan Bennett's real-life humanity is captured in *The Lady in the Van*, his account of the elderly lady who, for 15 years, lived in his Camden drive. It is now to be published as a stand-alone paperback from the doughty independent Profile Books, who made Bennett's *The Clothes They Stood Up In* a bestseller. Small wonder that the firm, set up by Andrew Franklin after his ousting from Hamish Hamilton, has seen turnover hit £1m within its second year.

**ONE OF** Scotland's most notorious former prisoners is set to make headlines again. Jimmy Boyle, who met the psychiatrist who became his wife in the celebrated *Special Unit* at Barlinnie, has written a novel, *Hero of the Underworld*. Fuelled by his anger at the treatment of former prisoners and the failure of care in the community, it is brutally realistic – so much so that his friend Helena Kennedy begged him not to publish it. The version that *Serpent's Tail* are to issue in February is, apparently, heavily edited. Even so, it's not for anyone with a weak stomach.

**GOOD NEWS** for those who enjoyed Olivia Goldsmith's novel and the much-hyped subsequent film, *The First Wives Club*. The feisty novelist is at work on a sequel, *Wives Again*.

THE LITERATOR

## Swinging trickster digs deep in the heart of Dixie

How many more outrageous comic epics can a 67-year-old expect to write? John Sutherland worries that Tom Wolfe has saved the best till last

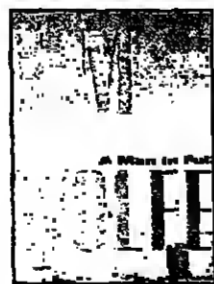
**MY MAIN** anxiety about *A Man in Full* is actuarial. Wolfe published his first novel, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, in 1987 when he was 56. This, his second, has appeared at the age of 67. I can think of no other novelist who has started so late, so well, and so slowly. And, alas, Wolfe is not what the insurance companies would call a "good life". he has already had his first serious heart attack.

Despite having taken up fiction at a time when his doctors might well have prescribed nine-hole golf, Wolfe has an uncanny knack: it is what one might call third-age cool. With space-suited Glenn in orbit and vanilla-suited Glenn at the top of the bestseller list (combined score, 144 years), this must be the year of the swinging old geezer.

*A Man in Full* makes the polemical point (tattered ex-cathedra by Wolfe in 1989) that the modern novel, like the legendary winky-wanky bird, has gone round in ever smaller circles, eventually disappearing up its own modernity. The genre needs, in Wolfe's analysis, to re-root in its coarse subsoil: the realist novel of the 19th century. And it must address itself not to the mandarins but to the REM generation.

The novel centres on a 60-year-old Atlanta real-estate developer, Charlie Croker, has a trophy second wife ("a boy with breasts", his first wife cattily thinks) and a business going belly-up. He owes over half a billion to his bank. What saves him? The stoic philosophy of Epictetus – another old geezer with the right stuff.

*A Man in Full* has the same shape and narrative routines as *The Bonfire of the*



A Man in Full  
by Tom Wolfe  
Jonathan Cape, £20, 742pp

*Vanities*. The building-block of Wolfe's fiction is the riff. Each chapter revolves around a single vivid episode: Charlie Croker, for example, superintending the mating of his stud stallion First Draw with a luckless brood mare. "Smash! – the stallion came crashing down on the mare's back and drove his enormous penis toward her yawning vulva. The very ground shook beneath Charlie and his band of guests. The quake rattled their innards. The planets collided. The earth wobbled. Sex! Lust! Desperate! Irresistible!" Within the large riff are smaller riffs; typically, a kind of stream-of-consciousness technique marked by ellipses, capitals and exclamations.

The young hero (Arrian to Charlie's Epictetus) is Conrad Hensley. By a crazy series of events which begin with a parking ticket, Conrad finds himself in the

"house" (prison) about to be "turned out" (gang raped) by the "Nordic Bund" (white supremacists). Comedy and horror mix, as they typically do in Wolfe. What saves Conrad from a fate worse than ten deaths? The philosophy of Epictetus and an act of God, specifically Zeus (don't ask).

*A Man in Full* is a more accomplished effort than *The Bonfire of the Vanities*; Wolfe integrates his narrative better. Yet this novel, like its predecessor, is crammed with incidental goodies, vast cargoes of information caught by Wolfe's journalist eye. We learn what it is like to work in a food-factory freezer unit, so cold that not icicles drip from your nostrils. And we learn why it is black kids in the "hood wear baggy pants: 'in prison they don't provide belts, and so if your pants are too big you let them ride down'".

Contemplating Wolfe's career, one is driven to ask why, at this late age, he has turned to fiction. As a literary critic, the New Journalism is far from worked out (what Wolfe could do with the Lewinsky affair?). The reason, one suspects, is that the novel is the last literary territory where you can write freely (and irresponsibly) about forbidden topics. And the "radioactive" topic is, of course, race.

The plot of *A Man in Full* derives clearly enough from the OJ circus. A running back at Georgia Tech, Fareek "Cannon" Fannon, is accused of raping a white businesswoman's daughter. He may have done it. But there is a complicating Desiree Washington/Mike Tyson aspect to the crime. She voluntarily went to his room, as had many other white groupies, under no illusions.



Vanilla suit, but no fudge from Tom Wolfe  
Keith Dobney

Only when surprised by her (white) girlfriends with her panties round her ankles did she indicate any alarm. Fifty years ago in Atlanta, of course, there is no question what would have happened: a good, old-fashioned lynching. 1997 is something else. Fannon is defended by a Johnny Cochran-style lawyer, Roger White. Nick-

named "Roger Too-White", he is a "beige half-brother", a "wannabe" (as Spike Lee labelled light-complexioned African Americans in his film *School Daze*). Fannon, by contrast, is a moronic thug from the hood with diamonds in his ears and half a hundredweight of gold round his neck. He is a very black black ("a jigabo", to use Spike Lee's other term).

Fannon is no role model for black youth. But Tech needs him for their fund drive. As the football team goes, so do the donations, and Fannon is an All-American, in line for the Heisman Trophy. The black mayor is locked in an election battle with a rival, blacker than he is, and needs a "cause" to bring in the ghetto vote (African Americans make up 75 per cent of Atlanta's inner-city electorate).

Plotting is not Wolfe's forte, and the Fannon business is simply a way of getting to the novel's principal concern. This is the race crisis in America that no white writer outside the licensed area of fiction even dare allude to – let alone be funny about. Comedy, of an outrageous kind, is ensured by Wolfe's choice of hero.

Charlie Croker is, by all the canons of political correctness, a lost cause. He cannot restrain himself from almost saying "Nigra" when discussing his "boys" on his 29,000-acre plantation "Turp'mine". Croker believes in the "big swinging dick" theory of life. Testosterone is what made America great (a recurrent theme in Wolfe, going back to *The Right Stuff*). As it happens, although the novel does not linger on the irony, Charlie raped his future wife on their first date. It's a man

thing, we understand. Wolfe's cleverest trick is to make the reader actually like this unconstructed monster.

Fiction and rap music are the only places where the creative artist can now freely use the N-word, and ponder all the baggage that it brings with it. In *A Man in Full*, Wolfe splatters it around with Mark Fuhrman-like profusion, often putting it in the mouths of otherwise sympathetic characters (the luckless father of the not-raped girl, for example). Doubtless Wolfe will be attacked for his insensitivity (as *The Bonfire of the Vanities* was attacked). But the central contention of the novel is, I think, incontrovertible. Race relations in America are at boiling point and one of the ways to take them off the boil is comedy. Rap probably helps, as well.

In some ways, the novel is reminiscent of Warren Beatty's new film, *Bulworth*. There, a white politician has a nervous breakdown. The "bizarre" symptom is that, for the first time in his life, he tells the truth about race relations in America. Beatty's film dissolves into liberal fudge: Bulworth solves the drug problem in LA by buying black kids ice-cream, "dissing" the LAPD, and having it off with a beautiful (light-complexioned) African American who is half his age.

Wolfe avoids the easy solutions, the "happy ever afters" which, traditionally, fiction has used to disembarrass itself. *A Man in Full* ends with a tart cynicism: the Thackerayan "amari aliquid", or touch of bitterness. This is, indubitably, a long novel. It is also, I think, a great American novel about a big American mess.

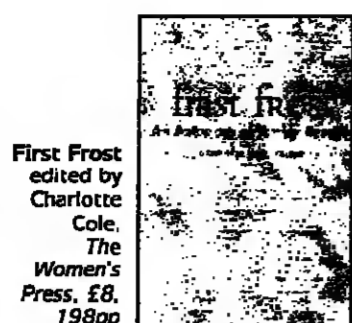


## PAPERBACKS

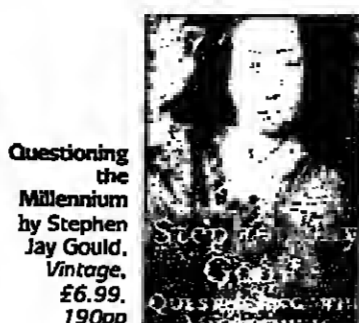
BY EMMA HAGESTADT AND CHRISTOPHER HIRST



**ABSOLUTELY NOT** to be missed, these two absorbing essays, about a bohemian who was eccentric even by Manhattan standards, date from the heyday of the *New Yorker*. In 1942, Mitchell profiled Gould, aka Professor Seagull, a bearded weirdo who enlisted literary shindigs with hircalls and claimed to be writing a limitless oral history. Twenty-two years later, Mitchell returned to the same topic. In some ways, the amazing truth about Gould recalls Stephen King's *The Shining*. Sympathetic and patient, Mitchell was a giant of journalism. His classic collection, *McSorley's Wonderful Saloon*, equally cries out for reprinting.



**EXTREMES IN** weather seem to bring out the best in writers, and Charlotte Cole's anthology of winter readings includes some real goodies. Set in a chilly Montreal, Carol Shields's story "Chemistry" explores the emotional configurations of an Early Music recorder group; while Margaret Atwood's story of a boozy work lunch is set against an urban winterscape of howly subways and dingy bars. Closer to home, Ali Smith remembers Scottish school days, and a Christmas concert; and A.L. Kennedy's mischievous story "Cap O'Rushes" recounts how a wife leaves her "goblin husband" after a bout of flu.



**USED TO** probing aeons of geological time, Gould now turns his gaze on a mere 6,000 years. This is the age of the universe according to Archbishop Usher, who claimed everything came into being at noon on 23 October, 4004 BC. Gould notes that upheavals caused by millenarians range from the Peasants' Revolt to the Battle of Wounded Knee. The confusion over whether we should party on 31 December 1999 or a year later is due to a sixth-century monk called Dionysius Exiguus (Little Dennis), who miscalculated the birth of Christ by four years and forgot about the year zero. Bringing a light touch to such weighty topics, Gould is a class act.



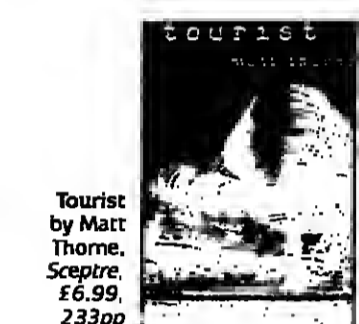
**IMPOTENT GERMANS** may not sound much of a turn-on – possibly even dangerous – but Hauptmann somehow makes these lecherous tales interesting. Unlike Bridget Jones, German insurance broker Carmen Legg has a satisfactory sex life. A red-haired uber-babe with a BMW and long legs, Carmen's only problem is keeping the men away. Fed up with the their over-enthusiastic demands, she takes out a lonely hearts ad for an intelligent, but impotent lover. Not rising to the occasion are a Bavarian count and a balding giant. The style isn't great, but the Teutonic setting gives the sex an interesting edge.



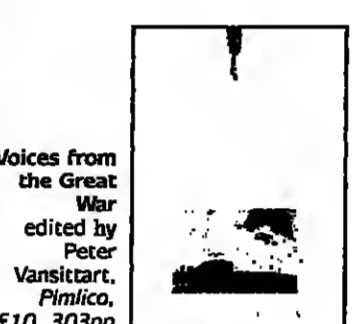
**ACCLAIMED FOR** its scholarship, this first full biography of Mary I's consort is also wonderfully readable, from the oddly familiar account of his youth ("it is difficult to believe that Philip had any real experience of childhood or domestic affection") to his gruesome death. Bugged down in paperwork, Philip applied his passion for accountancy to his vast collection of relics: 10 whole bodies, 144 heads, 306 limbs... Though he abandoned Spain's "refreshing absence of repression", Philip encouraged the Inquisition for political not spiritual reasons. Scorching long-established myths, Kamen has produced a penetrating portrait of a driven man.

SPOKEN WORD  
CHRISTINA HARDYMENT

**THE STAR** of the show at this year's Talkies awards, the Oscars of the Spoken Word industry, was Spike Milligan, who accepted the award for *The Last Gown Show of All*. Stephen Fry was also given an award for his own reading of his unabridged autobiography *Mouth is My Washpot* (Random House), as was Derek Jacobi, Performer of the Year, and Anne Fine, whose *Tulip Touch* (Puffin) won the children's fiction award. Hugh Laurie's *Three Men in a Boat* won the award for abridged classic fiction and Liza Ross's magnificent marathon *Gone With the Wind* (Chivers) the award for unabridged classic fiction. *Travels With My Aunt* (BBC) won abridged modern fiction, *The Third Man* (MCH) best film adaptation, *Diana – a dedication in seven ages* (Naxos) won the poetry award and Carole Boyd's reading of *The God of Small Things* (Isis) won for unabridged modern fiction. David Rintoul's reading of *Callaghan* won non-fiction; Bernard Cribbins's *Sophie is Scared* (Cover to Cover) children's pre-school, and Victoria Wood's *Live 1997* (Penguin) contemporary comedy. The two top awards reflected the achievement of those who take up the challenge of writing for audio. Tom Wolfe's *Ambush at Fort Bragg* (BBC), read by Frank Muller was Talkie of the Year, and Alan Bennett won the award for outstanding achievement. The winning titles are available by mail order (0171-491 4117) from the Talking Book Shop, Wigmore Street, London W1.



**THE TWINKLING** arcades of Western-Super-Mare provide the backdrop to Matt Thorne's accomplished first novel. When ex-student Sarah lands herself a job selling neon displays to local businessmen, she also ends up a regular visitor to her boss's marital bed. She's also sleeping with an old man called Henry, but is coming to like Neil, her summer student help. Occupying an emotional no-man's land between *Rita, Sue and Bob Too* and *Wish You Were Here*, Thorne describes sex, boredom and a lifetime of morning-afterers in a British seaside town. Particularly good on girls' nights out.



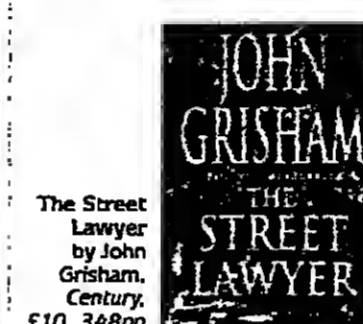
**THIS ENTHRALLING** scrapbook illuminates unexpected facets of a conflict where mechanised armies meshed like locked gears. The chivalry which led so many to volunteer can also be seen in the wreaths dropped by Allied aviators on the airfield of a dead German ace and the fags and chocolate thrown by Tummies to German POWs in 1918. The word pictures of Mayakovsky and Apollinaire remind us that the First World War was the birthplace of modernism. But it is the horrific images of Owen ("Gas! Quick boys! An ecstasy of fumbling") and Kipling ("eye-pecking gulls") which haunt the mind.



**EVERYTHING A GIRL** could wish for in a novel: good food, good scenery and kissing in the stables. Niall is a Cambridge-trained zoologist who decamps to rural N. Ireland to study the mating patterns of magpies. But as he roams the country round his new home, he is distracted by another kind of local inhabitant: Eddie, a dope-smoking vegetarian cook and Nadia, a raven-haired beauty (who likes to dress up in scarlet cloaks). Winner of a Betty Trask Award for her first novel *Theory of Mind*, O'Connell tempers her vivid prose with a sensible helping of well-explained science.



**SHE IS** a beautiful high-flyer, a non-parent in her field, ceaselessly productive. She wins over the sniffy proprietor of Cheval Blanc by identifying the two vintages served at dinner (1971 and 1964). With so much going for her, Jancis Robinson should be intolerable. Sorry, but this memoir is irresistibly charming. No wonder that in just two years, 1975 to 1977, Robinson rose from Hironelle to Chateau Petrus '45. She has kippers and Krug with Arlot; Coppola pitches a deal while she samples his own-label Zinfandel ("hearty and gutsy"). The same goes for this sparkling book.



**THE GIANT** Washington law firm Drake and Sweeney has everything an ambitious young lawyer could want (except Ally McBeal). But then a homeless person drops into the company's offices with a gun, and blows his head off in the oak-panelled conference room. A Grisham novel with an agenda (rich people should help the homeless), it tells the story of Michael, three years away from partnership, who witnesses the head-blowing incident and downshifts for a new career in legal aid. Never a hair out of place, or a sentence too many, Grisham sets the world to rights, if not alight.

## ERRATA



ROBERT REDFORD, THE STAR OF THE FILM VERSION OF THIS BOOK, SAID THAT LURING MURDERERS WAS LIKE FINDING A HUFFLE IN A MOUND OF DUNG.

## BESTSELLERS

Even the combined sales of this week's top three fiction titles (and that includes *Corpe Jugulum*, Terry Pratchett's latest instalment in his Discworld chronicle, straight in at number one) can't rival Delia's ever-increasing weekly sales: 25,542 at the last count and doubtless still rising. Meanwhile, Sebastian Faulks's appearance on prime-time TV describing his first encounter with the chateau that forms the backdrop to *Charlotte Gray* has sent him five places up the fiction list. Compiled from the data supplied on sales over seven days ending 8 November 1998. © Bookwatch Ltd, 1998

Faulks's appearance on prime-time TV describing his first encounter with the chateau that forms the backdrop to *Charlotte Gray* has sent him five places up the fiction list. Compiled from the data supplied on sales over seven days ending 8 November 1998. © Bookwatch Ltd, 1998

## ORIGINAL FICTION

TITLE	AUTHOR/PUBLISHER	WEEKLY SALES	PRICE
1 (-) <i>Carpe Jugulum</i>	Terry Pratchett (Doubleday)	16,439	£16.99
2 (2) <i>Amsterdam</i>	Ian McEwan (Cape)	3,575	£14.99
3 (8) <i>Charlotte Gray</i>	Sebastian Faulks (Hutchinson)	3,010	£16.99
4 (4) <i>The Path of Daggers</i>	Robert Jordan (Orbit)	2,935	£17.99
5 (6) <i>Rainbow Six</i>	Tom Clancy (M Joseph)	2,828	£16.99
6 (10) <i>Field of 13</i>	Dick Francis (M Joseph)	2,787	£6.99
7 (7) <i>Tara Road</i>	Maeve Binchy (Orion)	2,766	£16.99
8 (9) <i>Archangel</i>	Robert Harris (Hutchinson)	2,606	£16.99
9 (1) <i>Point of Origin</i>	Patricia D Cornwell (Little, Brown)	2,563	£16.99
10 (3) <i>Net Force</i>	Tom Clancy (Headline)	2,168	£6.99

## ORIGINAL NON-FICTION

TITLE	AUTHOR/PUBLISHER	WEEKLY SALES	PRICE
1 (1) <i>Delia's How to Cook</i>	Delia Smith (BBC)	25,542	£16.99
2 (-) <i>Notes from a Big Country</i>	Bill Bryson (Doubleday)	7,889	£16.99
3 (2) <i>The Life of Birds</i>	David Attenborough (BBC)	7,044	£18.99
4 (4) <i>The Little Book of Calm</i>	Paul Wilson (Penguin)	4,232	£1.99
5 (3) <i>Men Are From Mars...</i>	John Gray (Thorsons)	3,953	£9.99
6 (5) <i>Little Book of Feng Shui</i>	Lillian Too (Element)	3,630	£1.99
7 (7) <i>Real Food</i>	Nigel Slater (Fourth Estate)	3,499	£18.99
8 (9) <i>Losing My Virginity</i>	Richard Branson (Virgin)	3,365	£20
9 (8) <i>Addicted</i>	Tony Adams & Ian Ridley (CollinsWillow)	2,670	£16.99
10 (6) <i>The Gun'ner</i>	Lenny McLean (Blake)	2,481	£14.99

## INSPIRATIONS

JULIAN RATHBONE

**The music**  
I love all music, but one piece I cannot do without is Beethoven's piano sonata number 15, *The Pastorale*, for humour, whimsy, and delight raised to the level of deep emotion, especially when played by Alfred Brendel. I want the last movement at my funeral.

**The play**  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I've directed schoolchildren and amateurs in it four times and I wouldn't mind doing it once a year for as long as I've got. It is a celebration, a reminder that *Homo sapiens* is not always bad news.

**The place**  
The Alpujarras south of Granada, with the almond blossom like frozen fountains of sea-spray, or a few months later when the orange trees are in bloom and the spring snow flashing on the Sierra Nevada. Or the Plaza Mayor in Salamanca.

**The film**  
Cinema has become a passion, but my taste remains hopelessly philistine. *The Italian Job* (directed by Peter Collinson), *Get Shorty* (Barry Sonnenfeld), and just now the smartened-up re-releases of *Grease* (Randal Kleiser) and *The Adventures*

*of Robin Hood* (William Keighley, Michael Curtiz).

**The artwork**  
No contest here, ever since I saw it in the Prado in the mid-Seventies, in a smallish room, unglazed with an open window by it – it has to be Velázquez's "Las Meninas" (The Maids of Honour c1656). It has a little marble plaque beside it saying "The greatest work of art in the world."

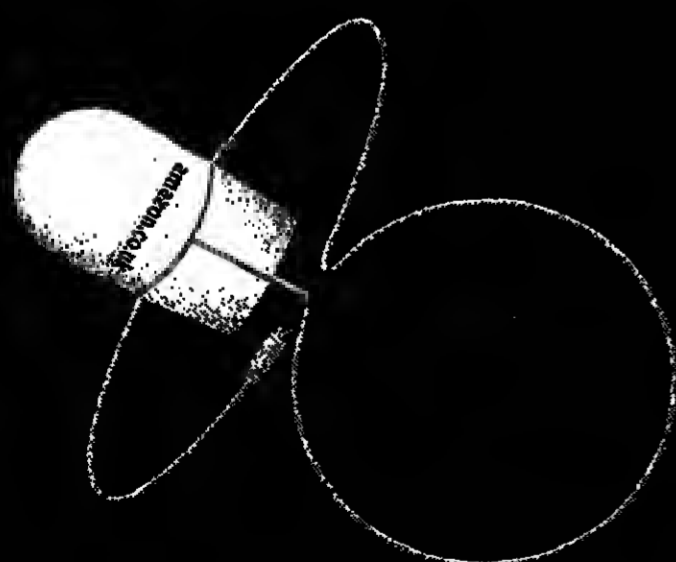
Julian Rathbone's "Trajectories" is published by Victor Gollancz, £16.99. He is currently writing the screenplay of *The Last English King* (Abacus £6.99).



Julian Rathbone

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# Secrets of an old farm kitchen

part from sundry mice, which must have thought the world was ending, nobody resented the upheaval more keenly than Jasper and Rosie, my tabby cats. As I came downstairs at 6.45am, I found Jasper sitting ostentatiously on a corner of my wife's desk, radiating disapproval. The position he had taken up; his attitude; the very set of his whiskers; everything was telling me not only that the Aga had gone nut, but that his favourite perch on the working surface beside it, where he likes to bask himself for hours on end, had mysteriously vanished.

As for Rosie, she was devastated to discover that her normal feeding place, on a draining board beside the sink, had also disappeared. Timid at the best of times, she lurked about outside giving piteous yowls, unable to face the possibility of coming in and being bounced by Jemima, my boisterous young black Labrador, without the possibility of jumping on to the high shelf that normally guarantees her safety.

The cause of all this dismay was our decision to renovate the kitchen. I mentioned this project some time ago, when I discussed the rights and wrongs of throwing out the old flagstones that covered the floor. Well, by last weekend we were past worrying about niceties of conservation, and in any case we had found a buyer in the village for any slabs that survived intact.

A water-diviner who once came to dowse for streams beneath our fields sat in the kitchen and, after consulting a pendulum, announced that the house had been built in 1681. We had no evidence to contradict his estimate, and by the time we had wrenched out all the units, the room looked at least 300 years old.

We have always known that our

## COUNTRY MATTERS



DUFF  
HART-DAVIS

kitchen was once the farmhouse's dairy, used for cheese-making, and the effect of clearing it was to make the slope of its floor seem even more pronounced.

Down this hill, in the old days, the farmer or his wife used to slosh buckets of water, and the fall of six inches from Aga to larder was one of the main reasons for our wanting to get things straightened out.

I awaited the lifting of the slabs with no mean excitement. Because they had sunk into various comfortable hollows, we always assumed that they had been laid directly on to earth, and now our theory was to be put to the test. There was always the chance - remote, I had to agree - that some earthen inhabitant had buried the family treasure beneath them.

The stronger and more sinister possibility was that we would find a stream flowing where we wanted to lay the concrete base for the new floor. Our neighbour, 50 yards down the hill, has been persistently troubled by just such a subterranean watercourse, which appears to flow directly from us.

Before the slabs could come up, the Aga had to go out - and until you have seen an Aga taken apart at the

seams, you have not lived. I had correctly imagined heavy iron castings, but not the tangle of innards or the mass of vermiculite insulation - glittery, featherweight chips - which poured out like slippery popcorn and had to be carefully shovelled into sacks for reuse later.

The first, ceremonial lift of a slab was performed by Matt, the work-experience lad helping our builder, who got the end of his jemmy down the side of it and prised it up. Beneath it, as we expected, lay earth and clay both fairly dry, but we were amazed by the slab's thickness -

nearly 5in - and by its weight. One by one its neighbours came up, and we took them out in wheelbarrows to stack them in the yard. Thank heaven, no watercourse came to light, but, alas, also no treasure. Nevertheless the floor did harbour several curiosities.

One was a mouse's nest of some antiquity, complete with hazelnut shells black with age. Another was live roots that had infiltrated through the south wall. At first I thought these must come from the fig tree growing against the house; but when we found roots invading

from the north as well, I was forced to conclude that the villain must be the big poplar on the front lawn.

If this diagnosis is correct, its implications are sinister, for the tree stands at least 30 metres from the kitchen, and its roots must have extended right round both sides of the house before penetrating the walls, so that, like a giant squid, it has the building clutched in its tentacles.

When a pneumatic chisel and a Kango road hammer were brought into play to smash the old concrete base of the Aga, the noise in the

empty room became shattering. In spite of the din, Jemima had to be forcibly restrained from assisting in the excavation. The cats predictably absented themselves, fleeing to the sanctuary of the hay bales. But, come dusk, they sought to return to their usual haunts, only to find everything still in chaos.

Their persistence reminded me of the time we moved an ark-and-fold in which our chickens spent the night, from a field to the bottom of the garden - a distance of barely 100 yards. The birds seemed quite unable to appreciate that their house

had shifted; so firmly hefted were they to their old territory that for night after night they went and camped on the bare hillside where the ark had stood, at the mercy of any passing fox, and as dark closed in we had to carry them in in safety one by one.

Now the cats are behaving in a similar fashion, and it is difficult to find a way of explaining to them that in two or three weeks' time the status quo will be restored - with the important innovation that, for the first time in its history, their playing-field will be level.



## NATURE NOTES

MOST GARDENERS must wish that moles would hibernate in winter. Yet they do not such thing, but carry on as usual, throwing up heaps on the lawn.

With five toes on each front foot, and broad claws, they are powerful excavators, and dig themselves elaborate tunnel systems. Needing to eat their own weight in food every day, they live on earthworms and insect larvae that fall into their runs. Although nearly blind - able only to distinguish

between light and dark - they have an acute sense of smell, and are sensitive to vibration, so that they cease digging if they hear footsteps approaching.

In spite of their rotundity, they are capable of no mean acceleration when threatened underground, or surprised in the open. What makes them distasteful to predators is the strength of their scent; foxes often kill them with a single nip, but then leave the bodies lying uneaten on the ground.

Moleskin waistcoats used to be fashionable in country districts. Full-time catchers would travel round their beat on foot, skinning victims on the move as they walked from one set of traps to the next, and selling the pelts at stipendiary apiece.

Hence the creature's nickname - the gentleman in black velvet - which was coined by the Jacobites after William of Orange's horse stumbled over a molehill and it killed him. DUFF HART-DAVIS

# Floodwaters bring hope of a revival in salmon stocks

The wild waters that recently swept across Britain may have upset many people, but anglers on some of our top game-fishing rivers are not among them. By Daniel Butler

Although the human inhabitants of the Wye and Severn valleys are still cursing last month's floods, the water is a welcome boost to wild salmon. The flood waters hide the fish from predators such as otters, while increased flows ease the way to the gravel beds in the shallower streams that act as fish nurseries.

Even so, such natural boosts are not enough for the Environment Agency. Backed by alarmed fishery owners, next week it introduces strict new by-laws to force fishermen to return prized spring fish and use barbless hooks, and to ban worm and shrimp baits.

For now, however, as the autumn spawning migration gets under way, the salmon have to rely on the elements and, in spite of this October's heavy rain, fewer fish than ever will make the journey. Catches on most rivers have declined dramatically over the past two decades. On the Wye, for example, the annual spring rod catch has fallen from 4,300 in 1967 to 730 in 1997. This year John Hopkinson, chairman of the Wye Salmon Fishery Owners Association, reckons that the final tally on what was once the premier salmon river in England and Wales is between 600 and 700.

Worse, even these stark figures disguise another problem. Salmon begin life as "parr" in gravel beds in upland streams. When about a year old, the fish - now called "smolts" - migrate to the sea to feed in rich areas off Greenland. When ready to breed, at about four years old, they return to the river where they hatched.

The first, and biggest, enter

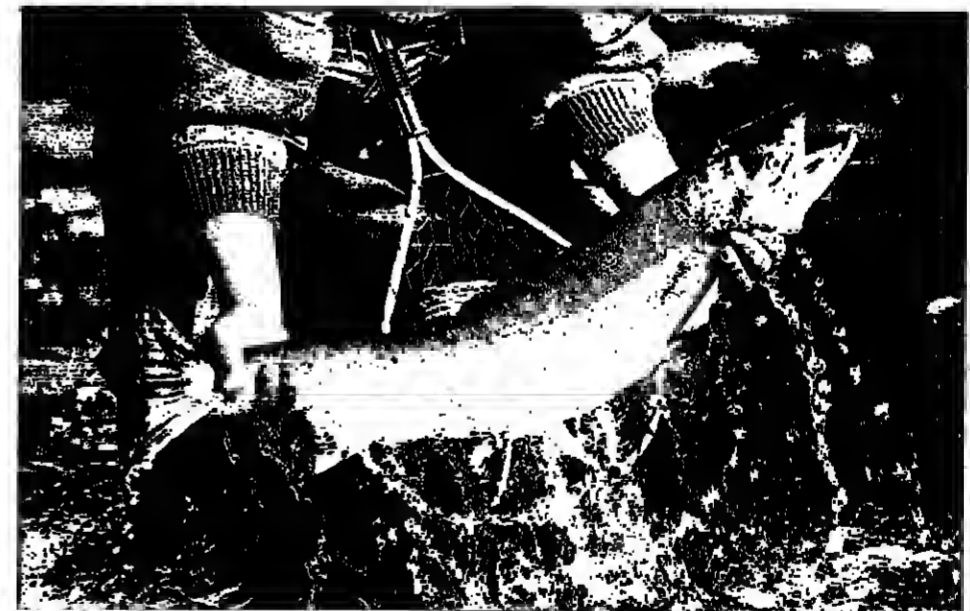
freshwater in early spring and it is these fish that are prized by fly fishermen. Later in the summer the "grilse" return. These have just spent one winter at sea in shallower coastal waters, and are considerably smaller. Accordingly they are less prized by anglers, but, more important, have lower reproductive success.

Unfortunately the proportion of grilse that fishermen have caught has been rising over recent years, reflecting their increase in the rivers. And scientific measures reinforce the worries of fishery owners. The Environment Agency has produced figures for the numbers of eggs laid in each major salmon river and these are well below what would be hoped for in healthy water.

For years falling stocks were blamed on poaching, but scientists dismiss this as relatively insignificant. The most likely cause of the current crisis is probably climatic. Ironically, in this age of fears of global warming, scientists believe the problems stem partly from a cooling of Britain's coastal waters as melting polar icecaps shift the Gulf Stream westwards. This results in poorer feeding for all marine life, but hits the predatory salmon particularly hard.

"The overall pattern is one of salmon numbers going down across the North Atlantic," says Guy Mawle, fisheries officer at the Environment Agency. "And we're particularly concerned about the larger, sea-winter salmon, whose numbers have crashed," he adds.

Naturally, fishery owners are worried. Along the Welsh border, they have formed the Wye Foundation, which tries to



Salmon are returning to once-polluted 'industrial' rivers. Telegraph Colour Library

improve breeding habitats by removing debris blocking smaller streams and cleaning up the gravel beds where the fish spawn. It also runs a restocking programme, based on live fish donated by anglers.

These are moved to a hatchery where their eggs are removed and fertilised, and most of the resulting progeny are released. These go to suitable areas where natural stocks are low or non-existent. A minority are kept back for a year, however, and released as smolts ready to migrate straight to salt water. But while such schemes may help stocks, everyone recognises that this alone will not solve the current crisis.

Another partial answer is to reduce the number of fish killed legally on the river by introducing a policy whereby anglers

return fish unharmed to complete their breeding cycle. This runs counter to angling tradition, however. "Game fishing has always seen itself as akin to game shooting," explains Hopkinson. "To some people the idea of releasing a salmon that you've pitted your wits against for hours, or even days, is like shooting at pheasants with blanks. Nevertheless, it is critical that anglers should support catch-and-release: the only alternative is to close the fisheries completely."

Next week the Environment Agency will introduce by-laws forcing fishermen to release salmon caught before 16 June. After that it is up to the individual as to whether they catch-and-release, but there may be local extensions and even total bans on killing salmon.

Nevertheless, in spite of the general gloom on traditional rivers, there are rays of hope from unexpected quarters. Improved water quality on many industrial rivers has seen salmon returning to haunts abandoned 150 years ago.

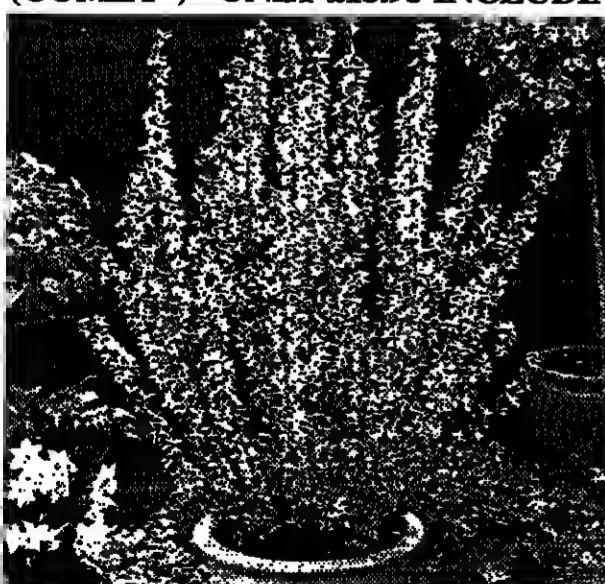
The Tyne, for example, is now among the best in England, while this summer a coarse fisherman on the Don in South Yorkshire was amazed to hook a large salmon.

Even on the Wye there is hope: "We've had two cracking good floods this year and it was a wonderfully wet summer," says Hopkinson.

Meanwhile, anyone wanting to see salmon leaping should try the weirs on the Taff in central Cardiff, or the new barrage on the Tees Estuary - or contact their local Wildlife Trust.

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# Just why do men collect cacti?

These great survivors have outrageous flowers and are very forgiving. Yet they have little appeal to women. By Anna Pavord



Mark Pedro de la Torre is a cactus-loving potter who specialises in making shallow containers designed specifically to enhance the visual impact of low-growing cacti

Andy Fox

Women don't buy cacti," said the owner of our local garden centre, with great certainty. "Boys, any age from seven up. That's where the market is. We sell any amount of cacti, but never to women." I tested the theory on a horticultural wizard at Reading University. He agreed. Cacti were his first love and he guessed that at least two-thirds of his male students still collected them.

Why? Well, they are forgiving, and accept neglect without sulking. They stay where they are put. They are cheap to run... no, those can't be the real reasons. "Think of their variety," exclaims Terry Hewitt, who keeps at least 10,000 of the things at his Holly Gate Cactus Nursery in West Sussex. If you are the collecting type, there are enough curiosities here for 100 lifetimes.

They are weird because they are survivors. In inhospitable areas -

desert, mostly - they are often the last plants left after all other vegetation has given up trying. Their spines provide awesome protection against grazing beasts. In high, dry places where days of extreme heat are followed by freezing cold nights, they grow long, woolly wigs. The hair insulates the core of the plant and protects it against extremes of temperature.

And, like some very old married couples, different species living in the same place start to look like each other, because they have all been buffeted by the same environmental difficulties and have overcome the same obstacles. So how do you tell your cephalocereus from your eposotus, or your coryphantha from your gymnocylindrus?

If you are me, you do not. I (shamefully) use the same blanket term, "cactus", to cover everything from the tall, angular pillar cacti of every cowboy film you ever saw, to unfriendly little pincushions that think they are working hard if they

put on a millimetre in five years. It is a shocking admission.

To know them, you have to grow them, says Mr Hewitt. That is true of all plants, of course, but there is less excuse for not growing cacti,

since any window sill could accommodate at least 10 of them. Beginners' plants include the haworthias, but you would never guess the kinship between the members of this particular family. Some, such as *H*

*attenuata*, are like gasping starfish; others (*H truncata*) look like neatly sawn-off stepping-stones.

Or you could try *stenocactus*, which eventually grows into a vicious little hedgehog about 5in across. But

then it flowers, and suddenly, out of a tangle of spines that would be classed as dangerous weapons if they were mineral rather than vegetable, comes a neat, perfect posy of pink flowers.

This flowering is brilliantly schizophrenic, like a Hell's Angel seen powdering his nose. Reboutias (another beginners' plant) do it too. They grow wild in dry, mountainous areas from Argentina to Bolivia, and are classic cacti pincushions. They are rarely more than 5in in height, but in early spring they leap into improbable bloom with flowers of red, yellow and orange. Cactus flowers seem to have no neck or stem, but sit low among the spines, serenely outrageous.

The neatest flowers are those of the mammillarias, which make a perfect coloured circle round the top of each globe, a crown among thorns. This is another huge family good for beginners. In the wild, they are widely spread, growing in Mexico, Colombia, Guatemala and

Honduras, but they all flower prolifically, even when very young. The first crop comes in spring, and it is often followed by a second and third flowering later on.

Many cacti are low-growing and so look their best in shallow containers. Mark Pedro de la Torre is one of the few potters in the country who make pots specifically with cacti in mind. He grows quite a few himself, displayed alongside showy succulents in the big bay window of his house in Herefordshire. Outside, sempervivums live happily in the same kind of pot. They are low and heavy with curved, doughnut rims.

The form is unusual and very kind to plants that are dumpy by nature. They are also strong both physically (good red Staffordshire clay that won't flake or break in winter) and in the effect that they create. Garden centres have done cacti no favours by dressing them up in plastic sombreros and sunglasses. Mr de la Torre's pots restore a cactus's pride.

## CACTI CONNECTIONS

MARK PEDRO de la Torre's workshop is at The Courtyard, The Old Rectory, Stoke Lacy, Herefordshire HR7 4HH (01432 820500). From 4-6 December he will be at the Contemporary Crafts Fair, Queen Charlotte Hall, Parkshot Centre, Richmond, Surrey. The fair is open from 10am-6.30pm (but closes at 5.30pm on the last day). Admission £4. His pots are also available from the Collection Gallery, Ledbury, Contemporary Ceramics, 7 Marshall Street, London W1 and Bourton House, Bourton on the Hill, Glouce.

Terry Hewitt's nursery, Holly Gate, is at Billingham Road, Ashington, West Sussex RH20 3BA (01903 892930). It is open daily, 9am-5pm. Send two first-class stamps for a catalogue. A wide range of cacti and succulents is also available from Southfield Nurseries, Bourne Road, Morton, Nr Bourne, Lincs PE10 0RH (01778 570168). Open 10am-12.30pm and 1.30pm-4pm daily, by appointment only November to January. Send a first-class stamp for a catalogue. For a comprehensive guide to the cactus family that is

accessible and well illustrated, try *The Complete Book of Cacti and Succulents* by Terry Hewitt (Dorling Kindersley, £15.99). *Cacti and Succulents in Habitat* by Ken Preston-Matham (Cassell, £10.99) gives a riveting account of what these plants can do when unconfined by pots and greenhouses. The British Cactus and Succulent Society has more than 100 branches. For more information contact the Secretary at 15 Breatwood Crescent, York, North Yorkshire YO1 5HU (01904 410512).

## CUTTINGS

NEWS FROM THE GARDENER'S WORLD

THE BRITISH Trust for Conservation Volunteers (BTCV) provides opportunities for people nationwide to get involved in conservation work and learn skills from professional instructors. The minimum age for most projects is 16. There is a busy programme for volunteers in the London area, with chainsaw practice lined up for the weekend of 28-29 November (cost £15). "Brush up your chainsaw skills with other chainsaw enthusiasts" suggests the BTCV. Their programme is printed on non-chlorine-bleached recycled paper using soya-based inks. How I wish they would turn their PC minds to ways of quietening the beastly (but necessary) chainsaw and its cousin, the strimmer. For more information about BTCV work in the London area, contact the training officer, Edward Kellow, at 80 York Way, London N1 9AG (0171-437 9137).

AUTUMN is the best time to sow a wild-flower meadow, says the aptly named Charles Flower, who specialises in wild flowers on his Wiltshire farm. He sells seed of many native flowers, such as lady's bedstraw and purple loosestrife, but also makes up different mixes suitable for particular conditions. His clay-soil mix contains self-seed and

yellow rattle; the one for chalk soils includes black knapweed and wild carrot. Wet soils are less easy to manage than chalk, but Mr Flower has a mix for that, too, with betony, tufted vetch and meadowsweet among the ingredients. Mixed batches of seed cost £40 a kilo (£45 for the wet-soil mix). Sow at a rate of three grams a square metre. Phone 01672 570782 for an informative plant list and order form.

AT SIR John Soane's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, is a major exhibition of drawings by the landscape designer, painter and architect William Kent, who died in the middle of the 18th century. He worked as an interior decorator at Kensington Palace, Kensington House and Houghton Hall before launching into his true métier of landscape design. "There is a new taste in gardening just arisen," wrote Sir Thomas Robinson to his father-in-law, the Earl of Carlisle, in 1734, and explained the marvel of Kent's working "without either level or line". Claremont, in Surrey, and Stowe, Buckinghamshire, are partly his work. The exhibition, which marks the 250th anniversary of Kent's death, continues until 19 December. The museum is open Tues-Sat (10am-5pm). Admission £2.

## In search of the instant garden: start here

Now you can buy tiny plants from seed companies. They travel by post, pot out quickly and they don't cost the earth. By Ursula Buchan

FROM THE outside, it may appear as though gardening were costly indulgence from the modern world, concerned as it is with eternal verities which transcend mere fashion. But that is not the case. All horticultural suppliers are sensitive to changes in lifestyle and circumstance, and gardeners have learnt to welcome their products with open wallets.

For some years, the larger mail-order seed suppliers have offered a range of young "plantlets" (mostly seed-raised, but also some rooted cuttings). Every year this range is given more prominence in their catalogues. Many gardeners, it seems, either are too timid or no longer have time to nurture seedlings, but have the money to pay someone else to do it. This change has coincided with technological advances in plant breeding and rearing, and also the packaging of perishable goods. The seed firms can offer plants at a number of stages of their development as tiny "plugs", which have been grown in modular trays, as larger "plugs", or as "pot-ready" plants. For many people, this has meant the fun of caring for young plants without the need for a heated greenhouse.



Young 'plantlets' are becoming more popular

GPL

The seed companies have been careful in their choice of plants. According to Paul Hanson of Thompson & Morgan, his firm has concentrated on plants that look good when they arrive through the post, and that perform reliably in the garden. They have plumped particularly for half-hardy annuals, such as busy lizzies (*Impatiens*), which are not always straightforward to germinate, and need to be started off early in the year - and have tended to choose varieties, such as double-flowered petunias, that are proven big sellers as seed. On the face of it, seed looks far the cheaper option for the

gardener. Into the calculation, however, must go the cost of seed and potting-compost, seed trays or modules, individual pots and a heated propagator. By contrast, you can buy 40 plugs of Petunia 'Prism Sunshine F1' from Dobies for £3.65. (Postage is free for orders over £23.) There will be delivered in mid- to late April, so need only be potted up once and put in a frost-free place, before being "hardened off" and planted out in late May. My calculation is that, including the cost of compost and 3-in pots, you could have a garden-worthy petunia for about 50p.

Buying plantlets by mail

order has its disadvantages. The range of choice available is still narrow and there are too many nasty colour mixtures of flowers for my taste, although this is improving.

Only Marshall's and DT Brown's offer vegetables other than greenhouse ones, such as tomatoes and cucumbers. Only the Organic Gardening catalogue carries wild flowers and herbs.

While the exact moment when seeds arrive is immaterial, it can be crucial in the case of young plants, which have to be dealt with almost immediately on arrival. So, if you are a kitchen-garden enthusiast who avoids flower colour mixtures like the plague and is away from home in the spring, this is not the solution for you. For everyone else, however, it has distinct possibilities.

Dobies (01801 616888), Suttons (01803 616514), The Organic Gardening Catalogue (01932 253668) and Marshall's (01945 583407), offer plugs in their catalogues. Unwin's (01945 585522), D T Brown's (0800 731 1221), Mr Fothergill's (01638 751887) and Thompson & Morgan (01787 894121) send out separate catalogues.

ROUGH-DIG areas of the vegetable garden that you have cleared. Frost will then have a chance to get into the clods of earth and break them down. Spread compost or mulch over the vegetable garden and start mulching round trees and shrubs with fresh collars of heavy organic matter.

PLANT CLOVES of garlic, choosing a sunny well-drained site with soil as light as you can make it. Break a head of garlic into separate cloves and push them into the ground in the same way as you would shallots. Set them about 5in apart. I always try to get hold of English-



grown garlic to use as sets. Different strains are selected for different climates. Health food shops are a good source of supply. Cover the cloves with netting to stop birds tweaking them out. They will be ready to harvest by late July or early August.

TREE MALLOWS are not my thing, but if you have them, you should cut them down this month to about 2ft high. If they are still flowering, delay the cutting down until they have finished. They do not always survive the winter.

## WEEKEND WORK



ANNA PAVORD

If you forgot to take cuttings in September and there are still shoots on the bush, try taking a few now. You need nodal cuttings, about 5in long, taken from shoots of semi-ripe wood. Make the cut through the slight bulge where the leaves join the stem and pull off the bottom leaves before potting the cuttings up, each one in a separate small pot. Keep them in a greenhouse or a frost-free garden frame.

YOU CAN also take hardwood cuttings now from a wide range of shrubs such as Forsythia, Kerria, Philadelphus and Weigela. For this you need cuttings about 9in long, taken from ripe wood. Choose growths that are pencil-thick. Remove soft growth at the top and any remaining leaves. Stick them upright in the ground so that the bottom two-thirds of the cutting is underground. Hardwood cuttings root more slowly than softwood ones and may not be ready to shift until next autumn.



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# The tale of two ghost towns

Air travellers  
to Paris could  
find themselves  
landing in  
some unfamiliar  
places. By  
**Natasha Edwards**

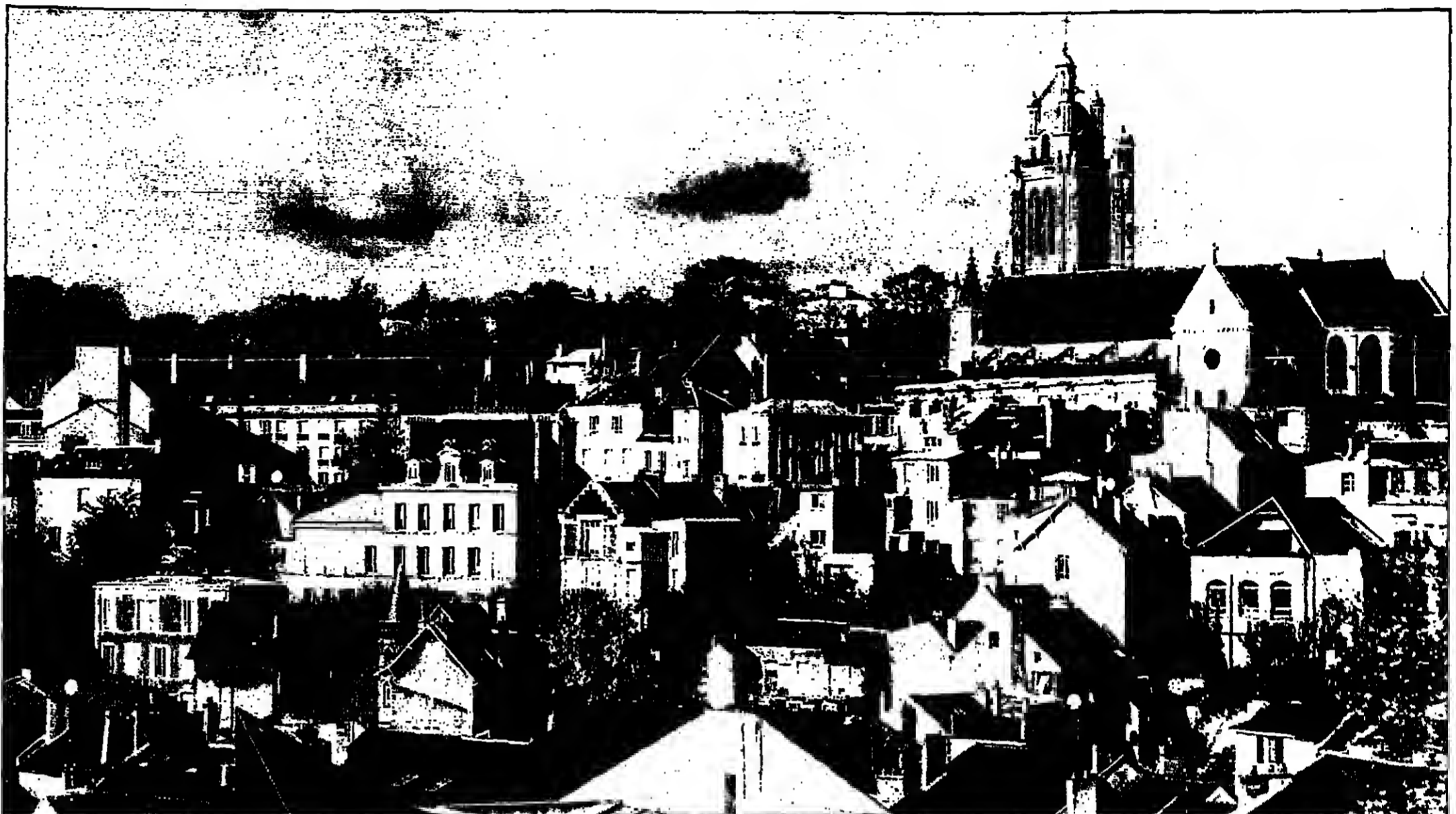
**T**he best airport in Paris is the oldest, Le Bourget, just a few miles from the centre. Next, both chronologically and geographically, comes Orly, nine miles from Notre Dame, the official heart of Paris. Charles de Gaulle is a poor third, born in 1976 and 14 miles out. But from this week, British travellers will be able to choose from two more: Cergy-Pontoise and Beauvais.

Until the Channel Tunnel came along, the busiest international air route in the world was London to Paris (it has since been overtaken by London to New York). On Monday, the route receives a boost with two flights a day, each way, on Debonair. You fly from Luton (32 miles from the English capital) to "Paris Express" airport, aka Cergy-Pontoise. The Official Airline Guide says it is "a mere 35 minutes from the city's heart".

Cergy-Pontoise is not your average tourist destination. Cergy-Pontoise, begun in 1965, is known for motorways and urban sprawl at the end of the RER line, but the old town of Pontoise was once the capital of the Vexin. That sounded promising and, thanks to the one-way system and complexity of the signposting, it is easy enough to find this historic remnant. We did - three times.

Sitting on a steep bank overlooking the river Oise, a potentially picturesque clutter of ramparts, villas and steep narrow streets winds up the hill to the neglected-looking cathedral of St Maclon, Pontoise's chief claim to a tourist sight. It is worth a look, with sculpted portal, Gothic interior and a few carved Romanesque capitals in the nave left from an earlier church. Most interesting, though, is the Baroque Deposition in a chapel to the left of the main door, with eight life-size marble figures in an alcove in the wall and, above it, a painted wooden Resurrection and a parade of nuns.

On a wet Saturday, however, you could take Pontoise for a ghost town. It did not bode well for lunch. Next to the cathedral, on the Place du Petit-Martyr, the tourist office was closed. Back down at the bottom



A cluster of ramparts, villas and steep narrow streets winds up the hill to a neglected cathedral in Pontoise - a town that will soon be a destination for British air passengers. **Paul Cooper**

of the hill we hoped we could find somewhere to eat along the quays and crossed the river into St-Ouen-l'Aumône, another fragment of Oise village, where Queen Blanche of Castille founded the abbey of Maubisson in 1236.

A friendly café at the end of the bridge yielded a satisfactory steak-frites and a ham and cheese salad and seemed to be where the few locals alive congregated at a Saturday. Pascale, holding forth at the bar, was talking of emigrating - to Brittany. Could we blame him?

We persevered in our sightseeing mission back to the top of Pontoise to the Musée Pissarro, the first floor of a suburban-looking red brick house on the site of the long-gone chateau constructed by Louis VI the Fat in the 11th century. There is a pretty little Signac and a Lucien Pissarro although only etchings by Camille Pissarro himself, who lived in Pontoise in the 1870s.

Apart from one elderly parish-loner, we were the only visitors at Pontoise's second historic church, Notre Dame, with a much-altered interior, the Gothic tomb of local saint Gauthier, and a Renaissance porch. Tablets giving thanks to the Virgin reminded us that the miraculous statue in the chapel on the right of the entrance once drew pilgrims.

As a tourist destination Pontoise airport could find itself suffering a similar image problem to Luton; still, it's only 20 miles from Paris. "Glasgow gains its first non-stop link with Paris", promises Ryanair. Its new service begins on Thursday. Glasgow's principal airport is Prestwick, 32 miles from the city it purports to serve. Travellers arrive even further from a city centre; "Paris Tille" airport is outside Beauvais, 50 miles north of Paris.

Beauvais is in Picardy and there is already something of a feel of the north: low rise, lowlands and a jolly

group of Barbour-clad hunters back from a day's shooting chatting at the bar where we stopped for coffee. We did not have much luck with the tourist office here, either, although a notice on the door assured us that



the closure was *exceptionnelle*.

Still, the main sight is impossible to miss. The historic town was virtually flattened by Second World War bombing in 1940 but what has to be the strangest cathedral in France is a miraculous survivor, sticking up at the heart of Beauvais and dominating the basin from afar. It has the tallest Gothic vault in the world and a spectacular crown of flying buttresses. The feat entailed numerous construction problems, as first the choir had to be rebuilt and then the spire collapsed. The nave was never built at all and the church suddenly stops in a wall at the transept, which only serves to accentuate the impression of verticality.

On one side of the choir is a curious astrological clock made by the local watchmaker, Lucien-Auguste Verité, in 1865-68. It is a 19th-century extravaganza of turned wood, gilt, dials and automata of extraordinary complexity (90,000 parts,

65 automata and 52 dials); a ship sails past Jersey, and figures on the top enact a scene from the Last Judgement. Around the corner is a clock dating from the 14th century.

Next to the cathedral, a medieval gateway with bulbous fortified towers leads into the 16th-century bishop's palace, now the Musée Départementale de l'Oise, where we joined other international refugees from the rain to discover the city's illustrious heritage: carved wood details from destroyed half-timbered houses, stone sculptures, Nabis paintings, some fantastic Art Nouveau furniture and several of the tapestries for which the town was famous, including the History of the Gauls cycle originally woven for the cathedral.

The tapestry industry reached its peak in the 18th century and then stopped altogether when the factory was evacuated to Aubusson in 1839, but in the past couple of years

there has been a revival. The Manufacture Nationale de la Tapisserie has opened in a converted abattoir and, during the week, you can watch weavers make tapestries here.

The Eglise St-Etienne is another survivor: more impressive flying buttresses, gargoyles, and a mixture of Gothic and Romanesque, although here what happened to the town is even more evident: the church stands on a traffic island.

For all that, though, it would be easy to come back to Beauvais for a lazy day or two.

Debonair (0541 500 300) will fly from Luton to "Paris Express" airport at Cergy-Pontoise from 16 November, and is promising a lowest flexible fare of £90 return. Ryanair (0541 569 369) is to start flights from Prestwick, near Glasgow, to Paris Beauvais on 19 November, minimum fare £70 return plus £8 for the bus to Paris

## An eternity to reach the Eternal City

Martin Scudamore flies with Go and wonders why, if all roads lead to Rome, it is so difficult to get there from Ciampino airport

ROME AND back for £100. That had to be good. And the price has come down even more since we flew at the end of October. Everything about the flight was fine: the non-ticket system, the check-in, the plane, the leg room: all the usual standards seemed to apply. There was no "free" food, but we expected that, and the sandwiches, snacks and drinks were reasonably priced.

Ciampino airport, though - that was another matter. As we approached Rome's second airport, we were offered return coach tickets to Termini (the rail hub of the city) for the equivalent of £7 each. We would then require a metro

ticket to continue to our hotel. According to the information in the in-flight magazine, a combined bus/metro or a bus/train ticket for the entire journey would cost 2,700 lire, just £1. So we declined the Go offer and headed for the baggage reclaim, where, we were informed, we could buy the tickets. "No, not in here; there's a machine outside," informed the security man.

The bus stop had on it, helpfully, "Bus to Rome". But the machine was impossible to understand, even in English mode, and the cheapest ticket was 6,000 lire. So, on we went to the departures hall, where the news-stand was supposed to sell

tickets. Yes, but they cost 2,000 lire, and were for the bus only.

We gathered round the timetable that we had just missed the 12.20 bus and the next was at 1.20pm. As that time approached, we realised that some other people at the stop had bought the Go coach tickets. So what had happened to their coach? Well, they had never been told clearly where to find it: a German man familiar with the airport said that he had seen it lurking behind some buses in another bay, but now it had gone. The passengers had no option but to catch the bus with us, and to pay again.

After a few miles the bus stopped

at a station. No visible markings anywhere. We disembarked and headed towards the tracks, only to discover that this was the train station, not the metro we wanted. The bus had departed, along with the helpful German, and we were left to guess which platform we needed. It was pure luck that the next train that came along took us into Termini, and that we were not asked to show any other tickets.

Now we faced only a hot, unpleasant walk underground to the metro, and the opportunity to be robbed at the second stop.

Rome, the Eternal City? Seemed more like eternal damnation on our

arrival. So is it worth trying to save every last penny on fares?

A taxi would have prevented our being mugged, but would have cost, as reported by Go, between £18 and £27, according to the amount of luggage. In any case there was a cab strike all the time we were in Rome. When available, a taxi might be the better bet, as you have saved so much on your plane fare, although it does seem ridiculous to pay £50 to get from Stansted to the edge of Rome and then half that again to reach the centre.

Returning to Ciampino airport at the end of your stay can be equally scary. Out on the metro to Anagnina

station at the end of Line A, buy a bus ticket from the ticket office, and the airport sign directs you up a short flight of steps to a vast concourse dotted with buses and noticeboards, with views over Rome's hideous outer suburbs with their sprawling blocks of flats.

The airport bus is waiting, but has no driver - and, more worryingly, no one else there has any luggage. When we were there we thought we must be mistaken. Even when the driver arrived and we set off, we were not confident. At each junction we expected him to take the wrong turning and to head, inexorably, for Naples, or back to Rome.

When we finally reached familiar ground at Ciampino station, the driver got out and switched off the engine. "Aeroporto!" we moaned. "Dotto", he appeared to say, and departed to smoke a cigarette with his friend the inspector.

On returning to the bus he took an unlikely detour (the road was in many places so choked with apparently randomly parked cars that the bus could hardly pass) to drop off the inspector right at his house.

If we had been up against a tight time deadline we would have been frantic by now. This does not seem to be a feasible link in a well-ordered international travel itinerary.

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# Climb aboard the real Euro star

A sprint to Paris or Brussels pales in comparison. Take a proper train journey to Budapest on the original Orient Express. By Andrew Osborn

The First World War ended in a wagon-lit: car number 2419, in which Marshal Foch, the French commander-in-chief, received the German surrender near Compiègne on 11 November 1918. It was an appropriate setting for the final act of the war, since in peacetime in the first half of the 20th century the company's trains were the definitive way to travel.

Even though the surviving Orient Express today ends at Budapest (and is nothing to do with the recent upstart luxury Venice-Simplon Orient Express), train 263 from Gare de l'Est in Paris carries a cargo of history on its journey east. At its sumptuous peak, elegant navy-blue-and-gold carriages carrying the brass crest of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Européens concealed interiors and fittings straight from a Victorian manor-house.

Waiters clad as butlers served first-rate food and wine to a clientele who expected nothing less. Crystal chandeliers illuminated luxury dining-cars in which the cutlery was silver, the napkins were linen and the upholstery was leather. The artistry and detail of the wooden marquetry were exquisite; the solid

brass table lamps and the luggage-racks were objects of beauty. Sleeping compartments were convertible, with the table being folded away and the four armchairs pushed together to form two beds at night.

Perhaps Georges Nagelmackers, the Belgian who founded Wagons-Lits in 1876, was never destined to become a household name. This honour was reserved for the man who inspired him, the American George Mortimer Pullman.

Pullman's genius had been to introduce communal sleeping-cars to the US in the 1850s, providing a measure of comfort hitherto unknown on the railways. Pullman's agreement with different American railway lines to ensure that passengers were not obliged to change trains so often was equally groundbreaking. On a trip to America in 1869 the young Belgian engineer was so inspired by Pullman's achievements that within a year he had established his first route from Ostend to Brindisi, in spite of the complications caused by the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War.

By 1874 Nagelmackers, with a little help from his friends, had thwarted Pullman's European ambitions and established a far-reaching network that was to ensure the success of the fabled Orient Express



Great survivor - the Orient Express steamed through the Franco-Prussian War and is still on track today

Hulton Getty

well into the next century. In February 1883 Nagelmackers met representatives from eight different railway companies in Constantinople. (It became Istanbul in 1923, following the collapse of the Ottoman Empire.) From this conference the Express d'Orient was born, its name being anglicised in 1891 in recognition of its international status.

On 4 October 1883, a distinguished party set off from the Gare de l'Est, Paris, and trundled in a sea of champagne through France, Germany and Austria. Initially the Orient Express was not a through train, for the Danube had to be crossed by ferry at Giurgiu in Romania into Bulgaria. A rather less salubrious train awaited, rattling its way to Varna on the Black Sea, where the shaken passengers joined

the good steamer *Espero* for an 18-hour voyage to Constantinople.

In August 1888 the first through train from Paris arrived in Constantinople 67 hours and 35 minutes later. It was a dramatic reduction of 14 hours in the journey time.

Towards the end of the 19th century, Wagons-Lits acquired luxury hotels to look after wealthy passengers in the style to which they were accustomed. The grandiose Bosphorus Summer Palace Hotel in Constantinople, overlooking the Straits of Asia, was one of the company's more exotic undertakings. Among the royal passengers were the kings of Bulgaria and Hungary, who used the train to travel to Queen Victoria's funeral in 1901. King Boris of Bulgaria was such a fan that he often exercised his royal

right to drive the Orient Express as it passed through his country.

The train ground to a halt when the First World War broke out in 1914. The original route did not resume until 1931, in part because of German unwillingness to co-operate.

After the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, however, the Simplon-Orient Express, named after the Simplon Tunnel between Switzerland and Italy, began in April 1919. Deliberately routed to avoid the politically unreliable Germany, Austria and Hungary, it went instead via Switzerland and Italy and in this inter-war period became as legendary as the original Orient Express itself.

Once again the outbreak of war in 1939 brought about the suspension of the service; the train, at least, was never to be the same again. With the

fall of France in 1940, much Wagons-Lits rolling stock was sequestered by the Germans. Stationary sleeping-cars became camouflaged makeshift barracks (or even brothels) whilst dining-cars were often converted into restaurants.

By the end of the war, Wagons-Lits had lost a staggering 845 carriages, including perhaps their most famous diner, car number 2419, where Germany had surrendered at the conclusion of the First World War. Hitler, always a lover of drama and symbolism, had the self-same dining-car dragged from its museum in 1940 to the very same place at Compiègne to receive the French surrender. The carriage was then hauled off to Berlin until 1945 when, facing all-out defeat, it was blown sky high by an SS unit determined to avoid a hum-

iliating replay of 1918. Following the Allied victory, the Iron Curtain began to descend over eastern Europe and after 1947 Wagons-Lits' contracts there were not renewed. In any case air travel was in the ascendancy, far cheaper and quicker than the Orient Express.

The original Orient Express can be booked through Rail Europe (0990 848 848) as part of a normal trip to Budapest. A return from London costs £358 and takes 24 hours each way. The last trip of the year on the luxury Venice-Simplon Orient Express (0171-805 5100), from London Victoria to Venice (via the Folkestone-Boulogne SeaCat), departs tomorrow. The service resumes in March; the one-way fare (based on two sharing) is £1,130.

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Hilary Morgan's photo of the Anandaban Leprosy Hospital, Kathmandu, Nepal, was one of last year's winners

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teamed up with the travel magazine *Wanderlust* to offer prizes of valuable camera equipment and something that money can't buy: a photographic commission from *The Independent*. Last year, the quality of the entries was outstanding; this year, the prizes are better than ever. We have brought in one of the best names in photography: Canon. If you have captured a strong image from somewhere in the world, it could qualify for one of the three competition categories: Urban Life, Rural Life and Wild Life.

The top 30 shortlisted entries will be displayed at Destination '99, the travel exhibition to be held at London Olympia from 18-21 February next year. Canon will present the overall winner with an EOS5 SLR with 28-135IS lens - retailing at a total of £1,200 - while Bellingham will provide a photo rack-

sack and Ventile photo-vest (total value £280). *The Independent* will offer the winner a UK-based photo commission.

The two winners of the other categories will each receive an EOS IX with 24-85mm lens (worth £500) plus a Bellingham Photo Original Hadley bag (RRP £87.50). Each of the three runners-up will win a Canon Sure Shot 60 Zoom Kit worth £90, and a Bellingham Small Hadley camera bag (RRP £75).

You can enter at any time before the end of this year, but take the first step now by sending in a sae for an application form, which includes the competition rules.

The address is *Wanderlust* (Photo of the Year), PO Box 1832, Windsor SL4 6YP. Alternatively, you can complete the form in the fifth anniversary edition of the magazine, which will go on sale on 27 November, price £2.80.

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السنة ١٤٢٠ هـ

# Passage to India (no backpack required)

How about sleeping in a hotel with an early-morning elephant option, or lying on a Bounty Bar beach?

John Laurenson has an ideal route

**R**eclining semi-nude on some airport seating, a sort of Harrison Ford with body-piercing, Ronnie, 27, recounted his India experience. From the glass of tap water drunk "to see how his body would take it", to the night with an amputee, Ronnie's route to the subcontinent is the back passage to India. It is very popular with the young. But there is another way, gentler on the senses and hardly more expensive, which will send you back to your loved ones tanned, refreshed and full of tales of a beautiful country.

The key to this milder India is knowing where to go, in what order, and for how long. Here, then, is an itinerary for three weeks in south India - during our winter - at a cost of about £750 (say £400 for the flight and £350 for everything else).

Fly to Trivandrum. Take a taxi or auto-rickshaw to Varkala, a little over an hour's drive away (300-550Rs, depending on your bargaining technique). Varkala, you will be pleased to find, is one of the most beautiful places on Earth. The beach is a Bounty Bar advert - a paradise of sand, coconut trees and birds that whoop in the night.

Back from the sea, you can sit drinking lassi by the temple tank, a large and stately holy pond. At night, at one of the cliff-top shack cafés, eat a fine crab with a pot of "special tea" (the mudge is as good as a wink name for beer in the dry state of Kerala). Way out on the Arabian Sea, the lamps on the fishing skiffs flicker on the horizon like the lights of another shore.

The best place to stay in Varkala is the Government Guest House, a former Maharaja's residence, now a resting point for Indian bureaucrats on-the-move. There are usually a few beds left over for tourists and with a bit of luck you'll end up

with a room the size of a squash court for a pound a night.

Varkala drawback: oglers. It is a sad fact that large numbers of Indian men are prepared to travel long distances in order to see a woman in a bathing costume.

After a week or so, it's time to move. Get the morning train to Kollam (formerly Quilon). Go second class, deftly avoiding being frozen alive by the first-class air conditioning. Instead, stand, TE Lawrence-like, at the open door of the moving train as you chug through the lush and lovely Kerala backwaters.

At Kollam, take the next train to the temple town of Madurai. First class. Here, the extra money will buy you space and a bouncy seat for this seven-hour journey and there's no borsing around with air-conditioning, just a lot of fans.

The train ambles up into the hills, brushing past banana and pineapple trees like a nonchalant cow. It takes you through great green valleys, then down on to the roaring plains of Tamil Nadu where cotton and chilli-peppers grow and goatherds carry umbrellas to keep off the sun.

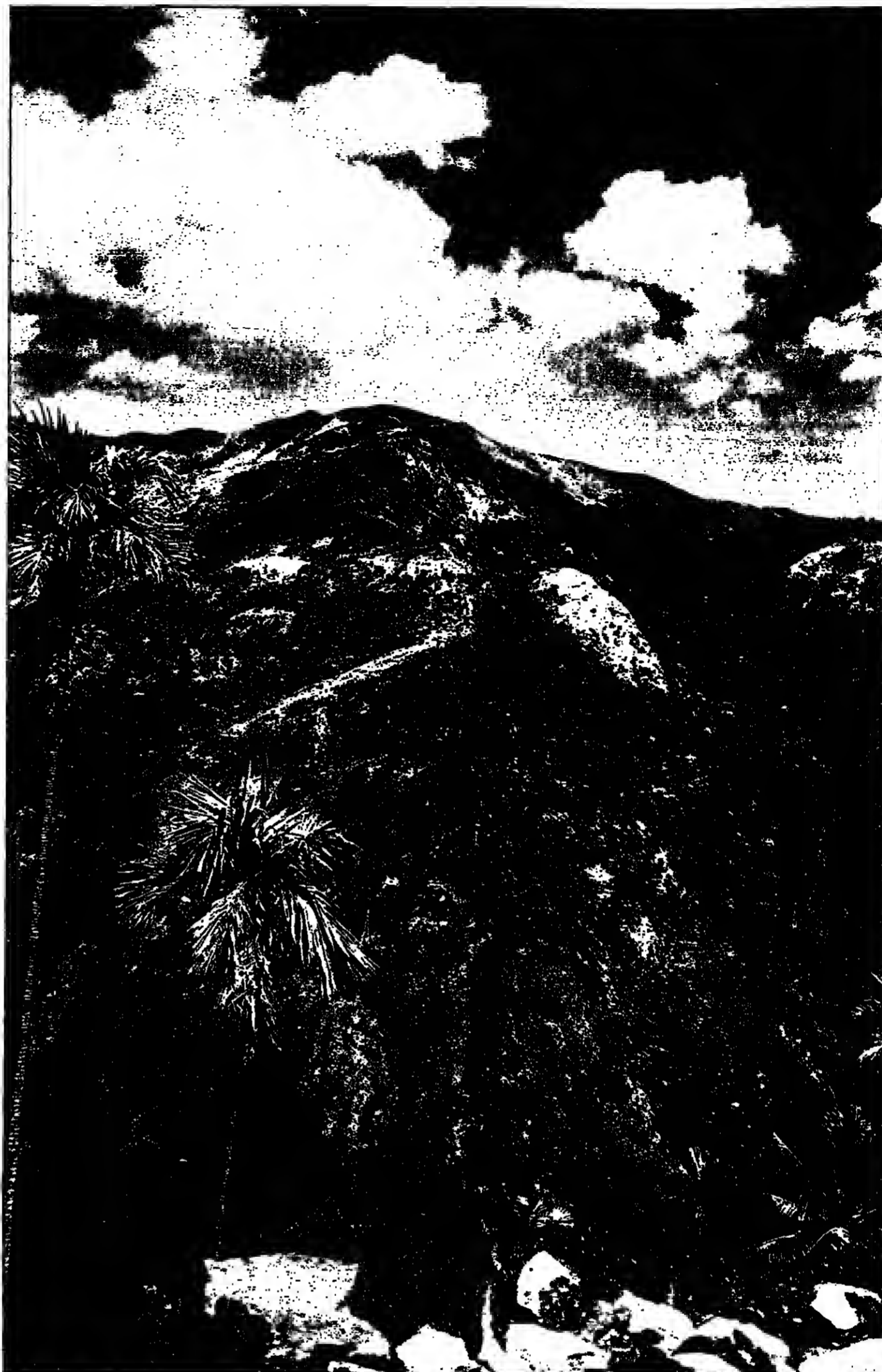
It is strange to smell fresh dung in the heart of a big city. Not in Madurai. A thousand sacred cows with horns painted red and green wander about as if they own the place.

The temple is one of the most impressive in India, an ancient labyrinth of shady arcades where gods are carried in litters, draped in jasmine petals or scattered with bulbul. If you see an elephant in the temple, give him a rupee and he'll touch your head with the tip of his trunk.

The Aarathy is a good place to stay. It is clean, reasonably priced and has an early-morning elephant option. An elephant comes to the hotel at dawn each morning and eats 14 rice cakes. Ask at the desk and someone will shout "elephant" at your door at 6.30am.

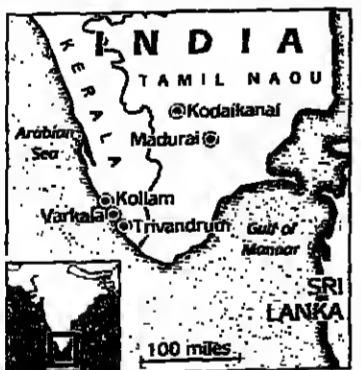
After a night or two, you'll probably be fed-up of Madurai - this is an Indian town that seethes. It's time to go shopping and get out. Buy Madras check shirts, precious jewels, tea-towels, semi-precious jewels, excellent women's beach bags in woven plastic, saffron, and a small pot of Tiger Balm, then take a bus to Kodalkanal.

If you book at the Tourist Information desk at the railway station, a Kodalkanal-bound mini-bus will drive round to your hotel and pick you up. The trip lasts a bit over



Steep hillsides, scented with blankets of cardamom bushes, are just part of Kerala's tropical allure

RHPL



three hours and costs around £2 in the mini-bus, or next-to-nothing on what is likely to be a very crowded, regular bus.

Kodalkanal is a former hill station, 2,000 metres up. The British would withdraw here in the summer months to escape the heat and malaria of the plains, and do a bit of gardening.

A serious bid was made by Kodalkanal's former occupiers to make it as much like Surrey as circumstances allowed. There are, then,

hedgerows, grey-stone cottages, a parish church and a Tudor-style hotel and bar.

Here, the place to stay is a little nest of cottages called Taj villas (£5 a night for a handsome double-room with fireplace). It gets nippy at night until April so you'll need long trousers and a jumper. In the mornings, on the lawn looking down over the valleys, you can breakfast on banana porridge, peanut-buttered toast and masala tea, then strike out on foot. This is fine walking country,

full of plunging valleys, exotic birds and bison, waterfalls, monkeys and rainforests. If you're intrepid, you might even come across one of the ancient, isolated hill villages, hours away on foot (or donkey) from the nearest road.

There are five days left. You're feeling fit, almost invincibly fit. You're already starting to wonder if you really need to keep using Evian to brush your teeth. Tame that tiger! And make your way back quietly the way you came.

Getting there: the cheapest flights to India are generally on airlines from the former Soviet Union. You can expect to pay around £300 return to Delhi on an airline such as Armenian Airlines via Yerevan, booked through Classic Travels (0171-499 2222). Aeroflot comes in at about £350. For more familiar airlines, you can expect to pay rather more. To reach Kerala, the best plan is to find a cheap charter flight to Trivandrum, e.g. through advertisements on ITV's Teletext

## SOMETHING TO DECLARE

NEWS FROM THE TRAVEL WORLD

**Bargain of the week**  
Philadelphia return for £169. Belfast or Birmingham? Barry White's home town for less than two pence a mile. Or, indeed, Newcastle or Norwich to New York for the same figure. If you can book by tonight, you could secure one of the best transatlantic air fares ever, travelling from one of 17 airports in England, Wales and Northern Ireland in one of two great cities. Minimum stay: one Saturday night; maximum: one month.

The airline behind the deal is KLM. Between 15 January and 15 March next year, you can fly to either city from "sleep breath" Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, East Midlands, Humberside, Leeds, Bradford, Luton or (City, Gatwick, Heathrow or Stansted), Manchester, Newcastle, Norwich, Sheffield, Southampton and Teesside. You have to change planes at Amsterdam.

To give you some idea of how good a deal this is, the normal Belfast-to-Amsterdam fare alone is £236. Tickets to New York are available at around £170, but to Philadelphia, fares on direct flights are running at around £270 through discount agents.

Travellers from Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Glasgow can also take advantage of the offer, but, strangely, Scots have to pay £20 more.

For travellers based in the south-east, by booking through a discount agent and flying from Gatwick on KLM's partner, Northwest, you can save an extra fiver (this being the tax normally payable at Amsterdam).

You must book by 9pm tonight through a travel agent, direct with the airline on 0800 074 074 (though this line has been overloaded this week), or on the Web at [www.klmuk.com](http://www.klmuk.com) before midnight tonight.

**Trouble spots**  
Around 150 nations will be trying to sell themselves to the travel trade at the World Travel Market, which begins in London on Monday. Here is the latest Foreign Office advice about some of them:

**Israel:** British nationals will be aware of the recent rise in tensions in the region. We advise against all non-essential travel to Israel and the Occupied Territories.

**Chile:** We advise against all non-essential travel to Chile. Although street violence has abated over the

past week, feeling against Britain and British nationals is likely to remain high, and could increase, for as long as Senator Pinochet is in Britain. The situation is volatile and could change very swiftly. In such circumstances, British nationals and British commercial interests could become targets for spontaneous attacks.

## THE INDEPENDENT SINTRA & THE BERARDO COLLECTION

Where the Atlantic meets Europe there is a country where nature has generously bestowed all the different types of landscape. Portugal's nature harmonises and blends perfectly with the local customs and culture, whilst the awe-inspiring architecture contrasts with the modern shops and bustling markets filled with jewellery, famous filigree, crystal and porcelain.

When, in 1997, the Sintra Museum of Modern Art was opened to house the Berardo Collection, Portugal became home to over four hundred pieces of contemporary art. Ranked among Europe's top contemporary art collections, its elegant setting in a town as beautiful as Sintra can only add to its allure.

This great value break includes flights from London Heathrow and Manchester International Airport (at a supplement), plus three nights' accommodation at the Miramonte hotel, including buffet breakfasts. What's more, if you wish to extend your stay for another four nights, you can do so for free! Also included in the price are coach transfers from the airport to your hotel, and from the hotel to the Sintra Museum of Modern Art, where your entrance fees are also included. When you add this all up it makes for an opportunity not to be missed!



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Starting next week in The Independent don't miss our fantastic 'West Indies Eleven' holiday promotion.

The 'West Indies Eleven' includes destinations such as: Antigua, Barbados, Dominica, Georgetown, Grenada, Nevis, St. Kitts, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Tobago and Port of Spain, some of the most exotic locations in the Caribbean.

The Independent has linked up with British West Indian Airways and the Rex Hotel Group to provide the readers with some really great value Caribbean deals, two for the price of one.

How about a two week fully inclusive holiday for two people at one of eleven Caribbean island destinations for an all in price of £650 p.p. All inclusive means return flights, accommodation for two weeks, breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner, local cocktails and wine for your meals. Many hotels include watersports, tennis and golf.

For full details of this fantastic offer get The Independent on Monday and pick up your tokens through the week.



TOKEN COLLECT

## NEW FILMS

## BLADE (18)

Director: Stephen Norrington  
Starring: Wesley Snipes, Stephen Dorff  
Monotonous arcade-game thriller about a New York vampire-killer tackling a crazed bloodsucker.  
Countrywide

## DESTINY (AL MASSIR - LE DESTIN) (NC)

Director: Youssef Chahine  
Starring: Nour El Cherif  
Chahine's flamboyant period fancy of a liberal sage and his battles with the rigid social order at large in medieval Spain.  
Limited release

## FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS (18)

Director: Terry Gilliam  
Starring: Johnny Depp, Benicio Del Toro  
See Independent Recommends, right

## FIRE (15)

Director: Deepa Mehta  
Starring: Shabana Azmi, Jaaved Jafferri, Mehta's Indian-Canadian co-production mounts a vibrant attack on the Indian family set-up.  
Limited release

## HENRY FOOL (18)

Director: Hal Hartley  
Starring: James Urbaniak, Parker Posey  
Nominally about a lowly garbage man (James Urbaniak) who writes a masterpiece, *Henry Fool* is chiefly about art, integrity and inspiration, steering its own oddball course throughout.  
On general release

## HOPE FLOATS (PG)

Director: Forest Whitaker  
Starring: Sandra Bullock, Harry Connick Jr  
A winsome piece that turns a loving eye on Sandra Bullock as a down-in-the-dumps ex-beauty queen.  
Countrywide

## THE ODD COUPLE II (15)

Director: Howard Deutch  
Starring: Walter Matthau, Jack Lemmon  
The follow-up to Neil Simon's Sides six-share favourite dispatches its mismatched couple off to a wedding and then strands them in the desert. The two stars work hard to keep it upright.  
Countrywide



On general release.

TRY AND catch *The Idiots* while you can, since this censor-baiting bit of guerrilla film-making may yet have problems negotiating the BBFC. The subject of a hot pro-and-con debate at Cannes, Lar Von Trier's tale of faux 'idiots' running amok in everyday society detonates like a controlled laboratory explosion.

NFT, London SE1 (0171-928 3232) tonight 8.45pm

## Film Xan Brooks

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (left), makes for a bumpy trip overall. The plot (about a zany journalistic assignment to Nevada) is just a convenient peg on which to drape a lot of narcotic malarkey, and, having done that, Terry Gilliam's *Hunter Thompson* adaptation finally finds itself with no particular place to go. What holds the interest is Johnny Depp's strikingly weird central performance, plus a certain speedy buzz to the direction.

## Theatre Dominic Cavendish

THERE'S PLENTY of good watching matter at the Citizens Theatre in Glasgow tonight: the priority booking must be the closing performance of Philip Prowse's acclaimed revival of Pinter's *The Homecoming*. Andrea Hart stars as Ruth, the trophy wife who becomes both object of and main-player in her husband's all-male family home. Running concurrently, to Nov 21, are two other girl-power classics: a new version by Clare Venables of Seneca's *Medea*, which throws the jilted wife's final act of vengeance into shocking relief, and David Mamet's explosive study of sexual politics, *Oleanna*, directed by Robert David MacDonald. Citizens Theatres, Glasgow 10141-429 0022

LAST CALL for Northern Broadbides' foam phallus-waving, clog-stomping production of *The Trackers of Oxyrhynchus*. This thought-provoking comedy by Tom Harrison (right) fills to the gaps of a fragmented Sophoclean satyr play while testing the cultural assumptions of the two Oxford papyrologists who discovered it. West Yorkshire Playhouse, Leeds 0113 213 7700 7.30pm



## GENERAL RELEASE

## AIR BUD (U)

A ludicrous yet entertaining tale about a young boy who befriends a basketball-playing dog. What will snare audiences is the catalogue of tricks, beautifully performed by the canine Buddy, while the film is enjoyable for both adults and children.

## ANTZ (PG)

This computer-animated trifle is surely the most unlikely Woody Allen movie we will ever see. He allegedly re-wrote the bulk of his dialogue to provide the voice of worker-ant 'Z' who falls in with the regal Princess Bala (Sharon Stone).

## DR DOLITTLE (PG)

This snappy new film version of *Dr Dolittle* shows Eddie Murphy's talents to be far more pliable than they might have first appeared.

## ELIZABETH (15)

Shekhar Kapur's follow-up to *Bandit Queen* is the story of a female figurehead struggling to gain purchase in a male world. But Kapur largely neglects the opportunities for fun in a story of independence triumphing over cruelty.

## EVER AFTER (PG)

Drew Barrymore stars as a 16th-century daddy's girl who is tormented by her stepmother (Anjelica Huston) after her father's death but finds hope in the arms of a handsome prince.

## THE EXORCIST (25TH ANNIVERSARY RERELEASE) (18)

The *Exorcist* is a creature conditioned by rumour and hearsay, its legend swelling in the 25 years since its release. But Friedkin's seminal horror is still efficiently terrifying. The chill atmosphere clings to the skin throughout.

## FUNNY GAMES (18)

This attack on screen violence discreetly cuts away during its more shocking moments, yet is high on gruesome sad effects. Its cast-iron claustrophobia leaves you fighting for breath.

## HALLOWEEN: H20 (18)

Twenty years after the events of the original *Halloween*, our resident psychopath returns to terrorise his sister (Jamie Lee Curtis). Standard shocks with a glazing of post-modern in-jokes.

## MY NAME IS JOE (15)

Ken Loach's solid social-realist drama tells the tale of Joe (Peter Mullan), a recovering alcoholic torn between his old and new lives. It brilliantly spotlights the groping hopes of Britain caught below the poverty line.

## MULAN (U)

In Disney's animated feature, a girl dresses up as a soldier to spare her father from combat. It's got it all. A pro-active heroine, a strong father/daughter relationship, and, of course, cross-dressing. It's also among Disney's most visually innovative movies.

## A PERFECT MURDER (15)

The news that Hitchcock's classic *Dial M for Murder* was to be rehashed did not bode well. But this is gold-plated trash: the sort of thing Hollywood does better than anyone else.

## THE PLAYER'S CLUB (18)

On the face of it, *The Players Club* affects to lift the lid on America's seedy back strip joints and shake its head disapprovingly at the sight. Trouble is that Mr Cube can't drag his camera away from all that sweet, honeyed flesh for long enough to make his point.

## PRIMARY COLORS (15)

As Jack Stanton, John Travolta's performance amounts to a vaudeville impersonation of Clinton. It's a grotesque, bravura display. The film does brilliant things with narrative, symbolism and farce but doesn't leave viewers to draw their own conclusions.

## SAVING PRIVATE RYAN (15)

Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks) is dispatched to seek out a young private behind enemy lines. Few viewers will emerge warmed by catharsis - it's the battle scenes which are branded on the memory.

## SMALL SOLDIERS (PG)

Inventive children's adventure about a batch of toy soldiers brought to life by a military microchip. The director Joe Dante draws some nice parallels with his own best film, *Gremlins*.

## SNAKE EYES (15)

Brian De Palma's Atlantic City-set conspiracy thriller plays its mystery ployline as a kind of quickie jigsaw. Our nominal puzzle-solver is Nic Cage's swaggering local cop, whose harried investigation soon brings him smack up against Gary Sinise's Navy commander.

## STILL CRAZY (15)

Clement and La Frenais-scripted comedy about a bunch of 1970s rockers who reform their old band. Hailing from *The Full Monty* school of feel-good fodder, *Still Crazy* boasts charm and a clatter of gags.

## THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY (15)

Cameron Diaz and Matt Dillon star in this latest comedy from the pathologically tasteless writer-director team of Peter and Bobby Farrelly. But the film is basically a soft-centred romantic comedy.

## THE TRUMAN SHOW (PG)

Peter Weir's comedy about a man (played by Jim Carrey) who discovers that his whole existence has been televised since birth. The film is very funny, due more to the cleverness of Andrew Niccol's script than its star's presence.

## VELVET GOLDMINE (18)

The story of rock stars Brian Slade (Jonathan Rhys Meyers) and Curt Wild (Ewan McGregor) is unravelled 10 years after the hoax assassination of Slade. Director Todd Haynes has created a film which is brimming with a sense of the possibilities of cinema.

## CINEMA

## COUNTRYWIDE

## ABERDEEN

ODEON (08705-050007): Snake Eyes (15); Blade (18); The Road to El Dorado (15); Antz (PG); There's Something About Mary (15); Mulan (U); Freeriders (U); Elizabeth (15)

VIRGIN (0541-202050): There's Something About Mary (15); Mulan (U); Antz (PG); Still Crazy (15); The Truman Show (PG); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Hope Floats (PG); Snake Eyes (15); The Magic Sword: Quest for Camelot (U); Deconstructing Harry (18); Small Soldiers (PG); My Name Is Joe (15); Blade (18)

BIRMINGHAM  
MAC (0121-440 3838): Risen Ne Va Plus (NC); Elizabeth (15)

ODEON (08705-050007): Hope Floats (PG); Barney's Great Adventure (U); Mulan (U); Batman & Robin (PG); Antz (PG); Small Soldiers (PG); Elizabeth (15); Buffalo 66 (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); The Truman Show (PG); Halloween: H20 (18); Snake Eyes (15); There's Something About Mary (15); Jumanji (12); Blade (18)

ARCADIAN CENTRE VIRGIN (0541-555177): The Player's Club (18); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); There's Something About Mary (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Blade (18); Small Soldiers (PG); Snake Eyes (15); Hope Floats (PG); Antz (PG); The Truman Show (PG); Mulan (U); Halloween: H20 (18)

GREAT PARK VIRGIN (0121-453 0465): Blade (18); Small Soldiers (PG); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Saving Private Ryan (15); Elizabeth (15); The Magic Sword: Quest for Camelot (U); Snake Eyes (15); Mulan (U); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Hope Floats (PG); The Odd Couple II (15); Still Crazy (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); There's Something About Mary (15); The Truman Show (PG); Antz (PG)

BOLTON  
WARNER VILLAGE (01204 669988): A Perfect Murder (15); Mulan (U); Small Soldiers (PG); Elizabeth (15); There's Something About Mary (15); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); The Truman Show (PG); Blade (18); Antz (PG); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Snake Eyes (15); Hope Floats (PG); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Pyaar to Hona Hi Tha (NC); Halloween: H20 (18); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Saving Private Ryan (15); The Mask (PG); Still Crazy (15)

CHESTER  
ODEON (01244-343216): Dr. Dolittle (PG); Snake Eyes (15); Elizabeth (15); Halloween: H20 (18); Mulan (U); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Antz (PG); Oscar and Lucinda (15); Godzilla (PG); Deep Rising (15); Blade (18)

VIRGIN (0541-555 158): The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Mulan (U); Elizabeth (15); Blade (18); Antz (PG); Snake Eyes (15); The Truman Show (PG); The Magic Sword: Quest for Camelot (U); Small Soldiers (PG)

CHESTERFIELD  
CINEMARK ALMA LESURE PARK (01246-777000): There's Something About Mary (15); Small Soldiers (PG); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Hope Floats (PG); Blade (18); Still Crazy (15); Halloween: H20 (18); The Daytrippers (PG); Jumanji (PG); The Truman Show (PG); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Saving Private Ryan (15); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Elizabeth (15); Mulan (U); Antz (PG); Snake Eyes (15)

COVENTRY  
ODEON (08705-050007): Mulan (U); Snake Eyes (15); Pailie (U); Uter's Gold (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Blade (18); The Truman Show (PG); The Magic Sword: Quest for Camelot (U); Godzilla (PG); Antz (PG); Small Soldiers (PG)

## EAST KILBRIDE

UCI (0990-888990): The Truman Show (PG); Hope Floats (PG); Snake Eyes (15); Halloween: H20 (18); A Perfect Murder (15); My Name Is Joe (15); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Small Soldiers (PG); Barney's Great Adventure (U); Mulan (U); Ever After (PG); Blade (18); Saving Private Ryan (15); Antz (PG)

## EDINBURGH

ABC FILM CENTRE (0131-228 1638): Flipper (PG); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Hope Floats (PG); Mulan (U); Antz (PG); Small Soldiers (PG)

ABC WESTER HAILES (0131-442 2200): Primary Colors (15); Blade (18); Small Soldiers (PG); There's Something About Mary (15); The Truman Show (PG); Halloween: H20 (18); Saving Private Ryan (15); My Name Is Joe (15); Snake Eyes (15); Antz (PG); Hope Floats (PG); Mulan (U); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18)

CAMEO (0131-228 4141): Eve's Bayou (15); Velvet Goldmine (18); Elizabeth (15); Hana-Bi (18); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Bandit Queen (18); My Name Is Joe (15); Razor Blade Smile (18); Storefront Hitchcock (NC); Swingers (15)

DOMINION (0131-447 4771): The Land Girls (12); Mulan (U); Small Soldiers (PG); Still Crazy (15); There's Something About Mary (15); Elizabeth (15); The Governess (15); Antz (PG)

ODEON (08705-050007): Blade (18); A Goofy Movie (U); Halloween: H20 (18); Live Flesh (18); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Antz (PG); Mulan (U); Lost in Space (PG); Deep Rising (15); Snake Eyes (15); The Truman Show (PG); Elizabeth (15)

UCI (0990-888990): The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); My Name Is Joe (15); Elizabeth (15); Small Soldiers (PG); Blade (18); Snake Eyes (15); Mulan (U); Still Crazy (15); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Kuch Kuch Hota Hai (PG); Hope Floats (PG); Saving Private Ryan (15); Halloween: H20 (18); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Antz (PG); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); The Odd Couple II (15)

GLASGOW  
ABC CLARKSTON ROAD (0141-637 2641): Antz (PG); Hope Floats (PG); The Odd Couple II (15); Mulan (U); Small Soldiers (PG)

ABC SAUCHIEHALL ST (0141-332 1592): The Odd Couple II (15); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Antz (PG); Small Soldiers (PG); Hope Floats (PG); Mulan (U)

THE BOMBAY (0141-419 0722): Pyaar to Hona Hi Tha (NC); Blade Miley Chota Miyan (NC); Kuch Kuch Hota Hai (PG); Guru Gobind Singh (NC)

CALEDONIAN GROSVENOR (0141-339 4298): Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) (PG); Antz (PG); Jumanji (12); Lost in Space (PG); My Name Is Joe (15); Mulan (U)

ODEON (08705-050007): Blade (18); Still Crazy (15); The Truman Show (PG); There's Something About Mary (15); Halloween: H20 (18); Snake Eyes (15); Hope Floats (PG); Elizabeth (15); A Perfect Murder (15); Antz (PG); Mulan (U)

SPRINGFIELD OJAY (08705-050007): Still Crazy (15); The Truman Show (PG); Zero Effect (15); There's Something About Mary (15); Snake Eyes (15); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Primary Colors (15); Hope Floats (PG); Mulan (U); Small Soldiers (PG); Antz (PG); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); My Name Is Joe (15); A Perfect Murder (15); Elizabeth (15); Left Luggage (PG); Blade (18)

VIRGIN FORCE PARKHEAD (0541-555136): Snake Eyes (15); Small Soldiers (PG); Mulan (U); Hope Floats (PG); Blade (18); My Name Is Joe (15); Still Crazy (15); The Truman Show (PG); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Antz (PG)

## HUDDERSFIELD

UCI (0990-888990): Small Soldiers (PG); There's Something About Mary (15); Halloween: H20 (18); Jack, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Jaws (15); Hope Floats (PG); Blade Miley Chota Miyan (NC); Snake Eyes (15); Barney's Great Adventure (U); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Mulan (U); The Truman Show (PG); Antz (PG); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Blade (18); Elizabeth (15)

## INVERNESS

EDEN COURT THEATRE (01463-234274): Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Men with Guns (15); Sansho the Bailiff (PG)

CALEDONIAN (01463-233302): Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) (PG); Small Soldiers (PG); Mulan (U); Antz (PG); Blade (18)

WARNER VILLAGE (01463-711144): Roald Dahl's Matilda (PG); Dr. Dolittle (PG); The Truman Show (PG); Mulan (U); My Name Is Joe (15); Halloween: H20 (18); Small Soldiers (PG); Snake Eyes (15); Hope Floats (PG); There's Something About Mary (15); The Abyss (12); Antz (PG); Blade (18)

## LEEDS

ABC (0113-245 2665): Hope Floats (PG); Small Soldiers (PG); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Antz (PG)

WARNER VILLAGE (0113-279 9855): Saving Private Ryan (15); Blade (18); Mulan (U); Roald Dahl's Matilda (PG); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Small Soldiers (PG); Halloween: H20 (18); A Perfect Murder (15); Hope Floats (PG); The Truman Show (PG); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Snake Eyes (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Antz (PG); Still Crazy (15); Elizabeth (15); There's Something About Mary (15)

LEICESTER  
ODEON FREEMANS PARK (08705-050007): The Truman Show (PG); Elizabeth (15); There's Something About Mary (15); The Magic Sword: Quest for Camelot (U); Live Flesh (18); Mulan (U); Hope Floats (PG); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Mousetrunk (PG); Ever After (PG); The Land Girls (12); Antz (PG); Middlemen's Changeling (18); Small Soldiers (PG); Halloween: H20 (18); Snake Eyes (15); Blade (18); Velvet Goldmine (18); Titanic (12); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Pailie (U); Saving Private Ryan (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Flubber (U)

WARNER VILLAGE (0116-282 7733): Elizabeth (15); Halloween: H20 (18); Small Soldiers (PG); A Perfect Murder (15); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Blade (18); Snake Eyes (15); Saving Private Ryan (15); Mulan (U); Antz (PG); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Roald Dahl's Matilda (PG); The Truman Show (PG); There's Something About Mary (15)

LIVERPOOL  
ABC ALLERTON (0151-724 3550): Antz (PG); Pailie (U); Small Soldiers (PG)

ODEON (08705-050007): Blade (18); Elizabeth (15); Halloween: H20 (18); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Snake Eyes (15); Mulan (U); Antz (PG)

SWITCH ISLAND LESURE PARK (0151-525 2020): Hope Floats (PG); A Perfect Murder (15); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Lost in Space (PG); Blade (18); Saving Private Ryan (15); Small Soldiers (PG); A Perfect Murder (15); Small Soldiers (PG); Antz (PG); Anastasia (U); Snake Eyes (15); Godzilla (PG); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Razor Blade Smile (18); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Halloween: H20 (18); Mulan (U); There's Something About Mary (15); Still Crazy (15); Antz (PG)

VIRGIN (0541-555146): Blade (18); Mulan (U); Small Soldiers (PG); Snake Eyes (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Halloween: H20 (18); Hope Floats (PG); Antz (PG); There's Something About Mary (15); The Truman Show (PG)

WOOLTON PICTURE HOUSE (0151-428 1919): The Land Girls (12); Antz (PG)

## MANCHESTER

ARENA SEVEN (0161-839 0700): Mulan (U); Blade (18); Small Soldiers (PG); Antz (PG); The Truman Show (PG); Antz (PG); Snake Eyes (15); Hope Floats (PG); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18)

CINECITY (0161-445 8181): The Truman Show (PG); Mulan (U); Snake Eyes (15); Small Soldiers (PG); There's Something About Mary (15)

ODEON (08705-050007): The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Mulan (U); The Truman Show (PG); Antz (PG); Snake Eyes (15); Hope Floats (PG); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Ze to Effect (15); Halloween: H20 (18); Elizabeth (15); Hope Floats (PG); There's Something About Mary (15); Sliding Doors (15)

UCI TRAFFORD CENTRE (0870-603 4507): Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Mulan (U); Dr. Dolittle (PG); The Truman Show (PG); Blade Miley Chota Miyan (NC); Lethal Weapon 4 (15); Hope Floats (PG); There's Something About Mary (15); Primary Colors (15); The Land Girls (12); Small Soldiers (PG); Snake Eyes (15); Hope Floats (PG); The Truman Show (PG); Mulan (U); Kuch Kuch Hota Hai (PG); Elizabeth (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Blade (18); Saving Private Ryan (15); Halloween: H20 (18)

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE  
CINEWORLD (08705-050007): The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); The Truman Show (PG); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Mulan (U); Blade (18); Snake Eyes (15); Oscar and Lucinda (15); Antz (PG)

WARNER VILLAGE (0191-2210222): The Truman Show (PG); Snake Eyes (15); Antz (PG); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Mulan (U); Still Crazy (15); Hope Floats (PG); There's Something About Mary (15); Saving Private Ryan (15); Blade (18); Elizabeth (15); Halloween: H20 (18)

PRESTON  
UCI 10 (0990-888990): The Truman Show (PG); Hope Floats (PG); Kuch Kuch Hota Hai (PG); Elizabeth (15); Antz (PG); Mulan (U); Halloween: H20 (18); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Barney's Great Adventure (U); There's Something About Mary (15); Snake Eyes (15); Small Soldiers (PG); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Blade (18); The Spanish Prisoner (PG)

WARNER VILLAGE (01772-881100): Hope Floats (PG); Snake Eyes (15); The Truman Show (PG); Roald Dahl's Matilda (PG); Mulan (U); Halloween: H20 (18); Still Crazy (15); There's Something About Mary (15); Blade (18); Antz (PG); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Small Soldiers (PG)

SHEFFIELD  
ODEON (08705-050007): Godzilla (PG); The Odd Couple II (15); There's Something About Mary (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Elizabeth (15); Small Soldiers (PG); Blade (18); City of Angels (12); The Truman Show (PG); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Snake Eyes (15); Mulan (U); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Antz (PG); Ever After (PG); Hope Floats (PG)

VIRGIN (Don Valley) (0114-242 1237): Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Saving Private Ryan (15); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Sliding Doors (15); The Odd Couple II (15); Antz (PG); There's Something About Mary (15); Small Soldiers (PG); Prem Aggan (NC); Elizabeth (15); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Snake Eyes (15); Halloween: H20 (18); Blade (18); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Ever After (PG); Halloween: H20 (18); Still Crazy (15); The Truman Show (PG)

WARNER VILLAGE (01904-612940): Journey to the Beginning of the World (U); Three Colours Trilogy (15); Cousin Béatrice (15); The General (15); Majorettes in Space: Five Gay Tales from France (18); The Last Days of Disco (15)

ODEON (08705-050007): Mulan (U); Snake Eyes (15); The Wings of the Dove (15); Blade (18); The Road to El Dorado (15); Antz (PG)

## WARNER VILLAGE (0114-256 9222)

The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Mulan (U); The Truman Show (PG); Halloween: H20 (18); Hope Floats (PG); Still Crazy (15); Snake Eyes (15); The Truman Show (PG); Apocalyptic Now (18); Blade (18); There's Something About Mary (15); Roald Dahl's Matilda (PG); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Saving Private Ryan (15); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18)

UCI CRYSTAL PEAKS 10 (0990-888990): Ever After (PG); There's Something About Mary (15); Still Crazy (15); Snake Eyes (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Prem Aggan (NC); Hope Floats (PG); Antz (PG); Barney's Great Adventure (U); Elizabeth (15); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Blade (18); Saving Private Ryan (15); Small Soldiers (PG); The Truman Show (PG); Halloween: H20 (18); Mulan (U)

## TAINHURST

UCI 10 (0990-888990): Halloween: H20 (18); The Castle (15); Hope Floats (PG); Ever After (PG); Snake Eyes (15); There's Something About Mary (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); The Truman Show (PG); Apocalyptic Now (18); Blade (18); There's Something About Mary (15); Roald Dahl's Matilda (PG); Dr. Dolittle (PG); Saving Private Ryan (15); Small Soldiers (PG)

WAKEFIELD  
CINEWORLD THE MOVIES (01924-322200): Halloween: H20 (18); Snake Eyes (15); Saving Private Ryan (15); Blade (18); Full Metal Jacket (18); There's Something About Mary (15); Hope Floats (PG); Jumanji (12); The Odd Couple II (15); The Truman Show (PG); Mulan (U); Elizabeth (15); Antz (PG); Elizabeth (15); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Small Soldiers (PG); The Daytrippers (15); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); Problem Child (PG); Mulan (U); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Still Crazy (15); Lock, Stock & Two Smoking Barrels (18); Ever After (PG)

WIRRAL  
VIRGIN (0541-555150): Mulan (U); Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (18); The Exorcist (25th Anniversary Release) (18); Small Soldiers (PG); Halloween: H20 (18); Antz (PG); Pailie (U); The Truman Show (PG); Camelot (U); Blade (18);



## THURSDAY TELEVISION

## BBC1

- 6.00 **Business Breakfast** (17426). 7.00 News (1) (87600). 9.00 **Kitty** (S) (1) (848755). 9.40 **Style Challenge** (S) (8363906). 10.05 **City Hospital** (S) (1) (8437819). 10.55 News (1) (8290703). 11.00 **Real Rooms** (S) (8290180). 11.25 **Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (1) (8200567). 11.55 News (1) (8632702). 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (S) (8332777). 12.25 **Going for a Song** (S) (849484). 12.50 **Weather Show** (S) (1) (8536169). 1.00 News (1) (80587). 1.30 News (7326038). 1.40 **Neighbours** (1) (8770955). 2.05 **Inside** (803245). 2.55 **Wipeout** (S) (2232838).
- 3.25 **Children's BBC: Playdays** (861722). 3.45 **Freeman Sam** (R) (84740). 3.55 **Rugrats** (R) (S) (1) (8218169). 4.20 **Mr Wymie** (S) (1) (853337). 4.35 **Smart** (7764633). 4.50 **Newsround** (S) (1) (845345). 5.30 **Byker Grove** (8537242).
- 5.35 **Neighbours** (S) (1) (84614).
- 6.00 **News: Weather** (1) (703).
- 6.30 **Regional News** (1) (85).
- 7.00 **Watchdog** (S) (1) (8345).
- 7.30 **EastEnders** (S) (1) (567).
- 8.00 **Animal Hospital** (S) (1) (8203).
- 8.30 **The Zoo Keepers** (S) (1) (8600).
- 9.00 **News: Weather** (1) (8722).
- 9.30 **Dinnerladies**. Victoria Woods' new comedy continues as the waitress works hard to prepare for a royal visit by the Duke of Derby (S) (25513).
- 10.00 **They Think It's All Over**. Comedy sports quiz (S) (1) (87093).
- 10.30 **Cine Anderson** All Talk (80513).
- 11.00 **Question Time** (S) (1) (803613).
- 12.05 **Film: She Says She's Innocent** (1997). Kathy Sagal can't believe her daughter could be involved in a killing (S) (1) (875757).
- 1.35 **Join BBC News 24** (7357899). To 6am.

## BBC2

- 6.40 **Cosmic Recycling** (899424). 6.55 **Cutting Edge of Progress** (868345). 7.00 **Garden Fairies** (856161). 7.05 **Teletubbies** (242628). 7.30 **Tom and Jerry Kids** (215797). 7.55 **Blue Peter** (882067). 8.20 **Robinson Crusoe** (813432). 8.45 **Just So Stories** (883583). 8.55 **Garden Fairies** (838109). 9.00 **Job Bank** (S) (733884). 9.30 **Best of the Best** (851250). 9.50 **Watchdog** (847277). 9.55 **Come Outside** (845432). 10.00 **Teletubbies** (8618). 10.30 **Storytime** (800325). 10.45 **The Experimenter** (878377). 11.05 **Space Ark** (870277). 11.45 **Zig Zag** (862456). 11.55 **Lifeschool** (86087). 12.00 **Job Bank** (865838). 12.40 **Working Lunch** (1089). 1.00 **Just So Stories** (851303). 1.10 **Sophie Grigoris Herbs** (S) (830008). 1.45 **History Hour** (R) (S) (135884). 2.15 **Match of the Day** (707191). 2.40 **News** (705125). 2.45 **Westminster** (880165). 3.25 **News** (774763). 3.30 **Gardeners' World** (R) (S) (1) (81). 4.00 **Change That** (S) (845800). 4.35 **Ready, Steady, Cook** (8165). 4.55 **Lowri** (839528). 5.30 **Today's Day** (432).
- 9.00 **Star Trek: Deep Space Nine**. Sci-fi drama series (S) (1) (550432).
- 9.45 **Sliders**. Sci-fi series (S) (1) (868890).
- 7.30 **First Sight** (109).
- 8.00 **Edge of Blue Heaven**. Benedict Allen ends his Mongolian trek (S) (1) (8635).
- 8.30 **Top Gear** (S) (1) (842).
- 9.00 **Third Rock from the Sun**. Alien sitcom (S) (1) (864548).
- 9.25 **Prime Science at War**. Documentary which traces the horrifying development of biological warfare. See Choice, below (S) (1) (83597).
- 10.35 **Vintners' Tales with Janice Robinson** (S) (1) (870703).
- 10.30 **Newsnight** (1) (82155). 11.15 **Late Review** (S) (850548). 12.00 **Despatch Box** (S) (25359). 12.30 **Learning Zone** (863256). To 6am.

## ITV Granada

- 6.00 **GMTV** (807578). 9.25 **Trisha** (S) (1) (824864). 10.15 **This Morning** (1) (840877). 12.15 **Granada News** (1) (835977). 12.30 **News** (1) (84565). 1.00 **Home and Away** (S) (1) (83770567). 1.25 **The Jerry Springer Show** (S) (1) (777008). 2.40 **Emmerdale** (R) (S) (1) (824848). 2.40 **Dale's Supermarket Sweep** (S) (1) (2221722). 3.30 **News Headlines** (1) (254345).
- 3.20 **Children's ITV: Wizardra** (R) (755342). 3.30 **Kipper** (S) (7044426). 3.45 **The Adventures of Paddington Bear** (S) (836884). 3.55 **Cow and Chicken** (233432). 4.15 **Hay Arnold** (S) (1) (8188345). 4.40 **Worst Witch** (S) (1) (805803). 5.10 **Home and Away** (S) (1) (824848). 5.40 **News** (1) (836088).
- 5.55 **Granada Tonight** (1) (857445).
- 7.00 **Emmerdale**. Roy sets off on a mission of vengeance (S) (1) (8513).
- 7.30 **We Can Work It Out**. Consumer magazine show (853).
- 8.00 **Michael Barrymore's Strike It Rich**. Game show (S) (1) (5161).
- 8.30 **Police, Camera, Action!** Alastair Stewart takes us on a hair-raising ride to demonstrate just how reckless drivers can be on the roads (S) (1) (8088).
- 9.00 **Picking up the Pieces**. Bill and Caroline are both to be interviewed for the job of ambulance station boss. He's in first and, while he's there, Caroline gets a chance to shine (S) (1) (7093).
- 10.00 **News: Weather** (1) (72167).
- 10.30 **Granada News** (1) (870906).
- 10.40 **Master Class** (730548). 11.00 **Granada Classic Machines** (838880). 11.40 **Benny Hill's Games Show** (733333). 12.40 **Highlander** (R) (267717). 1.35 **Pirate TV** (82102). 2.05 **ITV at the Fleece** (878223). 3.00 **Box Office America** (S) (257725). 3.25 **Haunted Fish Tank** (8688020). 3.50 **Motor Sport** (803430). 4.15 **ITV Nightseries** (81424). 5.30 **Morning News** (14594). To 6am.

## Channel 4

- 7.00 **The Big Breakfast** (S) (1) (83388). 9.00 **Channel 4 Schools** (20555). 11.30 **Powerhouse** (1) (777). 12.00 **Sesame Street** (79074). 12.30 **I Dream of Jeannie** (R) (1) (45877). 1.00 **Judge Joe Brown** (1) (80797). 1.30 **Holiday Romance** (R) (8709108).
- 1.55 **Film: Siege at Red River** (1954). Van Johnson stars as a Confederate agent in this Civil War drama (1) (8450873).
- 3.30 **Collectors' Lot** (1) (529). 4.00 **Risen to One** (1) (284). 4.30 **Countdown** (S) (1) (7758074). 4.55 **Ricki Lake** (S) (1) (821797).
- 5.30 **Pet Rescue Roadshow** (1) (600).
- 6.00 **Roseanne** (R) (1) (513).
- 6.30 **Hollyoaks** (1) (203).
- 7.00 **News: Weather** (S) (1) (24058).
- 7.15 **Talking Heads** (1) (503548).
- 8.00 **The Italian Kitchen** (3703).
- 8.30 **Personal Services**. A look at the work of Veronica Doyle, who for 40 years has cared for other people's babies (1) (2335).
- 9.00 **The Body Story**. Journey round the human body continues with the story of what happens when a 25-year-old singer comes into contact with the common flu virus (1) (2432).
- 9.30 **Dispatches**. Current affairs (1) (8451).
- 10.00 **Film: Dream Lover** (1994). Architect James Spader suspects his wife Madchen Arrick of mischief (6664).
- 12.00 **Dispatches Discussion** (1) (52555). 12.45 **For the Love of Faith** (20255). 1.45 **Kiss Kiss Bang Bang** (R) (1) (882873). 2.35 **The Twilight Zone** (257855).
- 2.55 **Film: Waati** (1995). Powerful portrait of post-Apartheid Africa. (7668894).
- 5.25 **Right to Reply** (R) (1) (291038). 5.55 **Sesame Street** (S) (890847). To 7am.

## Channel 5

- 6.00 **5 News and Sport** (S) (2700432). 7.00 **WideWorld** (R) (S) (1) (847309). 7.30 **Mikeshel** (S) (821421). 7.35 **Winnie's House** (R) (S) (1) (887345). 8.00 **Havakazoo** (R) (S) (1) (870987). 8.30 **Dappledown Farm** (878258). 9.00 **The Antiques Hunter** (R) (S) (1) (883838). 9.30 **Russell Grant's Postcards** (R) (889068). 9.35 **Oprah** (80044). 10.00 **Sunset Beach** (S) (1) (230345). 11.40 **Lezza** (R) (S) (86555). 12.00 **5 News at Noon** (S) (1) (267304). 12.30 **Family Affairs** (S) (1) (763142). 1.00 **The Bold and the Beautiful** (S) (1) (845810). 1.30 **Sons and Daughters** (783053). 2.00 **100 Per Cent Gold** (S) (8555428). 2.30 **Good Afternoon** (S) (8440109).
- 3.30 **Film: Deadly Encounter** (1972). Larry Hagman took a day off from Dallas to shoot this high-speed helicopter chase tele-movie (1) (845487).
- 5.20 **The Roseanne Show** (8291267).
- 6.00 **100 Per Cent** (S) (8528890).
- 6.30 **Family Affairs** (S) (1) (8444242).
- 7.00 **5 News** (S) (1) (869242).
- 7.30 **Wild World**. Wildlife documentary which looks at the monkey sanctuary in Cornwall (S) (1) (8440426).
- 8.00 **Wing and a Prayer**. Courtroom drama series. Arlington and Yasmin now take on a sensitive case (R) (8371890).
- 9.00 **Film: Desperado Badlands** (1988). Continuing the adventures of frontier-borne Alex McArthur. It's a gold mine saga, based on a story by Emory Leonard. With James Skidmore (1) (8260093).
- 10.50 **Sax and Shopping**. Series offering all - and possibly more - than anybody could want to know about the worldwide pot trade. (S) (768741).
- 11.25 **The Jack Docherty Show** (S) (890258). 12.00 **Live and Dangerous** (S) (8540391). 4.40 **Prisoner: Cell Block H** (752893). 5.30 **100 Per Cent** (R) (1) (803914). To 6am.

## ITV/Regions

- Anglia**  
6.00 **Business Breakfast** (17426). 7.00 News (1) (87600). 9.00 **Kitty** (S) (1) (848755). 9.40 **Style Challenge** (S) (8363906). 10.05 **City Hospital** (S) (1) (8437819). 10.55 News (1) (8290703). 11.00 **Real Rooms** (S) (8290180). 11.25 **Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (1) (8200567). 11.55 News (1) (8632702). 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (S) (8332777). 12.25 **Going for a Song** (S) (849484). 12.50 **Weather Show** (S) (1) (8536169). 1.00 News (1) (80587). 1.30 News (7326038). 1.40 **Neighbours** (1) (8770955). 2.05 **Inside** (803245). 2.55 **Wipeout** (S) (2232838).
- 3.25 **Children's BBC: Playdays** (861722). 3.45 **Freeman Sam** (R) (84740). 3.55 **Rugrats** (R) (S) (1) (8218169). 4.20 **Mr Wymie** (S) (1) (853337). 4.35 **Smart** (7764633). 4.50 **Newsround** (S) (1) (845345). 5.30 **Byker Grove** (8537242).
- 5.35 **Neighbours** (S) (1) (84614).
- 6.00 **News: Weather** (1) (703).
- 6.30 **Regional News** (1) (85).
- 7.00 **Watchdog** (S) (1) (8345).
- 7.30 **EastEnders** (S) (1) (567).
- 8.00 **Animal Hospital** (S) (1) (8203).
- 8.30 **The Zoo Keepers** (S) (1) (8600).
- 9.00 **News: Weather** (1) (8722).
- 9.30 **Dinnerladies**. Victoria Woods' new comedy continues as the waitress works hard to prepare for a royal visit by the Duke of Derby (S) (25513).
- 10.00 **They Think It's All Over**. Comedy sports quiz (S) (1) (87093).
- 10.30 **Cine Anderson** All Talk (80513).
- 11.00 **Question Time** (S) (1) (803613).
- 12.05 **Film: She Says She's Innocent** (1997). Kathy Sagal can't believe her daughter could be involved in a killing (S) (1) (875757).
- 1.35 **Join BBC News 24** (7357899). To 6am.
- Central**  
6.00 **Business Breakfast** (17426). 7.00 News (1) (87600). 9.00 **Kitty** (S) (1) (848755). 9.40 **Style Challenge** (S) (8363906). 10.05 **City Hospital** (S) (1) (8437819). 10.55 News (1) (8290703). 11.00 **Real Rooms** (S) (8290180). 11.25 **Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (1) (8200567). 11.55 News (1) (8632702). 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (S) (8332777). 12.25 **Going for a Song** (S) (849484). 12.50 **Weather Show** (S) (1) (8536169). 1.00 News (1) (80587). 1.30 News (7326038). 1.40 **Neighbours** (1) (8770955). 2.05 **Inside** (803245). 2.55 **Wipeout** (S) (2232838).
- 3.25 **Children's BBC: Playdays** (861722). 3.45 **Freeman Sam** (R) (84740). 3.55 **Rugrats** (R) (S) (1) (8218169). 4.20 **Mr Wymie** (S) (1) (853337). 4.35 **Smart** (7764633). 4.50 **Newsround** (S) (1) (845345). 5.30 **Byker Grove** (8537242).
- 5.35 **Neighbours** (S) (1) (84614).
- 6.00 **News: Weather** (1) (703).
- 6.30 **Regional News** (1) (85).
- 7.00 **Watchdog** (S) (1) (8345).
- 7.30 **EastEnders** (S) (1) (567).
- 8.00 **Animal Hospital** (S) (1) (8203).
- 8.30 **The Zoo Keepers** (S) (1) (8600).
- 9.00 **News: Weather** (1) (8722).
- 9.30 **Dinnerladies**. Victoria Woods' new comedy continues as the waitress works hard to prepare for a royal visit by the Duke of Derby (S) (25513).
- 10.00 **They Think It's All Over**. Comedy sports quiz (S) (1) (87093).
- 10.30 **Cine Anderson** All Talk (80513).
- 11.00 **Question Time** (S) (1) (803613).
- 12.05 **Film: She Says She's Innocent** (1997). Kathy Sagal can't believe her daughter could be involved in a killing (S) (1) (875757).
- 1.35 **Join BBC News 24** (7357899). To 6am.
- ITV**  
6.00 **Business Breakfast** (17426). 7.00 News (1) (87600). 9.00 **Kitty** (S) (1) (848755). 9.40 **Style Challenge** (S) (8363906). 10.05 **City Hospital** (S) (1) (8437819). 10.55 News (1) (8290703). 11.00 **Real Rooms** (S) (8290180). 11.25 **Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (1) (8200567). 11.55 News (1) (8632702). 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (S) (8332777). 12.25 **Going for a Song** (S) (849484). 12.50 **Weather Show** (S) (1) (8536169). 1.00 News (1) (80587). 1.30 News (7326038). 1.40 **Neighbours** (1) (8770955). 2.05 **Inside** (803245). 2.55 **Wipeout** (S) (2232838).
- 3.25 **Children's BBC: Playdays** (861722). 3.45 **Freeman Sam** (R) (84740). 3.55 **Rugrats** (R) (S) (1) (8218169). 4.20 **Mr Wymie** (S) (1) (853337). 4.35 **Smart** (7764633). 4.50 **Newsround** (S) (1) (845345). 5.30 **Byker Grove** (8537242).
- 5.35 **Neighbours** (S) (1) (84614).
- 6.00 **News: Weather** (1) (703).
- 6.30 **Regional News** (1) (85).
- 7.00 **Watchdog** (S) (1) (8345).
- 7.30 **EastEnders** (S) (1) (567).
- 8.00 **Animal Hospital** (S) (1) (8203).
- 8.30 **The Zoo Keepers** (S) (1) (8600).
- 9.00 **News: Weather** (1) (8722).
- 9.30 **Dinnerladies**. Victoria Woods' new comedy continues as the waitress works hard to prepare for a royal visit by the Duke of Derby (S) (25513).
- 10.00 **They Think It's All Over**. Comedy sports quiz (S) (1) (87093).
- 10.30 **Cine Anderson** All Talk (80513).
- 11.00 **Question Time** (S) (1) (803613).
- 12.05 **Film: She Says She's Innocent** (1997). Kathy Sagal can't believe her daughter could be involved in a killing (S) (1) (875757).
- 1.35 **Join BBC News 24** (7357899). To 6am.

## THURSDAY CHOICE

THE SECOND part of *Science at War* (9.25pm BBC2, left), covers the use of biological weapons. This grim war of waging war was first developed 60 years ago by the Japanese based in Pinglin, northern China. Top scientists under Major Shiro Ishii shockingly tried out their experiments on thousands of Chinese prisoners. But the horror does not end there. After defeating the Japanese in 1945, the Americans gave the imprisoned scientists immunity in exchange for their biological warfare secrets. Realpolitik at its most cynical.

## SATellite &amp; CABLE

- Sky Premier**  
6.00 **Business Breakfast** (17426). 7.00 News (1) (87600). 9.00 **Kitty** (S) (1) (848755). 9.40 **Style Challenge** (S) (8363906). 10.05 **City Hospital** (S) (1) (8437819). 10.55 News (1) (8290703). 11.00 **Real Rooms** (S) (8290180). 11.25 **Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (1) (8200567). 11.55 News (1) (8632702). 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (S) (8332777). 12.25 **Going for a Song** (S) (849484). 12.50 **Weather Show** (S) (1) (8536169). 1.00 News (1) (80587). 1.30 News (7326038). 1.40 **Neighbours** (1) (8770955). 2.05 **Inside** (803245). 2.55 **Wipeout** (S) (2232838).
- 3.25 **Children's BBC: Playdays** (861722). 3.45 **Freeman Sam** (R) (84740). 3.55 **Rugrats** (R) (S) (1) (8218169). 4.20 **Mr Wymie** (S) (1) (853337). 4.35 **Smart** (7764633). 4.50 **Newsround** (S) (1) (845345). 5.30 **Byker Grove** (8537242).
- 5.35 **Neighbours** (S) (1) (84614).
- 6.00 **News: Weather** (1) (703).
- 6.30 **Regional News** (1) (85).
- 7.00 **Watchdog** (S) (1) (8345).
- 7.30 **EastEnders** (S) (1) (567).
- 8.00 **Animal Hospital** (S) (1) (8203).
- 8.30 **The Zoo Keepers** (S) (1) (8600).
- 9.00 **News: Weather** (1) (8722).
- 9.30 **Dinnerladies**. Victoria Woods' new comedy continues as the waitress works hard to prepare for a royal visit by the Duke of Derby (S) (25513).
- 10.00 **They Think It's All Over**. Comedy sports quiz (S) (1) (87093).
- 10.30 **Cine Anderson** All Talk (80513).
- 11.00 **Question Time** (S) (1) (803613).
- 12.05 **Film: She Says She's Innocent** (1997). Kathy Sagal can't believe her daughter could be involved in a killing (S) (1) (875757).
- 1.35 **Join BBC News 24** (7357899). To 6am.
- Sky One**  
6.00 **Business Breakfast** (17426). 7.00 News (1) (87600). 9.00 **Kitty** (S) (1) (848755). 9.40 **Style Challenge** (S) (8363906). 10.05 **City Hospital** (S) (1) (8437819). 10.55 News (1) (8290703). 11.00 **Real Rooms** (S) (8290180). 11.25 **Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (1) (8200567). 11.55 News (1) (8632702). 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (S) (8332777). 12.25 **Going for a Song** (S) (849484). 12.50 **Weather Show** (S) (1) (8536169). 1.00 News (1) (80587). 1.30 News (7326038). 1.40 **Neighbours** (1) (8770955). 2.05 **Inside** (803245). 2.55 **Wipeout** (S) (2232838).
- 3.25 **Children's BBC: Playdays** (861722). 3.45 **Freeman Sam** (R) (84740). 3.55 **Rugrats** (R) (S) (1) (8218169). 4.20 **Mr Wymie** (S) (1) (853337). 4.35 **Smart** (7764633). 4.50 **Newsround** (S) (1) (845345). 5.30 **Byker Grove** (8537242).
- 5.35 **Neighbours** (S) (1) (84614).
- 6.00 **News: Weather** (1) (703).
- 6.30 **Regional News** (1) (85).
- 7.00 **Watchdog** (S) (1) (8345).
- 7.30 **EastEnders** (S) (1) (567).
- 8.00 **Animal Hospital** (S) (1) (8203).
- 8.30 **The Zoo Keepers** (S) (1) (8600).
- 9.00 **News: Weather** (1) (8722).
- 9.30 **Dinnerladies**. Victoria Woods' new comedy continues as the waitress works hard to prepare for a royal visit by the Duke of Derby (S) (25513).
- 10.00 **They Think It's All Over**. Comedy sports quiz (S) (1) (87093).
- 10.30 **Cine Anderson** All Talk (80513).
- 11.00 **Question Time** (S) (1) (803613).
- 12.05 **Film: She Says She's Innocent** (1997). Kathy Sagal can't believe her daughter could be involved in a killing (S) (1) (875757).
- 1.35 **Join BBC News 24** (7357899). To 6am.
- Sky Two**  
6.00 **Business Breakfast** (17426). 7.00 News (1) (87600). 9.00 **Kitty** (S) (1) (848755). 9.40 **Style Challenge** (S) (8363906). 10.05 **City Hospital** (S) (1) (8437819). 10.55 News (1) (8290703). 11.00 **Real Rooms** (S) (8290180). 11.25 **Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (1) (8200567). 11.55 News (1) (8632702). 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (S) (8332777). 12.25 **Going for a Song** (S) (849484). 12.50 **Weather Show** (S) (1) (8536169). 1.00 News (1) (80587). 1.30 News (7326038). 1.40 **Neighbours** (1) (8770955). 2.05 **Inside** (803245). 2.55 **Wipeout** (S) (2232838).
- 3.25 **Children's BBC: Playdays** (861722). 3.45 **Freeman Sam** (R) (84740). 3.55 **Rugrats** (R) (S) (1) (8218169). 4.20 **Mr Wymie** (S) (1) (853337). 4.35 **Smart** (7764633). 4.50 **Newsround** (S) (1) (845345). 5.30 **Byker Grove** (8537242).
- 5.35 **Neighbours** (S) (1) (84614).
- 6.00 **News: Weather** (1) (703).
- 6.30 **Regional News** (1) (85).
- 7.00 **Watchdog** (S) (1) (8345).
- 7.30 **EastEnders** (S) (1) (567).
- 8.00 **Animal Hospital** (S) (1) (8203).
- 8.30 **The Zoo Keepers** (S) (1) (8600).
- 9.00 **News: Weather** (1) (8722).
- 9.30 **Dinnerladies**. Victoria Woods' new comedy continues as the waitress works hard to prepare for a royal visit by the Duke of Derby (S) (25513).
- 10.00 **They Think It's All Over**. Comedy sports quiz (S) (1) (87093).
- 10.30 **Cine Anderson** All Talk (80513).
- 11.00 **Question Time** (S) (1) (803613).
- 12.05 **Film: She Says She's Innocent** (1997). Kathy Sagal can't believe her daughter could be involved in a killing (S) (1) (875757).
- 1.35 **Join BBC News 24** (7357899). To 6am.

## FRIDAY TELEVISION

## BBC1

- 6.00 **Business Breakfast** (7757). 7.00 News (1) (87759). 9.00 **Kitty** (S) (1) (845827).

# TUESDAY TELEVISION

## BBC1

- 6.00 Business Breakfast** (93456). **7.00 News** (7) (93456). **9.00 Killy** (S) (7) (93456). **9.40 Style Challenge** (S) (93456). **10.05 City Hospital** (S) (93456). **10.55 News** (7) (93456). **11.00 Real Rooms** (S) (93456). **11.25 Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (93456). **11.55 News** (7) (93456). **12.25 Going for the Song** (S) (93456). **12.50 Weather Show** (S) (93456). **1.00 News** (7) (93456). **1.30 Regional News** (7) (93456). **1.40 Neighbours** (S) (93456). **2.05 Inside Out** (S) (93456). **2.55 Wipeout** (S) (93456).
- 3.25 Children's BBC: Playdays** (93456). **3.45 Benetton** (S) (93456). **3.50 ChuckleVision** (S) (93456). **4.30 Night Island** (S) (93456). **4.35 It's Never Work** (S) (93456). **5.00 Newsround** (S) (93456). **5.30 Byker Grove** (S) (93456).
- 5.35 Neighbours** (S) (93456). **6.00 News: Weather** (7) (93456). **6.30 Regional News** (7) (93456). **7.00 Celebrity Ready, Steady, Cook!** (S) (93456). **7.30 EastEnders** (S) (93456). **8.00 Holiday** (S) (93456). **8.30 Mystery with Carol Vorderman** (S) (93456). **9.00 News: Weather** (7) (93456). **9.30 Clear and Present Danger** (S) (93456). **11.45 The Corrs at the Commonwealth** (S) (93456). **12.20 Let It Ride** (S) (93456). **1.50 John's BBC News 24** (93456).

## BBC2

- 6.00 Open University** (325088). **7.00 The Little Polar Bear** (567272). **7.05 Teletubbies** (S) (242514). **7.30 Tom and Jerry Kids** (S) (228423). **7.55 Blue Peter** (558543). **8.20 Robinson Crusoe** (558543). **8.45 Little Polar Bear** (567272). **9.00 France 2000** (785443). **9.30 Working It Out** (558543). **9.55 Numberline** (943383). **10.00 Teletubbies** (S) (242514). **10.30 Watch** (S) (308814). **10.45 Science Zone** (S) (932253). **11.05 Space Ark** (943383). **11.35 Megamaths** (973511). **11.55 Watch** (703727). **12.00 History File** (S) (702104). **12.30 Higher Ed** (S) (932253). **12.55 News** (7) (932253). **1.00 Celine Dole** (567272). **1.30 Sophie Grigson's Herbs** (430634). **1.45 The History Hour** (S) (787882). **2.45 Match of the Day** (S) (702104). **2.50 News** (7) (932253). **2.55 Westminster Show** (S) (932253). **3.30 Gardeners' World** (S) (943383). **4.00 Change That** (S) (932253). **4.25 Ready, Steady, Cook!** (S) (932253). **4.55 Lorraine** (S) (932253). **5.30 Today's Day** (S) (932253).
- 6.00 Fresh Prince of Bel Air** (943383). **6.20 Heartbreak High** (S) (932253). **7.00 The O Zone** (S) (932253). **7.30 From the Edge** (S) (932253). **8.00 University Challenge** (S) (932253). **8.30 Delta's How to Cook** (S) (932253). **9.00 Back to the Floor** (S) (932253). **9.30 Modern Times** (S) (932253). **10.20 Whippers** (S) (932253). **10.30 Newsnight** (7) (932253). **11.45 Seinfeld** (S) (932253). **12.00 Lorraine** (S) (932253). **12.30 Learning Zone** (943383). **1.00 To 6am**.

## ITV Granada

- 6.00 GMTV** (963123). **9.25 Trisha** (S) (7) (963123). **10.45 This Morning** (7) (963123). **12.30 Granada News** (7) (963123). **1.00 Home and Away** (7) (963123). **1.25 Jerry Springer Show** (7) (963123). **2.40 Coronation Street** (7) (963123). **2.45 Supermarket Sweep** (S) (963123). **3.30 News** (7) (963123).
- 3.20 Children's ITV: Wizardia** (7) (963123). **3.30 The Singing Kettle** (S) (7) (963123). **3.45 Wolves, Wolves and Giants** (S) (963123). **3.55 Zzap! (S)** (963123). **4.40 Out of Sight** (S) (963123). **5.00 Home and Away** (S) (963123). **5.40 News: Weather** (7) (963123).
- 5.55 Granada Tonight** (7) (963123). **7.00 Emmerdale** (S) (963123). **7.30 The Mail** (7) (963123). **8.00 The Bill** (S) (963123). **8.30 Grafters** (S) (963123). **9.00 News: Weather** (7) (963123). **9.30 News: Weather** (7) (963123). **10.30 News: Weather** (7) (963123). **10.40 Choice Brain Stormer's Dracula** (S) (963123). **1.00 The Hunted** (S) (963123). **1.30 Planet Rock Profiles** (S) (963123). **2.00 Motor Sport** (7) (963123). **2.30 The Black Rider** (S) (963123). **3.35 National Football League Extra** (310733). **4.30 NightScene** (22554). **5.30 News** (7) (963123). **6.00 To 6am**.

## Channel 4

- 6.00 Sesame Street** (16494). **7.00 The Big Breakfast** (S) (7) (16494). **8.00 Schools** (7) (16494). **11.30 Powerhouse** (7) (16494). **12.00 Sesame Street** (7) (16494). **1.00 Dream of Jeanie** (7) (16494). **1.00 Judge Joe Brown** (7) (16494). **1.30 The Three Stooges** (7) (16494).
- 1.50 The Bride Came C.O.D.** (1941). **2.00 The Audience** (S) (7) (1941). **2.30 Collectors' Lot** (7) (1941). **3.00 Fifties to One** (7) (1941). **3.30 Countdown** (S) (7) (1941). **4.00 Pet Rescue Roadshow** (388). **6.00 Harry Hill** (7) (901). **7.00 King of the Hill** (S) (7) (901). **7.55 Talking Heads** (S) (93385). **8.00 Brookside** (S) (7) (93385). **8.30 Drivers** (S) (93385). **9.00 Cutting Edge** (S) (93385). **9.30 Young Person's Guide to Sex** (S) (93385). **10.45 Friends** (S) (93385). **11.45 Kiss Kiss Bang Bang** (7) (901). **12.00 The Bank, the President and the Poet** (S) (901). **12.45 Football Show** (S) (901). **1.00 Prisoner: The Immortal Zugzwang** (S) (901). **1.30 Schools** (7) (901). **6.00 To 6am**.

## Channel 5

- 6.00 5 News and Sport** (S) (273358). **7.00 WideWorld** (S) (273358). **7.30 Milkshake!** (S) (273358). **7.55 What a Mess** (S) (273358). **8.00 Havalakoo** (S) (273358). **8.30 Dapperdown Farm** (283543). **9.00 The Great Garden Game** (S) (273358). **9.30 Russell Gurne's Postcards** (S) (273358). **10.00 Sunset Beach** (S) (273358). **11.00 Lezza** (S) (273358). **12.00 5 News** (S) (273358). **12.30 Family Affairs** (S) (273358). **1.00 Bold and the Beautiful** (S) (273358). **1.30 Sons and Daughters** (773359). **2.00 100 Per Cent Gold** (S) (540765). **2.30 Good Afternoon** (S) (540765).
- 3.30 Resting Place** (995). **4.00 The Roseanne Show** (846553). **6.00 100 Per Cent** (S) (558974). **6.30 Family Affairs** (S) (558974). **7.00 5 News** (S) (558974). **7.30 Wild World** (S) (558974). **8.00 Are You Being Cheated?** (S) (558974). **8.30 What's the Story?** (S) (558974). **9.00 DNA** (S) (558974). **9.30 The Jack Docherty Show** (S) (558974). **11.30 The Streets of San Francisco** (S) (558974). **12.30 Live and Dangerous** (S) (558974). **1.00 Prisoner: The Immortal Zugzwang** (S) (558974). **1.30 100 Per Cent** (S) (558974). **6.00 To 6am**.

## ITV/Regions

- 6.00 Business Breakfast** (93456). **7.00 News** (7) (93456). **9.00 Killy** (S) (7) (93456). **9.40 Style Challenge** (S) (93456). **10.05 City Hospital** (S) (93456). **10.55 News** (7) (93456). **11.00 Real Rooms** (S) (93456). **11.25 Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (93456). **11.55 News** (7) (93456). **12.25 Going for the Song** (S) (93456). **12.50 Weather Show** (S) (93456). **1.00 News** (7) (93456). **1.30 Regional News** (7) (93456). **1.40 Neighbours** (S) (93456). **2.05 Inside Out** (S) (93456). **2.55 Wipeout** (S) (93456).
- 3.25 Children's BBC: Playdays** (93456). **3.45 Benetton** (S) (93456). **3.50 ChuckleVision** (S) (93456). **4.30 Night Island** (S) (93456). **4.35 It's Never Work** (S) (93456). **5.00 Newsround** (S) (93456). **5.30 Byker Grove** (S) (93456).
- 5.35 Neighbours** (S) (93456). **6.00 News: Weather** (7) (93456). **6.30 Regional News** (7) (93456). **7.00 Celebrity Ready, Steady, Cook!** (S) (93456). **7.30 EastEnders** (S) (93456). **8.00 Holiday** (S) (93456). **8.30 Mystery with Carol Vorderman** (S) (93456). **9.00 News: Weather** (7) (93456). **9.30 Clear and Present Danger** (S) (93456). **11.45 The Corrs at the Commonwealth** (S) (93456). **12.20 Let It Ride** (S) (93456). **1.50 John's BBC News 24** (93456).

### TUESDAY CHOICE

DOES ANYONE do seductive evil better than Gary Oldman? One of our finest exports to Hollywood obviously realises his role as the 18th-century Count Dracula, who is forced to survive on other people's blood for all eternity and is confronted by his 'old' adversary, Van Helsing (Anthony Hopkins) in Bram Stoker's Dracula (16.40pm, ITV, left). Director Francis Ford Coppola invests this new version of an old-filmed story with a real sense of style, and the film deservedly scooped an Oscar for costume design.



### SATELLITE & CABLE

**UK Gold** (S) (273358). **7.00 WideWorld** (S) (273358). **7.30 Milkshake!** (S) (273358). **7.55 What a Mess** (S) (273358). **8.00 Havalakoo** (S) (273358). **8.30 Dapperdown Farm** (283543). **9.00 The Great Garden Game** (S) (273358). **9.30 Russell Gurne's Postcards** (S) (273358). **10.00 Sunset Beach** (S) (273358). **11.00 Lezza** (S) (273358). **12.00 5 News** (S) (273358). **12.30 Family Affairs** (S) (273358). **1.00 Bold and the Beautiful** (S) (273358). **1.30 Sons and Daughters** (773359). **2.00 100 Per Cent Gold** (S) (540765). **2.30 Good Afternoon** (S) (540765).

# WEDNESDAY TELEVISION

## BBC1

- 6.00 Business Breakfast** (93456). **7.00 News** (7) (93456). **9.00 Killy** (S) (7) (93456). **9.40 Style Challenge** (S) (93456). **10.05 City Hospital** (S) (93456). **10.55 News** (7) (93456). **11.00 Real Rooms** (S) (93456). **11.25 Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (93456). **11.55 News** (7) (93456). **12.25 Going for the Song** (S) (93456). **12.50 Weather Show** (S) (93456). **1.00 News** (7) (93456). **1.30 Regional News** (7) (93456). **1.40 Neighbours** (S) (93456). **2.05 Inside Out** (S) (93456). **2.55 Wipeout** (S) (93456).
- 3.25 Children's BBC: Playdays** (93456). **3.45 Benetton** (S) (93456). **3.50 ChuckleVision** (S) (93456). **4.30 Night Island** (S) (93456). **4.35 It's Never Work** (S) (93456). **5.00 Newsround** (S) (93456). **5.30 Byker Grove** (S) (93456).
- 5.35 Neighbours** (S) (93456). **6.00 News: Weather** (7) (93456). **6.30 Regional News** (7) (93456). **7.00 A Question of Sport** (S) (7) (1498). **7.30 Tomorrow's World** (S) (7) (147). **8.00 The Life of Birds** (S) (7) (94383). **8.50 The National Lottery: Amazing Luck Stories** (S) (7) (97160). **9.00 News: Weather** (9678). **9.30 CHOCOLATE QED** (S) (9678). **10.00 War and Pigeons** (S) (9678). **10.30 Best of British: A Profile of Cliff Richard** (S) (7) (25673). **11.15 Carry On Camping** (1988). **12.40 Perry's Progress** (1974). **2.20 John's BBC News 24** (93456).

## BBC2

- 6.00 Duccio: The Rucellai Madonna** (7) (93456). **7.00 King Greening's** (S) (93456). **7.30 Tom and Jerry Kids** (S) (228423). **7.55 Blue Peter** (558543). **8.20 Robinson Crusoe** (558543). **8.45 Little Polar Bear** (567272). **9.00 France 2000** (785443). **9.30 Working It Out** (558543). **9.55 Numberline** (943383). **10.00 Teletubbies** (S) (242514). **10.30 Watch** (S) (308814). **10.45 Science Zone** (S) (932253). **11.05 Space Ark** (943383). **11.35 Megamaths** (973511). **11.55 Watch** (703727). **12.00 History File** (S) (702104). **12.30 Higher Ed** (S) (932253). **12.55 News** (7) (932253). **1.00 Celine Dole** (567272). **1.30 Sophie Grigson's Herbs** (430634). **1.45 The History Hour** (S) (787882). **2.45 Match of the Day** (S) (702104). **2.50 News** (7) (932253). **2.55 Westminster Show** (S) (932253). **3.30 Gardeners' World** (S) (943383). **4.00 Change That** (S) (932253). **4.25 Ready, Steady, Cook!** (S) (932253). **4.55 Lorraine** (S) (932253). **5.30 Today's Day** (S) (932253).
- 6.00 Star Trek: The Next Generation** (S) (93456). **6.45 Sliders** (S) (93456). **7.30 Behind Closed Doors** (S) (789). **8.00 Looking Good** (S) (93456). **8.30 Home Front** (S) (7296). **9.00 Nurse** (S) (93456). **9.30 Trade Secrets** (S) (93456). **10.00 In Stitches** (S) (93456). **10.30 Newsnight** (7) (93456). **11.45 Brothers and Sisters** (S) (93456). **12.00 Despatch Box** (S) (93456). **12.30 Learning Zone** (943383). **1.00 To 6am**.

## ITV Granada

- 6.00 GMTV** (963123). **9.25 Trisha** (S) (7) (963123). **10.45 This Morning** (7) (963123). **12.30 Granada News** (7) (963123). **1.00 Home and Away** (7) (963123). **1.25 Jerry Springer Show** (7) (963123). **2.40 Coronation Street** (7) (963123). **2.45 Supermarket Sweep** (S) (963123). **3.30 News** (7) (963123).
- 3.20 Children's ITV: Wizardia** (7) (963123). **3.30 The Singing Kettle** (S) (7) (963123). **3.45 Wolves, Wolves and Giants** (S) (963123). **3.55 Zzap! (S)** (963123). **4.40 Out of Sight** (S) (963123). **5.00 Home and Away** (S) (963123). **5.40 News: Weather** (7) (963123).
- 5.55 Granada Tonight** (7) (963123). **7.00 Emmerdale** (S) (963123). **7.30 The Mail** (7) (963123). **8.00 The Bill** (S) (963123). **8.30 Grafters** (S) (963123). **9.00 News: Weather** (7) (963123). **9.30 News: Weather** (7) (963123). **10.30 News: Weather** (7) (963123). **10.40 Choice Brain Stormer's Dracula** (S) (963123). **1.00 The Hunted** (S) (963123). **1.30 Planet Rock Profiles** (S) (963123). **2.00 Motor Sport** (7) (963123). **2.30 The Black Rider** (S) (963123). **3.35 National Football League Extra** (310733). **4.30 NightScene** (22554). **5.30 News** (7) (963123). **6.00 To 6am**.

## Channel 4

- 6.00 Sesame Street** (16494). **7.00 The Big Breakfast** (S) (7) (16494). **8.00 Schools** (7) (16494). **11.30 Powerhouse** (7) (16494). **12.00 Sesame Street** (7) (16494). **1.00 Dream of Jeanie** (7) (16494). **1.00 Judge Joe Brown** (7) (16494). **1.30 The Three Stooges** (7) (16494).
- 1.50 Count Your Blessings** (959). **2.00 The Audience** (S) (7) (1941). **2.30 Collectors' Lot** (7) (1941). **3.00 Fifties to One** (7) (1941). **3.30 Countdown** (S) (7) (1941). **4.00 Pet Rescue Roadshow** (7) (708). **6.00 Late Lunch with Mel and Sue** (S) (901). **7.00 News: Weather** (7) (901). **7.55 Talking Heads** (S) (93385). **8.00 Brookside** (S) (7) (93385). **8.30 The Real Holiday Show** (S) (901). **9.00 Drop the Dead Donkey** (S) (901). **9.30 Is It Legal?** (S) (901). **10.00 Rising Damp** (S) (901). **10.30 Bob and Margaret** (S) (901). **11.00 Who's Line Is It Anyway?** (S) (901). **11.30 The Comedy Lab** (7702). **12.00 Under the Moon** (S) (901). **1.30 Sesame Street** (308235). **7.00 To 6am**.

## Channel 5

- 6.00 5 News and Sport** (S) (273358). **7.00 WideWorld** (S) (273358). **7.30 Milkshake!** (S) (273358). **7.55 What a Mess** (S) (273358). **8.00 Havalakoo** (S) (273358). **8.30 Dapperdown Farm** (283543). **9.00 The Great Garden Game** (S) (273358). **9.30 Russell Gurne's Postcards** (S) (273358). **10.00 Sunset Beach** (S) (273358). **11.00 Lezza** (S) (273358). **12.00 5 News** (S) (273358). **12.30 Family Affairs** (S) (273358). **1.00 Bold and the Beautiful** (S) (273358). **1.30 Sons and Daughters** (773359). **2.00 100 Per Cent Gold** (S) (540765). **2.30 Good Afternoon** (S) (540765).
- 3.30 Aloha Means Goodbye** (427031). **5.30 The Roseanne Show** (577483). **6.00 100 Per Cent** (S) (558974). **6.30 Family Affairs** (S) (558974). **7.00 5 News** (S) (558974). **7.30 The Paper Chair** (S) (558974). **8.00 The Car Show** (S) (558974). **8.30 In the Dark** (S) (558974). **9.00 The Silencers** (S) (558974). **9.30 Melinda's Big Night In** (S) (558974). **11.35 Compromising Situations** (S) (558974). **12.00 M.I. 2: Ice Hockey** (S) (558974). **12.30 Club Class** (S) (558974). **1.00 100 Per Cent** (S) (558974). **1.30 Move On** (S) (558974). **6.00 To 6am**.

## ITV/Regions

- 6.00 Business Breakfast** (93456). **7.00 News** (7) (93456). **9.00 Killy** (S) (7) (93456). **9.40 Style Challenge** (S) (93456). **10.05 City Hospital** (S) (93456). **10.55 News** (7) (93456). **11.00 Real Rooms** (S) (93456). **11.25 Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (93456). **11.55 News** (7) (93456). **12.25 Going for the Song** (S) (93456). **12.50 Weather Show** (S) (93456). **1.00 News** (7) (93456). **1.30 Regional News** (7) (93456). **1.40 Neighbours** (S) (93456). **2.05 Inside Out** (S) (93456). **2.55 Wipeout** (S) (93456).
- 3.25 Children's BBC: Playdays** (93456). **3.45 Benetton** (S) (93456). **3.50 ChuckleVision** (S) (93456). **4.30 Night Island** (S) (93456). **4.35 It's Never Work** (S) (93456). **5.00 Newsround** (S) (93456). **5.30 Byker Grove** (S) (93456).
- 5.35 Neighbours** (S) (93456). **6.00 News: Weather** (7) (93456). **6.30 Regional News** (7) (93456). **7.00 A Question of Sport** (S) (7) (1498). **7.30 Tomorrow's World** (S) (7) (147). **8.00 The Life of Birds** (S) (7) (94383). **8.50 The National Lottery: Amazing Luck Stories** (S) (7) (97160). **9.00 News: Weather** (9678). **9.30 CHOCOLATE QED** (S) (9678). **10.00 War and Pigeons** (S) (9678). **10.30 Best of British: A Profile of Cliff Richard** (S) (7) (25673). **11.15 Carry On Camping** (1988). **12.40 Perry's Progress** (1974). **2.20 John's BBC News 24** (93456).

### WEDNESDAY CHOICE

TOMMY'S QED: Secrets of the Cloud People (9.30pm, BBC1, left) tells the story of arguably the most remarkable archaeological find of the century in the Amazon jungle: a lost civilisation of tall, blond people who lived high in the cloud forest. The 71-year-old explorer Gene Savoy found burial tombs above the sacred 'Lake of the Clouds' containing the mummified corpses of a tall, non-Inca people, and a monumental structure two and a half times the size of the Great Pyramid of Giza. These people originate in Egypt?



### SATELLITE & CABLE

**UK Gold** (S) (273358). **7.00 WideWorld** (S) (273358). **7.30 Milkshake!** (S) (273358). **7.55 What a Mess** (S) (273358). **8.00 Havalakoo** (S) (273358). **8.30 Dapperdown Farm** (283543). **9.00 The Great Garden Game** (S) (273358). **9.30 Russell Gurne's Postcards** (S) (273358). **10.00 Sunset Beach** (S) (273358). **11.00 Lezza** (S) (273358). **12.00 5 News** (S) (273358). **12.30 Family Affairs** (S) (273358). **1.00 Bold and the Beautiful** (S) (273358). **1.30 Sons and Daughters** (773359). **2.00 100 Per Cent Gold** (S) (540765). **2.30 Good Afternoon** (S)



# SATURDAY RADIO

**RADIO 1**  
(97.9-98.9MHz FM)  
7.00 Mark Goodier. 10.00 Chris Moyles. 1.00 Emma B. 3.00 Radio 1's R'n'B Chart. 5.00 Judge Jules. 7.00 Danny Rampling - Lovegroove Dance Party. 9.00 Westwood - Radio 1 Rap Show. 12.00 Radio 1 Reggae Dancehall Nite. 2.00 The Essential Mx Dave Holmes. 4.00 - 6.30 Charlie Jordan.

**RADIO 2**  
(88-90.2MHz FM)  
6.00 Mo Dutta. 8.05 Brian Mathew. 10.00 Steve Wright's Saturday Show. 1.00 John Bird: That Mocking Bird. 1.30 News. 2.00 Alan Freeman. 3.30 Johnnie Walker. 5.30 Paul Gambaccini. 7.00 Reading Music. 8.00 David Essex in Concert. 9.00 Jimmy Ruffin. 10.00 Tosh Harris. 1.00 Lynn Parsons. 2.00 - 7.00 Mo Dutta.

**RADIO 3**  
(92.2-92.4MHz FM)  
6.00 On Air. 9.00 CD Review. 11.00 Building a Library. 12.00 Private Passions. 1.00 The Radio 3 Lunchtime Concert. 2.00 Best of 3. 3.00 One Hundred Years of the Yellow Label. 4.15 Music as Life - a Postlude. 5.00 Jazz Record Requests. 6.00 Punk Jazz. A series of four programmes in which Charles Snaar Murray tells the remarkable story of bass player Jaco Pastorius. 1. Word of Mouth. The origins of Jaco's genius. With contributions from Pat Metheny, Paul Bley, Joe Zawinul and members of Jaco's family. 2.20 Boris Berman. (R)

2.20 Opera on 3. Live from the London Coliseum, Francesca Zamballo's new production for English National Opera of Musorgsky's historical epic, using Musorgsky's original orchestration and the English translation by the great Musorgsky champion David Lloyd-Jones. Tzar Boris, who murdered Dmitri, the rightful heir to the throne, is haunted by his crime and threatened by a rebellion: its leader seems to be Dmitri, risen from the dead and

## RADIO CHOICE

IT HAS been 200 years since Wolfe Tone, founding father of Irish republicanism, committed suicide after a failed revolt against the British: Fergal Keane tells his story in *United Irishman* (2.30pm R4). There's a sort of link to the new series of *Better than Sex* (7.45pm R4): the first person to offer a favourite sensual pleasure is the Irish playwright Sebastian

Barry, who, in such plays as *The Steward of Christendom*, has uncovered some of the odd relationships between the Irish and British. Later on, there's a new serialisation of *Hard Times* (10.30pm World Service), which stars Tom Baker (right). It's done in typically plain World Service style; but that suits Dickens's most direct novel.



ROBERT HANES

galvanising support among the suffering Russian people. John Tomkinson, bass (Boris), John Danczuk, tenor (Dmitri), Robert Tear, tenor (Shusky), Chorus and Orchestra of English National Opera/Paul Daniel. 9.05 The Real Boris. Robin Miller-Gulland and Geoffrey Hosking talk about the historical Tzar Boris Godunov and compare him with Musorgsky's version, exploring Boris's antecedents and his legacy to Russia. 9.20 Boris Godunov, Part 2. 10.45 Best Words. Michael Rosen introduces the latest reviews, performances and interviews from the world of poetry. 11.45 Leroy Anderson. 11.50 Jazz on 3. 1.00 - 6.00 Through the Night.

**RADIO 4**  
(92.4-94.6MHz FM)  
6.00 News Briefing. 6.05 Sports Desk. 6.30 Open Country. 6.57 Weather. 7.00 Today. 9.00 Home Truths. 10.00 News. Loose Ends. 11.00 News. The Food Programme. 11.30 From Our Own Correspondent. 12.00 News. Money Box. 12.30 True Lies. 12.55 Weather. 1.00 News. 1.15 Any Questions? 2.00 News. Any Answers? 071 580 4444.

2.30 United Irishman. See *Pick of the Day*. 3.00 News. The Saturday Play: The Black Spectacles. (R) 4.00 News. Weekend Woman's Hour. 5.00 Saturday PM. 5.30 Talking Pictures. 5.54 Shipping Forecast. 5.57 Weather. 6.00 Six O'Clock News. 6.45 The Now Show. 7.00 Saturday Review. Tom Sutcliffe and guests review the week's cultural events. 7.45 Better than Sex. Four writers celebrate a single, readily available sensual experience which gives them intense pleasure. 1. Sebastian Barry on *Putting Tobias to Bed*. See *Pick of the Day*. 8.00 The Archive Hour. Hoax. The art of hoaxing has a special place in history, from the Cottingley fairies to the man who sold the Eiffel Tower. Nick Yapp takes a look at this phenomenon, asking what makes people want to carry out a hoax and why victims are so easily hoodwinked. 9.00 News. The Classic Serial: The Warden. By Anthony Trolope, dramatised for radio in two episodes by Martyn Wadda. 2. Torn between family loyalty and her love for John Bold, Eleanor Harding beseeches the latter to give up his action against her father. With Stephen Moore, Janet Maw, Peter Howell and Jilly Bond.

Director Cherry Cookson. 10.00 News and Weather. 10.45 The Moral Maze. Michael Buark, Janet Daley, Ian Largeaves, David Starkey and David Cook cross-examine guests on the moral and ethical issues behind one of the week's controversies. 11.00 News. Aerial Views. Jennifer Cox talks to four European broadcasters about the cities they work in and the music they play. 1. Sean Lovett of Radio Vaticana at the Vatican City, Rome. 11.30 Messages to Myself. Diaries by ordinary people. (R) 12.00 News. 12.25 Experimental Feature. Still No Truce. Three programmes featuring specially commissioned works from Welsh poet and priest R S Thomas. 1. True to My Name. 12.30 The Late Story. A Snowman on the Old Perth Road. In John Burnside's new story, a childhood prank leaves lifelong scars. It was a stupid thing to do and, although the idea was his, I couldn't help thinking, later, that I was to blame. Read by John Gordon Sinclair. 12.48 Shipping Forecast. 1.00 As World Service. 5.30 World News. 5.35 Shipping Forecast. 5.40 Inshore Forecast. 5.45 - 6.00 Bells on Sunday.

**RADIO 4 LW**  
(584kHz)  
12.00 - 12.04 News Headlines; Shipping Forecast.

**RADIO 5 LIVE**  
(693.509kHz MW)  
6.00 Dirty Tackle. 6.30 Breakfast. 9.00 Chiles on Saturday. 11.00 Move It. 11.30 The Back Page. 12.00 Sportsack. 1.00 Sport on Five. 6.06 Six-O-Six. 8.00 Dailyn UK. Richard Dailyn with news from around the UK. 9.00 The Treatment. Stuart Macconie and guests review the week's news. 10.00 Late Night Currie. Edwina Currie with the weekend's big issues, including sport in depth at 10.30, and a news briefing at 11.00. 1.00 Up All Night. 5.00 - 6.00 Morning Reports.

**CLASSIC FM**  
(100.0-101.9MHz FM)  
6.00 Sarah Lucas. 8.00 Countdown. 11.00 Masters of Their Art. 12.00 Miles Road. 3.00 Margaret Howard. 6.00 Classic FM at the Movies. 7.00 Smooth Classics at Seven. 9.00 Opera Guide. 10.00 The Classic Quiz. 12.00 Midnight Music. 2.00 Evening Concert. 4.00 - 6.00 Sunday Start.

**VIOLIN RADIO**  
(1215.197-1260kHz MW)  
10.58MHz FM)  
6.00 Jeremy Clark. 9.00 Harriet Scott. 12.00 Classic Countdown with Russ Williams. 2.00 Rock and Roll Football with Chris Evans. 6.00 Wheels of Steel. 10.00 Janey Lee Grace. 2.00 - 6.00 Richard West.

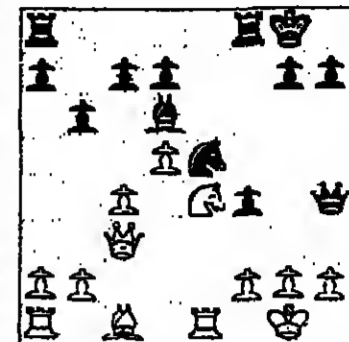
**WORLD SERVICE RADIO**  
(168kHz LW)  
1.30 Soundworks. 1.45 Sports Roundup. 2.00 Newsday. 2.30 Music Review. 3.00 World News. 3.45 Sports Roundup. 3.50 From Our Own Correspondent. 4.00 Newsdesk. 4.30 Global Business. 5.00 Newsday. 5.30 - 6.00 Jazzwalk.

**TALK RADIO**  
6.00 Paul Ross and Carol McGiff. 6.00 Wendy Lloyd. 11.30 Danny Baker and Danny Kelly. 1.00 Premiership Show with Alan Mulvey. 3.00 Nationwide League Live Commentary. 5.30 Danny Baker and Danny Kelly. 7.30 Nancy Roberts. 10.00 Mike Allen. 2.00 - 6.00 Mike Dickinson.

## INDEPENDENT PURSUITS

### CHESS

JON SPEELMAN



THE CREAM has been rising to the top in the seventh Monarch Assurance Open in the Isle of Man, as the leaders recover from their various set-backs.

Erni Sutovsky, originally Russian, now Israeli, was the last to surrender a perfect score when he drew with the second seed, Sergei Tiviakov, in round four on Wednesday. Meanwhile Nigel Short had beaten Fridman to take a share of the lead while Ehlvest, Baburin, Rausis, Arkel and Plaskett in today's excellent game, also won.

White: C Hanley  
Black: Jim Plaskett  
Isle of Man 1998  
English defence

1 c4 b6	16 Ne4 Qb4
2 Nc3 e6	diagram!
3 e4 Bb7	17 B7 Bb4!
4 Nf3 Bb4	18 Qb1 Nd3
5 Bb3 Ne7	19 g3 fsg3
6 Ne2 f5	20 hsg3 Qh3
7 Ng3 0-0	21 Qc3 Rf3
8 0-0 Bb6	22 Bf4 Rb8
9 exd5 Nxd5	23 Rf1 Rxf4
10 Bxf5 exd5	24 Rxf5 Rxf5
11 Re1 Qf6	25 Qc2 Qg4
12 d4 Bxd3!	26 Qe2 Nd4
13 Qd3 Ne6	27 Qe1 Qh3
14 d5 Ne5	28 Qd2 Re3! 0-1
15 Qc2 f4	

There is a fine book by that name, sadly now long out of print, by Keene, Tisdall and Plaskett himself. And I also have been a long-time devotee of the defence, though unfortunately, really well prepared opponents have become somewhat of a liability as theory has threatened to consign the more dubious lines to the scrap heap.

Hanley tried an idea with which Alexander Chernin beat me last year. But Plaskett improved on it with the excellent 7... 0-0, instead of my 7... Ng5? not fearing 8 a3 Bb6 9 e5 Bc5 10 b4 Bxd3! 11 Qd3 Bd4 12 Qa8 Bxa1.

White exchanged off his bishop with 10 Bxf5 to free the d pawn, but after 12... Bxf3! and 13... Nc6 Black

### BRIDGE

ALAN HIRON

"I THINK you got that one wrong, partner!" commented West good-humouredly after an unsuccessful defence against South's club game on this deal from match-play.

After two passes South opened One Club and West overcalled with One Heart. North suggested a maximum pass and a liking for clubs by bidding Two Hearts, and East raised obstructively to Three Hearts. Still angling for 3 No-trumps, South explored with Three Spades but, with nothing in hearts, North went back to Four Clubs. As his partner could hardly have enough high cards to make a slam possible, South contented himself with Five Clubs. All passed and West led ♠K.

Love all; dealer North

North	
♠ 4 3 2	
♥ 10 6 2	
♦ A K 7	
♣ K J 9 4	

East	
♠ K 10 5	♠ J 8 7 6
♥ K Q J 7 3	♥ A 9 8 5
♦ 6 5 2	♦ 10 9 8 4
♣ 6 3	♣ 8

South	
♠ A Q 9	
♥ 4	
♦ Q J 3	
♣ A Q 10 7 5 2	

When his king held, West continued with ♥Q. Now the play was easy for a good technician. Declarer ruffed, drew trumps, ruffed dummy's last heart and cashed his three diamonds, ending on the table. Then he led a spade, putting in the nine when East played low (it would not have helped East to try the jack for South merely covers with his queen). West won with his 10 but was end-played - either he led a spade into South's remaining tenace, or conceded a ruff and discard.

West's complaint was that his partner should have foreseen such

a development and overtaken ♠K with his ace to return a spade at trick two. Can you see why this did not help? (As capably demonstrated by South at the other table.) Declarer covers the low spade with his nine and this loses to the 10. But now, after ruffing the next heart lead, declarer ran all his trumps and followed with three diamonds, ending in dummy who had retained ♠6. ♠10, West, now in sole control of the hearts, was forced to bare his king of spades, and, bearing in mind West's entry into the bidding, it was not difficult for declarer to play his ace and drop West's ♠K.

## SATELLITE AND CABLE

### SATELLITE CHOICE

THE TRUMAN SHOW revealed a new Jim Carrey, one capable of going for virtually an entire movie without pulling a face. But he made his name as a gunner and those abilities are on display in *Liar Liar* (8pm Sky Premier), Brian Grazer's lightweight satellite premiere. Carrey plays Fletcher Reede, a high-flying lawyer who has made his way to the top by being economical with the truth. When he misses his son Max's fifth birthday party,

Max makes a birthday wish that his father tell the truth for 24 hours, and Carrey's life is turned upside-down. Glenn Close (*right*), the subject of tonight's *Femmes Fatales* (8.30pm Sky MovieMax), specialises in more serious roles. This profile is followed tonight by an evening of her films; *Immediate Family* (7pm), *Mars Attacks!* (9pm), *Fatal Attraction* (10.45pm), and *Dangerous Liaisons* (12.45am).



JAMES RAMPTON

**DISCOVERY CHANNEL**  
4.00 Wings over Vietnam (8.00/8.30). 5.00 Battlefield (8.00/8.30). 7.00 Wheels and Keels: Hoverships (8.00/8.30). 8.00 Raging Planet (8.00/8.30). 9.00 Extreme Machines (8.00/8.30). 10.00 Forensic Detectives (8.00/8.30). 11.00 Battlefield (7.45pm). 1.00 The Century of Warfare (8.45pm). 2.00 Close.

**SKY ONE**  
10.00 Bump in the Night (7.45pm). 7.30 Wild West Cowboys of Moo Mesa (8.00pm). 8.00 The Adventures of Sirbad (8.45pm). 9.00 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 9.30 Court Duckets (8.00pm). 10.00 The Best of the Chris Evans Show (8.45pm). 11.00 Wrestling (8.00pm). 12.00 Wrestling (8.45pm). 1.00 The New Adventures of Superman (8.00/8.30). 2.00 The Newwired Game (8.00/8.30). 2.30 The Newwired Game (8.00/8.30). 3.00 M\*A\*S\*H (8.00/8.30). 3.30 M\*A\*S\*H (8.00/8.30). 4.00 Star Trek: Voyager (8.00/8.30). 4.30 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 5.00 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 5.30 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 6.00 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 6.30 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 7.00 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 7.30 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 8.00 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 8.30 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 9.00 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 9.30 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 10.00 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 10.30 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 11.00 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 11.30 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30). 12.00 The Simpsons (8.00/8.30).

**SKY SPORTS 3**  
12.00 Waterpolo World (8.00/8.30). 1.00 Pool: the Duet 1998 (8.00/8.30). 2.00 Beach Volleyball Tour (7.00/8.00). 2.30 H2O (8.00/8.30). 3.00 Showjumping Classic (8.00/8.30). 3.30 Football Scrapbook (8.00/8.30). 4.00 Basketball Birmingham Bulls v Derby Storm (8.00/8.30). 5.00 Beach Volleyball Tour (8.00/8.30). 5.30 Wild Sports (8.00/8.30). 6.00 International Rugby League: Great Britain vs New Zealand (8.00/8.30). 7.00 Close.

**SKY CINEMA**  
11.00 Arm of Gables (8.30). 12.00 The 12th Year (8.30). 1.00 Klondee (8.30). 2.00 Government Girl (8.30). 3.00 Government Girl (8.30). 4.00 Government Girl (8.30). 5.00 Government Girl (8.30). 6.00 Government Girl (8.30). 7.00 Government Girl (8.30). 8.00 Government Girl (8.30). 9.00 Government Girl (8.30). 10.00 Government Girl (8.30). 11.00 Government Girl (8.30). 12.00 Government Girl (8.30). 1.00 Government Girl (8.30). 2.00 Government Girl (8.30). 3.00 Government Girl (8.30). 4.00 Government Girl (8.30). 5.00 Government Girl (8.30). 6.00 Government Girl (8.30). 7.00 Government Girl (8.30). 8.00 Government Girl (8.30). 9.00 Government Girl (8.30). 10.00 Government Girl (8.30). 11.00 Government Girl (8.30). 12.00 Government Girl (8.30). 1.00 Government Girl (8.30). 2.00 Government Girl (8.30). 3.00 Government Girl (8.30). 4.00 Government Girl (8.30). 5.00 Government Girl (8.30). 6.00 Government Girl (8.30). 7.00 Government Girl (8.30). 8.00 Government Girl (8.30). 9.00 Government 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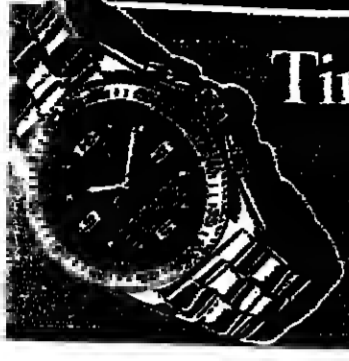
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THE INDEPENDENT

Saturday 14 November 1995

# YOUR MONEY

HOW TO MAKE IT • HOW TO SPEND IT



Time on their hands: watches that make men happy

SHOPPING, PAGE 9



Matthew Parris: an outing in my Morris

MOTORING, PAGE 18



Millionaires' row: homes for the really rich

PROPERTY, PAGE 12

## Save the savings clubs

The demise of supermarket Christmas schemes is a blow for the less well-off.

By Paul Slade

Supermarket bank accounts and loyalty cards have all but wiped out the special Christmas savings schemes which many low-income shoppers rely on. Of the UK's five leading supermarket chains, only Sainsbury's and the Co-op offer Christmas schemes - and the Sainsbury's one may not last very long.

Sainsbury's Christmas Saver Account boosts its normal 3.25 per cent interest rate to 6.25 per cent for sums paid in by the end of October and not withdrawn again till December. The Co-op plan adds a £2 bonus to every completed £38 card of saver stamps redeemed against goods in December.

Janice Allen, at the National Consumer Council, believes year-round supermarket savings accounts are no substitute: "Christmas schemes are a way of disciplining yourself when you have very little leeway in your budget. We would be very concerned if these schemes were to disappear completely, because they offer the less well-off an option which they value highly."

David Noble, Sainsbury's Bank marketing director, says: "The whole image of saving for Christmas is more strongly attached to people who are older,

who have less interest in credit than the younger age-group." Nevertheless, Sainsbury's is considering dropping its Christmas Saver Account from next year onwards, because very few people use it. As the chain's instant-access account offers a slightly better interest rate - 6.75 per cent - with no restrictions on withdrawals, most Sainsbury's shoppers naturally enough pick the better-paying and more flexible option.

But for savers putting away the bare minimum, the practical difference between the two accounts is negligible.

Making 12 monthly payments of £10 each into the Christmas Saver Account, making sure you qualify for your bonus, would earn you interest of £4.02. The same investment in the instant-access account would earn you just 24p extra.

For some, it is the very inflexibility of Christmas savings plans which makes them worthwhile. They discourage you from taking your money out early, as that means you would lose out.

Last month's Personal Investment Authority report on low-income savers says: "The additional expenditure incurred at Christmas is hard to accommodate on a low income."

"Christmas clubs and supermarket savings stamps were used to save up for additional



Christmas saver schemes were a boon for many low-income families

Topham

food. [This] was attractive as it offered putting away money as part of a routine and it was seen as savings that were ring-fenced."

Asda offers a similar scheme to the Co-op's, this time adding a £2 bonus to every £48 saver card redeemed between 9 November and 31 December.

About 678,000 Asda shoppers, over 10 per cent of the store's

customer base, use this scheme. Mark Williamson, a spokesman for Asda, says: "A significant proportion of our customers like this way of saving and like the scheme, which is why we've kept it and will continue to do so."

Mr Noble accepts it is partly the concentration of resources on newer initiatives such as loyalty cards that explains the slow demise of Christmas

savings schemes for the poor. He adds: "You will find that in the period from the end of November to just before Christmas, you see an increase in redemptions."

Other chains, such as Somerfield, offer savings stamps schemes which are not specifically tied to Christmas, but where redemptions do hit a peak at around that time of year. Over

90 per cent of Somerfield savings stamps are redeemed in November, December or January.

Pete Williams, a spokesman for Somerfield, says: "It is all geared around Christmas. But we don't feel anyone should be penalised if they fill up the stamps card and then, for whatever reason, don't use it at Christmas. Other cultures have other things to save for."

### BARGAIN HUNTER

PROPERTY OF THE WEEK  
With a little imagination ...

SINGLE-STORE HOUSE, near Dover in Kent, was built in 1906 as an engine shed, so lacks refinements like bedrooms, bathrooms or a kitchen.



Described as "an exciting opportunity" by agents Cluttons Daniel Smith, it would require considerable sums to turn it into a home. An award-winning architect, Lorcan O'Herrilly, has plans which allow for a glass structure to be built within the walls and includes an internal garden. The building will also need new roof and windows. All for £115,000. For details, ring 01227 457441.

ROSALIND RUSSELL

CAR OF THE WEEK  
Have a supermini Christmas

IN THIS increasingly difficult economic climate and with the traditional pre-Yuletide slide, buyers have to be tempted into car showrooms. So D C Cook is offering an excellent "driveway" package on S-registered, delivery mileage, Citroën Saxo Super Sprints. These special-edition examples have a driver's airbag and alloy wheels, and, at £6,995, represent a £2,000 saving on the list price. Not only that, D C Cook is throwing in two years' free insurance. You might even be able to link it to its 0 per cent finance offer. Call on 01226 206667, or visit a showroom near you.

JAMES RUPPERT

DEAL OF THE WEEK  
Anything you can do

One of the "advantages" of writing Deal of the Week is that if you feature one product and a cheaper exists, you will soon hear about it. In September, I said one provider offered "bargain" travel cover. Enter Primary Direct, another travel insurer. Its cover starts at £12 for a single person in Europe and £25 worldwide over 17 days, or £25 and £50 for a family with an unlimited number of children. Call 0990 775885 for annual cover, otherwise call 0990 133218.

NIC CICUTTI

## Where there's a will, there's a free, easy way

It's important to make a will, and this month solicitors are offering to do it for no charge. By Abigail Montrose

WRITING A will may not be top of your list of priorities but it is one of those essential things you should do. And now is the ideal time to do it as November is Will Aid month, when more than 2,000 firms of solicitors will be offering their services free to anyone wanting a simple will.

Normally this would cost you a minimum of £50. But instead of charging this fee, solicitors taking part in the scheme will suggest you make a donation to Will Aid, which supports a range of charities. The suggested donation is £40, or £60 for a couple making mirror wills.

It is easy to put off making a will. But if you die without one, there is no guarantee that

the people you want to leave your money or possessions to will get them. A common misconception, for example, is that your spouse will automatically inherit your estate if you die without leaving a will. But in fact, your spouse would only be entitled to the first £125,000 of your estate, plus half the remainder, with the other half being split between your children or family.

Unmarried couples can have even more problems,

warns Charles Gordon, partner at Farnborough-based solicitors Foster Savage & Gordon. "It is important that unmarried couples living together make wills; otherwise if one dies the family gets all the assets and out their partner," he says.

So if you live with your partner in their home and they die without having made provision for you in their will, you could find yourself homeless as well as bereaved.

If you divorce your spouse,

### WEIRD WILLS

ADULTS WHO died in England and Wales in 1995: 559,237. Adults who leave estates of more than £5,000, with no will: 50,104. Eighty per cent with estates of less than £5,000 leave no will. More women are victims of intestacy than are divorced.

The shortest contested will: Frederick Charles

William Thorn wrote "All for Mother" on an envelope. This was contested as meaning "Wife". The challenge was upheld.

The longest will: Fredericka Evelyn Sitwell Cook, 96,940 words, in 1925.

Source: NCH Action for Children

this will not automatically cancel any existing will leaving everything to them. And if you are separated but not divorced and have not made a new will, your spouse will still have a legal claim to inherit.

When it comes to drawing up a will, most people should see a solicitor, says Abigail Bennett, spokeswoman for the charity Age Concern. "It's a very complicated area. If you do draw up your own will, you have to be very careful. Even if you

are planning a simple will we think it's best to go to a solicitor," she says.

As well as drawing up your will, a solicitor can point out any possible areas of conflict and if necessary offer advice on inheritance-tax planning.

Most people are best off seeking professional help, says Charles Gordon: "If your will is properly organised you won't need to go back every year."

If you do decide to draw up your own will, there are a num-

ber of common pitfalls you should avoid, advises Mr Gordon. Ensure your will is properly signed, witnessed and dated. If you are leaving your whole estate to one person, ensure you cover the possibility of them dying before you. Cover your whole estate - of ten people dispose of their home and life assurance, but forget their car and the house contents. And remember to appoint an executor to carry out the terms of your will.

For solicitors in your area taking part in the Will Aid campaign, call 0870 6060239. Age Concern offers a free guide, "Making Your Will" - call 0800 009966

### INSIDE

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"It drives me nuts that banks still charge for a tiny dip into the red, especially just before pay day."

Then you'll love Barclays 3-day overdraft waiver.

There are some overdraft charges that really make people see red. As they often tell us, "...just a few quid overdrawn", "...it's only once in a blue moon", "...and my salary was due any day". So we've introduced a 3-day waiver. In any month, go overdrawn for three working days

or less and you will not be charged any fees. Things are changing fast at Barclays. If you don't happen to bank with us, perhaps you should think of changing as well. The telephone number to call is 0800 400 100.



You must be 18 or over to have an overdraft. A written quotation is available on request from Barclays Bank PLC, Personal Sector, Longwood Close, Coventry CV4 9JN. Subject to status. Interest rate is 1.45% per month and is variable. Equivalent Annual Rate 18.8%. Overdrafts are payable on demand.

## PERSONAL FINANCE

## Early birds plan retirement

FINANCIAL  
MAKEOVER

**NAMES SALLY and  
MICHAEL CORCORAN**  
**AGES 36 and 37**  
**OCCUPATIONS PRESS  
OFFICER and ACCOUNT  
EXECUTIVE**

SALLY and Michael are newlyweds. They earn £19,700 and £19,500 respectively, and currently have a disposable income of £750 per month. Sally recently sold her property and used the proceeds to redeem the mortgage on Michael's house where they now live.

She pays £50 a month to a Perpetual PEP (on last valuation worth over £18,000), while he contributes £46 per month to a Scottish Mutual low-cost endowment plan. Sally has £3,000 with a building society and Michael has stocks and shares worth £2,000. They will move house next spring, but are unsure whether to sell or let Michael's property, now mortgage free. In addition they both wish to retire early and, although they both see their long-term future with their current employers, neither wishes to work until 60.

The adviser: Paul Hegarty, principal of Sett Financial Management, independent financial advisers: 190 Leeds Road, Kipper, Leeds (0113 287 4832). A member of DBS Financial Management, a network for IFAs.

The advice: Sally and Michael are considering letting their current property. Michael feels rental income of £350 per month is achievable. The property's current value of £37,000 is £500 less than when originally purchased.

First, rental income will be taxable but with the ability to offset costs of wear and tear. On eventual disposal of the let property, special Capital Gains Tax (CGT) rules apply. Where a let property was previously the owner's main family home, up to £40,000 of gains can be exempted. Each spouse can claim the exemption, so transferring ownership to joint names may be necessary in future years.

Second, they need to consider how they would manage financially if the property were uncoupled for a period. If they decide to let



Mike and Sally are looking to retire early and want to build a secure future

Steve Forrest/Guzelian

Michael's property they will need to borrow perhaps £30,000 more than would have otherwise been the case. Whilst 100 per cent mortgages are available, I recommend that they find a deposit of at least 10 per cent of the intended purchase price of £90,000.

The deposit, stamp duty and other costs could be provided by considering encashing part of Sally's PEP her building society account, selling Michael's shares and saving their disposable income in a high interest account.

Borrowing 90 per cent avoids the need (with most lenders) to pay an indemnity premium, which could be up to £2,700 based on a 100 per cent loan. Indemnity premiums are one of the costs of high loan-to-value borrowing. Most lenders also have better mortgage deals for those borrowing 90 per cent or less. Capped rates represent good value with lower initial payments and the ability to benefit when rates fall.

But beware of any penalties that overhang the capped period, as these restrict the possibilities of re-mortgaging or negotiating further advantageous rates.

Worryingly, Michael was told by a building society that he couldn't use his current endowment policy in conjunction with a future mortgage. This, of course, is untrue. Sally's PEP can also be incorporated as a repayment vehicle.

Sally's monthly contribution to her PEP will cease from next April when Individual Savings Accounts are introduced. Perpetual will contact her to invite her to continue contributions to an ISA. Michael's endowment matures in 14 years time and arranging the new loan over this period, while costing more, will help Michael and Sally accomplish their aim of retiring early.

Sally and Michael both belong to their employers' pension schemes. A full description of Michael's scheme was not available at the time of our meeting and his options cannot therefore be discussed in detail. Both schemes provide life cover of three times salary for Michael and one times salary for Sally.

Sally wants to know what benefits she can expect. As a local authority employee, her pension will be based on the number of years service she completes and her final salary at retirement. If she works for 40 years (the maximum achievable) she will receive half her final salary as pension. She will also receive a lump sum worth 3/80ths of her earnings for each year of service. So, again, 40 years service means 120/80ths, or 1.5 times final salary as a tax-free lump sum in addition to her pension.

If Sally worked to 65, she would have 32 years service. But she wishes to retire before age 60 and pays Additional Voluntary Contributions (AVCs) via Equitable Life to the Local Authority scheme, to boost pension provision. The pension that can be achieved depends upon investment performance and annuity rates at retirement. Crucially this will not enable Sally to retire early. Benefits can only be taken at the same time as her main scheme, which is normally 65. The earliest she could retire is 60 and provided 25 years service has been completed benefits will be penalty free.

This is one instance where a Free Standing Additional Voluntary Contribution scheme (FSAVC) can also be recommended in addition to her house AVC. As the name suggests they are separate from the employers scheme and are mainly provided by insurance companies. Provided Sally leaves service, she can take benefits from age 50. Contributions are subject to an overall limit of 15 per cent of salary and while premiums attract tax relief benefits may be taxable. The income provided will be a small proportion of her pension at normal retirement, but coupled with the shortened term on the new mortgage may give her the option she requires. Saving for retirement via an ISA should also be considered. All proceeds will be tax-free and can be used to provide a tax-efficient income.

As our couple has such a large amount of disposable income to invest normally, PEPs and TESSAs would be an obvious choice. However, with their situation in a state of flux, a high interest account could best suit their present circumstances. Sally should also switch her building society monies to an account with Safeways, currently paying 7.55 per cent gross.

Steve Forrest/Guzelian

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ARE WE about to see the end of truly independent financial advice? The Office of Fair Trading is preparing a report on the question of "polarisation". This is a rule which forces insurance salespeople either to sell the products of just one financial provider, or to become fully independent, able to recommend any policy.

The OFT is believed to be hostile to polarisation, arguing that it has failed consumers and that a different system, called "multi-ties", would be a much better option.

Under the multi-tie system, salespeople would not be restricted to just one company's products, thereby making much of what they have to say worthless. They could select up to half a dozen firms on the basis of whether each one has something of value for their clients.

Independent financial advisers are arguing that this half-way house is not true independence. Consumer choice would be restricted to a handful of companies and their products, leading to a situation where the size of commission paid by the provider might determine whether the salesman decides to link up with it.

All of this is true. Except that the criticisms of multi-ties mirror the behaviour exhibited by many self-styled independent financial advisers themselves. All too often IFAs operate through a limited cartel of companies. If an IFA is a member of a "network", an organisation which handles admin work, carries out research and deals with financial watchdogs in return for a slice of that IFA's income, any advice is usually based on a tightly-circumscribed list of providers. The reality is that, as often as not, it is also based on the amount of commission negotiated by the network. Put bluntly, two products of equal worth to a client, the one most likely to make it on an advice panel is the one paying better commission.

I firmly believe in the value of independent financial advice. Had you asked me two or three years ago whether I was in favour of keeping IFAs



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*Of two products of equal worth, the one likely to be recommended is the one paying higher commission to the IFA*

and salespeople completely separate in terms of how they operate, I would have said yes. Today, I'm not so sure.

IFAs have allowed their role to become blurred. If they want to defend their current position they will have to try much harder than they are at the present.

A PHONE call from one of our regular property writers, Ginetta Vedrickas. She tells me that the Government has scrapped plans to abolish DIYSO, a shared ownership scheme which has allowed housing associations to help thousands of would-be home-buyers who don't earn enough to take out a full mortgage.

According to Notting Hill Housing Association, the Government's decision to renege DIYSO for at least two years follows a recent article on this subject written by Ginetta for *The Independent*, among others that have also appeared in specialist publications.

This is excellent news, capping a week of accolades for our property section. Both Ginetta and Fiona Brandhorst, another colleague, were both commended for their work in the recent Halifax/Laing Homes awards. Fiona even walked off with one of the section categories. My congratulations to you both. And, indirectly to the views of readers of *The Independent* count, or so it would appear from this story.

## The going gets tough for gazumpers

Losing a house last minute to a higher bidder is a heart-breaking experience – and one the Government is keen to eradicate. By Ginetta Vedrickas



Victim Christine

Tom Craig

"I DIDN'T have his phone number, so I turned up with both children crying on his doorstep," says Christine Edmans. An extract from a novel about a woman scorned? No, just a tale of one desperate purchaser's attempts to track down a vendor who had succumbed to that pernicious practice, gazumping.

Last week the Government announced measures to curb both gazumping and the historic rule,  *caveat emptor* – let the buyer beware – but for Ms Edmans the moves come too late. Desperation prompted her journey from London to Colchester, Essex, where she begged the vendor to honour his acceptance of her offer on a three-bedroom 1930s house in south London.

Ms Edmans was particularly anxious to complete having previously lost a purchase to a gazumper. On principle she had refused to match the higher offer and, unable to fur-

ther stall the sale of her flat, moved temporarily into expensive rented accommodation and put her furniture into storage.

The legal process was smooth until the agent's fateful call: "He said that a barrister was interested in the property despite having been told it was no longer for sale. He threatened to make life hell until they relented and let him view." The bumptious barrister subsequently made an offer which Ms Edmans matched, by now her principles "having flown out of the window". His next bid, £15,000 more, which she could not equal, led to her hunt for the out-of-town vendor.

An eventual confrontation confirmed Ms Edmans' fears: "He was shocked to see a snivelling woman on his doorstep but said £15,000 was too much to refuse." Dejected, she returned to London to house-hunt for a third time, but the experience took its toll: "I was very, very depressed having lost

£2,000 in legal fees and with rent and furniture storage costing thousands more."

Last year, Hilary Armstrong, the Housing Minister, commissioned a study examining 1,200 sales and purchases in England and Wales and a further sample in Scotland. The study confirmed the British system of housebuying as the cheapest but slowest of 10 countries surveyed, a practice which results in frustration and stress for vendors and buyers. The latest proposals include making house sellers responsible for surveys and searches which the Government hopes will speed up the process and minimise opportunity for gazumping.

The Government says it cannot tackle gazumping directly because sellers will always find ways of accepting higher offers – but some experts perceive flaws in the recent recommendations. A National Consumer Council spokesperson cautions:

"We would like to see a pilot scheme to assess practical hitches before it goes nationwide. After all, will buyers trust surveys produced by vendors?"

Other critics argue that this new system will be costly for vendors and these costs will be passed on to purchasers, in particular first-time buyers and those at the bottom end of the market.

Simon Tyler of Chase de Vere Mortgages believes surveyors will be more cautious as a result of the plans. He also believes quickening the buying process could result in hasty decisions with negative financial implications and that a reasonable time period lets most buyers make the complex arrangements associated with moving.

Buyers unable to wait for Government initiatives to take effect can now take matters into their own hands and partially protect themselves against the financial implications

of gazumping. For a one-off fee of £30, Lambeth Building Society offers an insurance policy which gives cover of up to £500 for wasted legal and survey fees. Legal & General offers a similar policy, aimed at helping both the victims of gazumpers and gazumpers, where prospective buyers pull out at the last minute.

Sadly, Ms Edmans was gazumped on her fourth attempt, in buying a three-bedroom house in Dulwich. She welcomes moves to ensure other buyers avoid similar torment but would rather see legislative redress: "People are greedy, it's human nature, but vendors should be bound to accept offers and face financial penalties if they renege."

National Consumer Council: 0171 730 3469; National Association of Estate Agents: 01926 496 800; Lambeth Building Society: 0171 928 1331



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# Where are the cartoon characters?

Political cartoons seem to have lost the edge that once made such a potent weapon for press and public. By John Windsor

Too many political cartoonists chasing too few ideas leads to inflation. Inflation of the cartoonists' egos, that is. They invest too much value in too few visual symbols that have changed hands too many times - battered doves, stags at bay, skeletons, harbed wire, gun barrels, manacles, jackboots, zipped-up mouths, the world as a bomb and the sands of time running out. The result is the pompous, mirthless political cartoons that have been appearing on the editorial pages of British newspapers for the past couple of decades.

Political cartooning has become as heavy and boring as politics itself. Stuffed shirts drawing cartoons about stuffed shirts. Michael Foot opened the selling exhibition of the late *Daily Express* cartoonist Michael Cummings. He bought the Cummings cartoons that purported to pillory him - as have many other politicians. If they had really hurt Mr Foot, he would have run a mile. But politicians know they have arrived when a cartoonist acknowledges them.

Political cartoonists have cosied up to politicians in the same way that they have cosied up to restaurants that give them free dinners in return for depicting their shopfronts. It's a living. Question: why should collectors spend their money on cartoonists' original artwork that has submerged its ability to insult and ridicule in safe, tired images that appeal only to politicians' wallets? Answer: see whether British political cartoonists' latest attempt to absorb fresh ideas from the rest of the world comes to anything.

The attempt is called *The Great Challenge*. It is the second International Political Cartoon Exhibition, the first having been held way back in 1958. It opens on 20 November at the Oxo Tower Wharf on the South Bank,

London. Forty years is a long time. The first *Great Challenge* was organised by two Eastern European journalists, the late Josef Josten and his friend Ion Ratiu. Josten had fled from the Communist takeover of Czechoslovakia, in 1948, to London, where he founded a radical news agency specialising in affairs behind the Iron Curtain. Ratiu supplied it with news from Romania.

The thousands of "Great Challenge" cartoons that flooded into their offices from throughout the world were in response to an appeal of theirs prompted by a statement by the Hungarian Minister of State, Gyorgi Marosán, in 1957, after the Russians had crushed the Hungarian uprising. Marosán said: "We can, of course, use jokes and satire against hostile and reactionary views, but we will not tolerate jokes against Socialism."

It was a red rag to a cartoonists' symbolic bull. Except that cartoonists from abroad showed that they could produce captionless at-a-glance visual gags 10 times more powerful than the British cartoonists' efforts, weighed down with ponderous labels and corny symbols such as bulls and cart-horses. A Russian, Josef Partikiewicz, submitted a slick two-frame cartoon showing *Liberation* - a fat Communist party official approving decorative wrought-iron prison bars instead of plain ones.

To give him his due, Cummings - a friend of Josten and Ratiu - submitted a brilliant cartoon, totally devoid of his usual characteristic labels, entitled *Arms Race*. This showed a wheelchair-flying American flag racing against a missile bearing the Soviet hammer and sickle.

What did British political cartoonists learn from the *Great Challenge*? Not much. The exhibition could have fostered closer links with Eastern European masters of the stunning,



Chris Riddell's censoring bull at the 'Great Challenge'

surrealistic, captionless political drawing. British cartoonists could have liberated themselves from their cloying literary tradition and adopted a purely visual one. But they preferred instead to keep in touch with contemporary American and Canadian one-line gaggers. At least it was a

Unless they can climb out of their mire of fatuous labels and clichéd symbols, their work will not be worth buying

move in the right direction.

What has the latest *Great Challenge* to offer? I have to report that the British organisers' contribution is pretty corny. The exhibition's logo is an angry-faced globe fencing with a pen. Well, Gillray did the globe thing in 1805, when he drew William Pitt and Napoleon carving it up together. Does this paucity of fresh symbols signal the inevitable decline of fine political cartooning?

Then there is the exhibition's promotional poster with an uncredited

cartoon showing a radio announcer with lips sewn up with wire from his microphone. It's those gagged lips again. Censorship is one of the themes of the *Second Great Challenge*. But radio announcers have never been mute, even under dictatorships. Who or what is the artist pillorying? Repressive microphones?

Chris Riddell of *The Observer* has drawn a fairy armed with a paintbrush circling a bull wielding a bludgeon labelled "censorship". Meticulously drawn but conceptually feeble. Sorry. At least the censorship theme has thrown up one new symbol - speech bubbles. Patrick Blower, the *Evening Standard's* young cartoonist - well, 39 is young in this game - has submitted a three-frame cartoon showing the spiky end of a speech bubble containing Article 19 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, 1948, being used to impale a man who uttered it. Blower depreciously concedes that Miel, a cartoonist, has conveyed the same concept more concisely using a blank speech bubble and just two frames.

But the winner of the speech bubble contest must be the Italian cartoonist and sculptor, Mariena Nardi, who submitted an utterly simple cartoon of a speech bubble in the form of a hot-air balloon. There is no caption, but you just know that the man sitting in the balloon's basket must surely be a politician.

Look out for effortlessly flip, surreal, captionless cartoons that make an instant visual impact. They are the future of political cartooning.

There is growing investment confidence in cartoons at the institutional level - a £5m British Cartoon Centre, close to the British Museum, will shortly be announced - but unless British political cartoonists can climb out of their mire of fatuous labels and ponderous, clichéd symbols, their work will not be worth buying.

As it happens, the market has been kind to them. Prices are steadily rising. Blower's cartoons sell for £300. Riddell's sell for £200. The late David Low, of earhorse and Colonel Blimp fame, who consistently satirised the appeasers Baldwin and Chamberlain, and chronicled the fearful Fifties, sells for at least £500 - and up to £900 if his work depicts leaders such as Churchill participating in historical events. Vicky, the late Victor Weisz, is priced £350-£400, but his *SuperMac* is worth £700-£800.

*The Great Challenge*, Ground Floor, Oxo Tower Wharf, Bargehouse Street, South Bank, London SE1, 20 November to 23 December: some cartoons are for sale (0171-401 2255). Cartoon dealers: Rae-Smith Gallery, 8 Cecil Court, London WC2 (0171-836 7424). London Cartoon Gallery, 44 Museum Street, London WC1 (0171-242 5335). Jack Duncan (01904-641389)

## LOOSE CHANGE

AGE CONCERN has produced a new guide to bereavement. The booklet, *A Practical Guide to Coping with Bereavement*, explores the practical and emotional issues of coping with death. Call 0800 367718 for a copy, or write to: Age Concern, Freepost SEA 3369, London SE21 8BR.

BRITANNIA INTERNATIONAL, the offshore arm of Britannia Building Society, is launching a 30-day Notice Account, paying tapered rates of up to 7.45 per cent gross, guaranteed until 29 January 1999. Rates begin at 4.5 per cent on deposits between £1,000 and £2,500, with the highest rate on sums above £25,000. Annual and monthly rate options are available. Call 01624 681100.

BARCLAYS is launching two healthcare products. The Personal Accident Plan offers a lump sum in the event of a person suffering certain accidents. Two levels of cover are available: standard and premier, with premiums starting at 17 pence a day. There is

also a Hospital Cash Plan, paying benefits for each 24-hour period spent as an in-patient in hospital. Details from all branches.

CAPITAL BANK is launching a buy-to-let mortgage available to self-employed people. The loan, available on a loan to value of up to 85 per cent, is fixed at 7.49 per cent until either November 2003 or November 2006. Call 0800 7831204.

CREDIT SUISSE is offering a 1 per cent discount on lump sum investments into its Transatlantic Fund, a unit trust specialising in US equities. The discount is based on the fund's usual 5.25 per cent initial charge. Details from independent financial advisers. For a list of three IFAs near you, call 0117 971 1177.

PORTMAN BUILDING Society is withdrawing its one-year fixed interest bond at 6.75 per cent, following heavy demand. The company is launching a new bond, this time offering 6.5 per cent, with a minimum investment of £500. Call 0800 807080.

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...the initial investment charges PEP managers make. For a further fee Allenbridge also offers a "PEP care" service. This is not a management service as such but a facility that will help you monitor your investment's performance

WE ARE fast approaching our last chance to buy a personal equity plan (PEP). There will, no doubt, be a rash of advertisements from the financial services sector over the next few months making sure that we do not forget this. But just how well does the PEP you may be considering investing in measure up? A new website developed by the Allenbridge Group provides both potential purchasers and existing owners of PEPs with a number of useful tools to help make investment decisions.

The Allenbridge Group is a firm of performance analysts that includes actuaries, analysts and former stockbrokers. It offers PEPs to the public on an execution-only basis. This means in practice that it can offer what may sometimes be substantial discounts on



INTERNET INVESTOR  
ROBIN AMLOT

the initial investment charges PEP managers make.

For a further fee Allenbridge also offers a "PEP care" service. This is not a management service as such but a facility that will help you monitor your investment's performance

and includes a Red Alert which makes PEP holders aware of erratic performance by fund managers. PEP care includes a free helpline allowing professional help to be sought on the telephone.

What makes the group's website particularly useful to investors are the search and analysis facilities. You may browse through Allenbridge's PEP ranking tables, searching the database in a number of ways, via fund type, investment sector, performance or just key word. All PEPs with a three-year history are listed.

For each PEP the table shows how well it has performed and compares the performance with others in the same sector. The table also has a measure of the consistency and volatility of the performance and

compares the return received with the risk undertaken. Each individual fund is represented with a number of graphs and a simple guide to their interpretation.

Next April PEPs become history. Well, almost. There will still be an awful lot of us with quite a large sum of money tucked away in PEPs. In the future, the facilities offered by Allenbridge's website will allow you to continue to manage a PEP portfolio by monitoring its performance. Allenbridge is obviously hoping that you will do more than just browse its site and is offering the ability to effect transfers of funds between fund managers quickly and easily in addition to its PEP care programme.

Time may be running out for PEPs but it is also running out for anybody

hoping to avoid Christmas. The decorations are already in the shops and now it seems you cannot even get away from them on your personal computer! The Co-operative Bank is offering a downloadable interactive advent calendar. Designed as a screensaver, it features 24 Christmas crackers which may only be pulled one per day in December in the run-up to Christmas. Each cracker explodes when it's pulled and will reveal an animated toy which can be played with around the screen.

This may strike the more cynical as twee and sad in equal measure, but the bank will be donating 1p to charity for every copy of the screensaver downloaded. And if avarice moves you more than charity, in addition to the standard screen saver, 24 versions

have been specially created to give a prize a day to those lucky enough to download one at the right time.

When the winner clicks on their cracker, it will reveal a party hat which dances around the screen and then reveals that day's prize. These include a Christmas Hamper, vintage champagne, travel vouchers worth £500 and, remembering this is meant to be the season of goodwill, the chance to donate £100 to charity. You will be able to download the calendar from the Co-operative Bank's website later this month but it will only become active from 1 December.

The Allenbridge Group: [www.allenbridge.co.uk](http://www.allenbridge.co.uk) Co-operative Bank: [www.co-operativebank.co.uk](http://www.co-operativebank.co.uk) Robin can be reached at [RobinAmlot@aol.com](mailto:RobinAmlot@aol.com)

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PERSONAL FINANCE/5

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By Rachel Fixsen

which could generate  
"leak" name of potential  
clients for their insurance  
sales force to target.

Through the lender is  
often hidden, the borrower  
will always know who is  
lending them money.

Stephen Knight, director  
of Private Label, says the  
company's products tend  
to have an edge that bor-  
rowers will not find else-  
where. He claims a hard-  
core client base choose to  
be tied to the lender's in-  
terest rate, period, or to  
have the freedom to take  
the loan out elsewhere  
when the price is up.

Debtors routinely man-  
age to get the best interest  
rate by shopping around  
for the best deal. The Com-  
missioners' Association  
of America (CAA) adds a word of caution.  
"If you are shopping around  
for the best deal, you should  
also be shopping around for  
the best lender," says the CAA.

The CAA also says that  
lenders should be aware of  
the fact that borrowers are  
often looking for the best  
deal. The CAA adds a word of  
caution. "If you are shopping  
around for the best deal, you  
should also be shopping around  
for the best lender," says the CAA.

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# Can we trust in the future?



THE  
JONATHAN DAVIS  
COLUMN

The paradox of  
investment trusts is  
that demand is often  
at its highest when  
performance is almost  
certain to decline

HAS THE investment trust sector had its day? The analysts at BT Alex Brown are too diplomatic to put it quite so bluntly, but it is the question which underlies their latest annual review of the sector.

After a glorious first half of the decade, when funds under management soared and discounts narrowed, investment trusts have spent most of the second half of the Nineties on the back foot, beleaguered by indifferent performance, restless shareholders and rapidly widening discounts.

There is no doubt that Daniel Godfrey, the new director general of the Association of Investment Trust Companies, faces a stiff task as he sets about trying to bolster the image and credibility of the sector. The Nineties have, as BT Alex Brown's Simon Colson points out, been favourable environment for the retail savings market, marked by favourable demographics, rising asset prices and as benign a set of economic conditions as one could hope to see in a lifetime's investment experience.

Yet it is the unit trust business that, by and large, has walked away with most of the competitive rewards. Assets of investment trusts have risen by 150 per cent over the last decade, but those of the unit trust business are up by 250 per cent, and the gap between the two sectors is widening, as my chart shows. For the last two years, the investment trust sector has seen a net outflow of funds.

As so often happens, the sector's *crisis mirabilis* of 1994, when \$80n of new money flowed in, mostly into specialist trusts, proved to be the peak of the market. Almost ever since the performance of the sector has been in relative decline, though the bull market in both bonds and equities means that shareholders with exposure to the right markets have mostly done all right in absolute terms.

One particularly doleful statistic is that of the 50 new issues which have raised more than £50m in the last 10 years, 30 are currently below their issue price. And 20 of those are down by more than 50 per cent. This mostly reflects the fact that most of the new money which has been raised has gone into once fashionable sectors which have since performed terribly - with the Far East and emerging markets to the fore.

In one important sense, this is not the trust sector's fault. Any business can only supply customers with things that they demand, and the flow of money into poor performing sectors in part only reflects the fact that investors ultimately make their own asset allocation decisions.

The longstanding paradox about investment trusts - as with many financial market products - is that demand is often greatest at the point in time when performance is almost certain to decline. This in turn reflects the broader paradox that investors consensually want to buy funds



Economic chaos and political unrest in the Far East have been bad news for the investment trust sector

which are in markets or sectors that have done best in the recent past, rather than those which have done less well and which can be expected to do better in the future.

While widening discounts have been a problem for all investment trusts, BT Alex Brown's data suggests that, on closer analysis, the underlying performance of the fund managers themselves has not been that bad. Measured against the Footsie index, the asset value performance of the sector has rarely been as poor as it is now. But once you allow for the fact that investment trusts have always had a greater international exposure than other retail market funds, the relative performance is not so bad.

However, nobody can deny that any business which seeks to sell its customers investment funds, and loses them money on half its new product range, faces a serious marketing problem. This is exacerbated by the fact that investment trusts have been unable (or unwilling) to pay commissions to independent financial advisers, and are not getting the sales push from intermediaries that unit trusts capitalise on.

This is a pity, since the evidence continues to show that many traditional investment trusts are still exceptionally good value. Overall, total expense ratios for investment trusts are markedly lower than those of equivalent unit trusts (though emerging markets trusts and other specialist funds are more expensive, producing a uniquely unfavourable combination of lousy performance and high charges).

It is true that there are far too many indifferently-managed investment trusts around, and a cull is urgently needed, but the quality of investment management is generally superior to the competition.

What is not in doubt is that the future of investment trusts can lie in the retail investment market. Institutional investors no longer have any need or desire to gain international exposure through the sector, and are actively looking for opportunities to divest their remaining holdings as soon as it is timely and tax-efficient to do so.

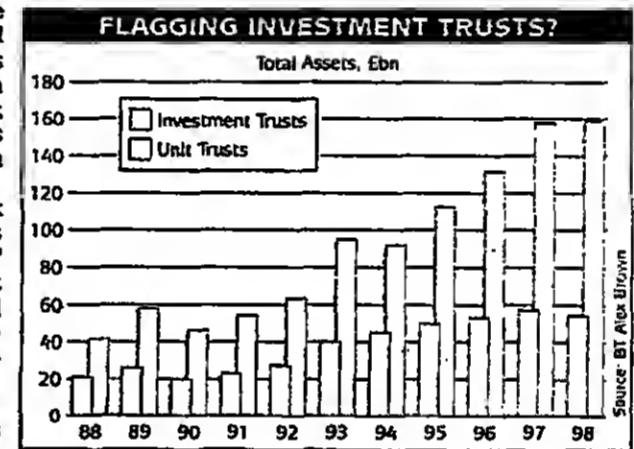
So the investment trust sector will sink or swim by its ability to find effective ways to reach the retail investment public. BT Alex Brown make the forceful point that the arrival of index tracking funds and OICs (effectively single price unit trusts) faces the sector with an even bigger competitive challenge than in the past.

Can the sector pull itself out of its current rut? I still think so. Any solution has to involve at least two things.

One is the willingness of fund management groups to try and exploit the distinctive capabilities that investment trusts still have, which include their lower costs, the ability to borrow, and the scope to offer distinctive capital structures (an unsung success story of the past few years, for example, has been the market niche established by zero dividend preference shares).

The second requirement is the boards of investment trusts start to earn their crust. Discounts will never be eliminated completely, but they show the failure of many investment trusts to take their responsibilities to shareholders seriously.

It doesn't help that a number of fund management companies run unit trusts and investment trusts. Until boards stiffen demands on the fund managers, to make them more accountable and more performance conscious, the risks of Darwinian extinction will continue to hover over this venerable, but fascinating, sector.



Source: BT Alex Brown

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## Genetic test dilemma

WOULD YOU be prepared to take out a genetic test to determine your predisposition to a range of diseases - including Huntington's disease, Alzheimer's and hereditary breast cancer - if the potential effect would be to deny you the possibility of ever buying your home or taking out life or medical insurance?

This is the dilemma which the Government attempted to grapple with last week, as it issued a long-awaited report into genetic testing.

Groups representing people with diseases that may soon be genetically tested have warned that an effect of such tests being the norm could be to deny life insurance, a requirement of most mortgage lenders, to anyone with a genetic predisposition to such illnesses. Or cover might be priced out of many people's reach.

The Department of Trade and Industry, which issued the report last week, claimed the Government has now reached a voluntary agreement with insurance companies to ensure all genetic tests are individually validated before they can be used by the industry. People who take genetic tests will have the right to keep the results from life insurance companies to prevent the birth of what many have called an uninsurable "genetic underclass".

This right, however, will extend only until the time when insurance companies can show that a genetic test has a proven ability to predict a person's premature death. Under the new proposals, people will also have a right to appeal against decisions where insur-



Under scrutiny: genetic tests

ance is denied. An expert body will be set up early next year to assess whether a genetic test can provide companies with meaningful information on a person's insurance liability.

The measures are the Government's response to recommendations by its Human Genetics Advisory Committee (HGAC) which said last December there should be a two-year moratorium on the use of genetic data by insurance companies.

The Association of British Insurers has identified eight disorders where genetic tests can be useful for insurers, including Huntington's chorea and Alzheimer's. It said that insurers should be able to have access to relevant medical information concerning a potential customer, including details of family history and genetic tests.

Ms Jewell said she had concerns

about whether any of these tests were relevant and accurate enough for insurance purposes. "Each of these eight tests will have to be subject to the validation procedure we are outlining," she said.

The response of insurers is broadly approving. It comes as research by Swiss Re, the world's largest life and health reinsurer, shows 51 per cent of people would be unwilling to take a genetic test, while only 15 per cent would be willing to share it with an insurer.

Peter Maynard, head of research at Swiss Re, says: "There are concerns about how insurers handle genetic information. But life companies need to be able to write business in a way that involves fairness from and to both parties in a policy."

Ian Reed, general manager at Cornhill, says: "I am pleased that the Government is setting up this independent committee. It should bring clarity into a confused area."

"The Government has vindicated our stance to refuse to take genetic test results into consideration for policies under £100,000, even when it is available. Considerable progress has been made in the way the life insurance industry handles this information and we believe that the industry should have its own regulatory standards. The Government should not legislate on this."

"We are also concerned that an inflexible attitude could affect genetic research in general, and the customer's willingness to take such tests."

NIC CICUTTI

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# Pre-pay is ringing the right bells

Pay-as-you-talk mobiles are already big in Europe and are catching on here, particularly with teenagers and new businesses. By Chris George

Up until a year or two ago there was only one way to get a mobile phone. You bought a handset at a ridiculously subsidised price, and in return you signed a contract to say that you would stay with your chosen network for at least a year.

During this 12-month commitment, you paid a monthly fee for the basic service, and extra for additional calls. "Free" handsets enticed many customers – but others, quite rightly, could see there was a catch.

Pre-pay mobile phones, where you buy the phone outright and without having to sign any contract, are now revolutionising the process of getting connected. There is no commitment – if you find you don't use the phone, you are not contracted into making unwanted monthly payments. All calls are paid for in advance.

Initially, pre-pay packages were designed simply to appeal to those who could not pass the stringent credit checks undertaken on those signing a 12-month contract. The high cost of the handsets and high call charges put others off. But with all four network operators now offering pre-pay, the schemes have evolved so that they appeal to a far wider audience. Peak rate calls can cost as little as 25p a minute, and from 5p in the evenings and at weekends.

The price of the kits, which include a basic handset and your first few calls, have been forced down by the entry of the big supermarkets. It was Asda which threw down the gauntlet last month, by offering a Cellnet package for just £89.99 – a £30 reduction on the previous high street price, made possible by the supermarket cutting its profit margin on the package.

"We're launching the people's phone," said Asda's trading director, Mike Coupe, when the supermarket entered the arena at the end of October. "Our move will send a signal to the phone operators that it's time to ring the changes." His prediction proved right: within a week other networks had responded with similar price reductions.

Pre-pay packages are particularly appealing for those who just want a phone for emergency use, or for incoming calls.

There is no monthly fee for line rental – all you need is to buy the occasional top-up voucher to ensure you stay connected. Cellnet's EasyLife kit wins here, allowing you to keep your handset ringing for just £20 a year. Even those making an hour's worth of calls a day can find out that pre-pay packages can work out cheaper than a traditional contract agreement.

Pre-pay tariffs may not represent the ideal tariff for everyone – but the fact that you can buy them off the shelf without any fuss or paperwork has been the route of their success. They have also found approval in unexpected quarters: "They have proved particularly popular with start-up businesses and teenagers," says Ian Volans, a spokesman for One2One.

Recent price reductions follow similarly aggressive pricing or marketing of pre-pay in other European countries.

"In Italy, 9 per cent of the population have bought cellphones in the last year," explains Paul McAleese, Cellnet's head of consumer marketing. "And in Finland 95 per cent of 18 to 21-year-olds now own mobiles."

A disadvantage of pre-pay schemes is that the choice of phones is severely limited. Most of the handsets are large and offer few thrills. Furthermore, the number of services available to non-contract customers is also restricted.

"They are also a non-starter with corporate users," says McAleese "as there is no monthly bill."

Pre-pay is not the only way in which networks are enticing those who are worried about the cost of running a mobile. They are also spicing up contract tariffs. All-in-one kits, for instance, still require you to sign a contract, but by paying for your line rental in advance, the networks thank you with a substantial reduction in the first-year costs.

One2One's £150 kit includes a basic handset, connection, and a year's subscription to a tariff which includes 45 minutes of calls a month – a saving of over £100 on the usual price.

As networks try to appeal to more and more niche groups, and try to retain cus-

tomers, the number of tariff options continues to go up. The myriad of price plans available means that it is even harder for users to be sure that they are getting the best deal.

Cellnet, for instance, has launched a new initiative where discounts are dependent on how long you have committed to the network, and on precisely which numbers you call. Uniquely, Cellnet allows you to sign a contract for just one month – but if you commit for longer you get lower call charges.

Those who sign up for five years get 15 per cent off. Imitating BT's Friends & Family scheme, Cellnet offers reductions of up to 50 per cent on calls made to 10 nominated numbers.

The confusion caused by such complex price plans has seen Orange introduce a value guarantee. Under the terms of this, users can opt for being charged by the price list of any of Orange's digital competitors.

The increasing complexity of the buying process may just be something we have to resign ourselves to. "By offering more choice and better value for money, the customer is bound to have more decisions to make," says Volans at One2One.

Chris George is a contributor to 'What Cellphone' magazine



HOW MUCH WILL YOUR PRE-PAID MOBILE COST YOU?

Network	tariff	Contact	Cost of cheapest phone including connection	Peak call costs per minute	Off-peak call cost per minute	Weekend call costs per minute	Minimum annual running cost to allow incoming/outgoing calls (maximum usage included in this cost)
Cellnet	U	No	£70	35p	35p	35p	£40 (£40 worth)
Cellnet	EasyLife	No	£100	49p	49p	49p	£20 (£20 worth)
Cellnet	Occasional Caller Plus	Yes	£45	37p	10p	2p	£210 (£60 worth)
Cellnet	Regular Caller Plus	Yes	£45	33p	10p	2p	£300 (£180 worth)
One2One	Up 2 you	No	£80	40p or 90p*	40p or 90p*	40p or 30p*	£80 (200 minutes)
One2One	One-2-45	Yes	£45	30p	5p	5p	£210 (540 minutes)
One2One	One-2-Weekend	Yes	£45	30p	10p	10p (free local calls)	£210 (all weekend local calls are free)
One2One	Precept 100	Yes	£45	20p (12p local)	5p	5p	£348 (1200 minutes)
Orange	Just talk	No	£80	50p or 25p*	50p or 25p*	50p or 25p*	£81 (112 minutes)
Orange	Talk 30	Yes	£45	30p	5p	5p	£210 (360 minutes)
Orange	Chart 60	Yes	£45	40p	5p	5p	£212 (720 minutes or-peak/weekend calls)
Orange	Talk 60	Yes	£45	24p	5p	5p	£353 (720 minutes)
Orange	Everyday 20	Yes	£45	40p	10p	10p	£182 (7300 minutes or-peak/weekend calls)
Vodafone	Pay as you talk	No	£70	35p	5p	5p	£75 (£15 worth)
Vodafone	Vodafone 20	Yes	£45	35p	5p	5p	£210 (360 minutes)
Vodafone	Vodafone 60	Yes	£45	32p	5p	5p	£300 (720 minutes)
Vodafone	Leisure 180	Yes	£45	35p	5p	5p	£210 (2160 minutes or-peak/weekend calls)

\*The price of calls on these tariffs reduces if you buy £50 call vouchers which remain valid for 90 days. The minimum annual running cost using these vouchers is £209

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## Group up for a better rate

Get together with friends, and crank up your pension. By Teresa Hunter

GROUPS AS small as three can now cut the cost of investing and insuring, as institutions race to offer the cheapest deals possible to friends, professional associates, work colleagues, club mates or just about any meeting of minds.

Protecting one's own "group" is one of the oldest principles of personal finance, to which many of our modern institutions can trace their origins. Legal & General, was established to cater for lawyers, Clerical Medical for doctors and the clergy, and almost every religious sect once boasted a bank, building society and insurer.

Until recently banks and building societies have concentrated on mass-market affinity products, noticeably credit cards targeted at political parties, charities, trades unions and football clubs. These were followed by a raft of savings accounts for organisations as diverse as the Quakers and West Ham football club.

Underwriting much smaller deals is becoming increasingly attractive, as insurance brokers and independent financial advisers struggle to find a role for themselves, as a technical revolution threatens to cut out the middleman. Where they can't persuade an insurer to cut premiums, brokers will often give a discount themselves by reducing their own commission. And many niche insurers, also struggling to forge a role in a market dominated by giant phone operators, are open to suggestions.

Martin Bell, of brokers Camberford Law, explains: "The bigger the group, the greater the potential for cutting premiums, but it is possible to arrange a special deal for quite small groups of people." Willis National regional director Christine Ross says: "Consumers often fail to realise that they can save money by coming to us in small groups. It is our job to go out and negotiate the best deal we can for them."

Personal pensions is one area where quite large savings can be made by setting up arrangements for a very small group of employees or union members. Ms Ross cut the charges on a Standard Life personal pension in half for a group of just three.

"This can make a big difference to what is left to invest from a small contribution of £30 per month," she says. Even on a larger monthly premium of £200 cutting the charges in half will inject an extra £4,000 into the final value of a pension pot of a 60-year-old who took out the policy aged 36.

Group deals on motor insurance are tricky, as margins are already tight, and broker commission among the lowest at 12 per cent. But, a broker may split his commission with customers for group business. The scope for cutting household premiums is more encouraging: broker commission can reach 25 per cent. Top-up with a discount from the insurer and costs crash.

Marc Donfrancesco of Independent Insurance, which is sympathetic to affinity

marketing, explains: "There are no hard and fast rules. If someone puts a reasoned case ... then you will listen. If you have a big national broker providing vital business, you will always try to accommodate where possible. But there has to be something in it for the insurer and for the broker as well as a good deal for the customer."

Where the group or the broker takes responsibility for admin the likelihood of a decent discount is greater. Jamie Marchant of Lombard General, which also specialises in affinity groups explains: "If someone will accept responsibility for collecting the premiums, and maybe the broker underwrites and issues the policy, then there can be additional rewards for the group."

The workplace remains the most popular place for forming partnerships, either with an employer or via a trades union. Most of the large unions, including the TUC, GMB, MSF and Unison, offer special deals for members that also earn the union attractive commissions. One of the most successful is the finance union Unifit, that is soon due to merge with banking union Bifu and NatWest Staff Association.

It not only offers a wide range of discounted products from pets to weddings insurance to its own members, but it also brokers these policies for other unions. The Bakers & Allied Workers Union is currently in the process of signing up for its household insurance.

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## SHOPPING



Some people have put it to pattern-happy Peppercorn that she should be a graphic designer but she is content designing Fifties-with-a-Nineties-twist ceramics

Seam Paget

## Pepper your home with class

Marie Peppercorn's ceramics derive their inspiration from avant-garde Fifties art. By Dominic Lutyens

Marie Peppercorn is one canny designer. Two years ago, while studying for her MA in Ceramic Design for Production in Stoke-on-Trent, her antennae were finely tuned to the latest consumer trends. "Interiors then were becoming as trendy as fashion. People were starting to spend as much on their homes as on their clothes, and this gave me the idea to decorate my ceramics with furniture motifs," she explains.

In another shrewd move, Lancashire-born Peppercorn chose to concentrate on Fifties furniture motifs. If interiors are hip, then Fifties retro is at the height of Nineties' nest-building chic. To say nothing of the auction houses' thirst for flogging classic Fifties furniture and the recent proliferation of hefty coffee-table tomes on the subject, including *Contemporary Architecture and Interiors of the 1950s*, by Lesley Jackson. "You can't pick up an interiors magazine without seeing a piece of furniture by Charles and Ray Eames or one of their contemporaries," says Peppercorn.

Previously a model, Peppercorn started her current career with a BA in Print-making at the University of Central Lancashire. "My work was pattern-orientated and suited to 3D surfaces, so it was a natural progression to go on to do an MA in Ceramics," she says.

Yet she found the transition difficult. "A lot of people on my course had done ceramics for three years. All I'd made was a slab pot on a B-Tech course." But Peppercorn soon caught up, thanks to a work placement she did at Wedgwood in the pottery centre of Stoke-on-Trent.



Today, she has her own studio in Stoke, where there is no shortage of good suppliers for her raw materials. The switch to ceramics has more than paid off, and Peppercorn has had a busy year. In July, she was bombarded with enquiries and orders after showing at the *New Designers in Business* exhibition at Islington Design Centre and, earlier this month, her retro-chic ceramics featured in an exhibition at Mission, the hip west-London gallery.

Her dainty chair motifs, wiggly grids and subtly geometric patterns are primarily reminiscent of fine art, so it comes as no

surprise that Peppercorn lists such abstract expressionist painters as Mark Rothko and William de Kooning as strong influences. "My ceramics provide a canvas for my designs," she says and, appropriately, she produces "coupe" plates, with no rim, which are "more decorative than functional". "The idea came from the flat plates people hung on their walls in the Fifties," she says. "As wall-hung pieces, they're like an extension of my etchings - although they can be used to eat off, too."

Most of her work is produced as limited editions, because she believes that peo-

ple are going off mass-produced products. "In the Eighties and early Nineties, people wanted a very slick finish, but now they're after more original pieces."

Arty perhaps, but Peppercorn is no besmoked, clay-under-the-fingernails potter: she doesn't hand-throw her ceramics, but uses moulds. What really excites her is how her earthenware vases or bone-china plates and cups and saucers are decorated and what colours they come in. For her basic glaze, Peppercorn sticks to five colours: white, lemon, aqua, mauve (a purplish hue) and lilac (more pinkish). But her motifs and patterns come in all shades - from autumnal greens to fiery magentas. Motifs are translated on to a silkscreen and screenprinted, using hand-mixed enamels and oxides. The transfers are collaged on to her ceramics and fired.

Some people have put it to pattern-happy Peppercorn that she should be a graphic designer. But she replies: "I was, I'd be just another graphic designer, but because my ceramics incorporate graphic designs, they look different."

Peppercorn's zesty, Fifties-with-a-Nineties twist designs might look frivolous to some, but her ideas are culled from a sophisticated knowledge of avant-garde postwar design. Motifs include the Eames duo's LCW Lounge Chair; Hans Wegner's Butterfly Chair and Verner Panton's S Chair. Inspiration is also drawn from Lancashire-based firm, David Whitehead. Part of the euphoric enthusiasm for modernism in the postwar years, this experimental company employed artists such as John Piper and Henry Moore to design textiles and ceramics.

Peppercorn's own designs, however, hark back to the classic Fifties Home-

maker tableware range, which came scattered with graphic illustrations of classic Fifties furniture by designers such as Robin Day.

Thanks to her clear sense of colour, Peppercorn's tableware can be harmoniously mixed and matched, and it is also reasonably priced. Clean-lined, quirkily decorated cups and saucers cost from £10 to £18, while prices for her intricately patterned, more labour-intensive, vases vary according to how much work has gone into them. Predominantly magenta pieces are more expensive, she says, because reddish glazes are gold-based.

Ceramics are all the rage now, and pieces by popular new designers such as Peppercorn don't normally come cheap. Marie Peppercorn is currently exhibiting 40 of her pieces at "A Contemporary Christmas", a group show at The Charleston Gallery in East Sussex, which opened this month. You will also be able to see her work from 20 November, at the Yorkshire Sculpture Park, and at "Ceramics Contemporaries Three", a touring exhibition which kicks off at the Royal College of Art in February.

Her work has appeared in magazines such as *Marie Claire* and *Living Etc.*, and Nieman Marcus in New York is interested in including Peppercorn's work in a retrospective exhibition of 20th-century furniture to mark the new millennium. Now is the time to buy, it would seem - before the secret gets out.

Marie Peppercorn is currently seeking sponsorship. Anyone interested in backing her or wishing to buy ceramics directly can contact her on 01782 848805

### CHECK IT OUT

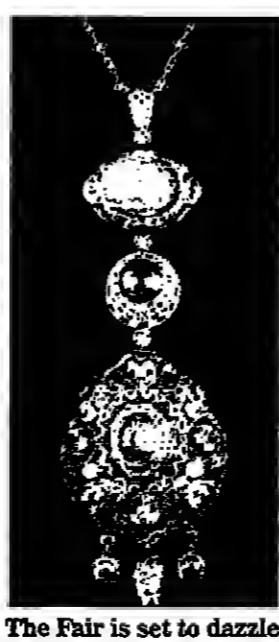
OLYMPIA WINTER FINE ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR

"THE WINTER Olympia is like an exclusive store," says Victoria Borwick, director of Olympia Winter Fine Art and Antiques Fair. "While luxurious items - from spectacular jewellery to elegant furniture - appeal to the serious collectors and buyers, other visitors appreciate the choice, particularly of decorative pieces, either for themselves or as gifts."

There will be 230 international dealers participating in this year's fair, which begins on Monday, and exhibits will encompass just about everything from candelabra to ceramics. Hoping to attract discerning buyers to this year's furniture dealers, Borwick points out the success of last year's variety of English furniture.

In addition to the furniture, though, there will also be a huge range of silver, including a pair of Benjamin Smith silver-gilt seven-light Regency candelabra. Antique-silver expert, Suzy Fitz Gerald of J H Bourdon-Smith Ltd, enjoys the "festive atmosphere" of Olympia, where visitors can make the most of the fact that "there are always unusual presents to suit all budgets."

Jewellery on display will include Anthea AG Antiques' 19th-century, pearl-and-15-carat-gold necklace and tiara (£3,650), and Tadema's Art Nouveau, Art Deco and Sixties designs. Sonya Newell-Smith of the Tadema Gallery, a regular exhibitor at the Fair, is enthusiastic about the event. "It is always



The Fair is set to dazzle

a good start to our busiest season," she explains.

This year's fair will also include a huge range of paintings. And, apart from the European exhibits on show, the fair also boasts a display of 20th-century Chinese lacquer work. If you would like to know more, Andrew Bolton, curator of the Far Eastern Department at the Victoria and Albert Museum, will give a lecture on the Yangzhou loan exhibition at the fair on Wednesday 18 November, at 6.30pm.

For those here to spend, the good news is that, although the fair does attract a large number of collectors and knowledgeable buyers, help will always be on hand for those with less expertise. James Mitchell collects

18th- to 20th-century European watercolours and drawings, and recommends a return visit after last year's fair. "The combination of highly affordable, good quality exhibits in a relaxed and unpretentious fair seems to encourage a much greater degree of dialogue between dealers and visitors."

The Olympia Fine Arts and Antique Fair, from 16 to 22 November, National Hall, Olympia Exhibition Centre, Hammersmith Road, London W4, Entrance £5. Advance tickets available on 0171 244 2219. Tickets for Andrew Bolton's lecture cost £10 and can be obtained from Mary Claire Boyd on 0171 370 8345

SAM WALLACE

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Lip Gloss 06, £5.50, French Connection (enquiries 0171 399 7200)



Black Lilac Glosswear, £8, Clinique (0171 499 6951 for stockists)



Left: Divinyis Lip Gloss in Black Dahlia, £9, Truoco (mail order 01222 250065). Right: Colourings Lip Tint, £2.75, The Body Shop (01803 731500)

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## I WANT ... AN EXPENSIVE WATCH FOR CHRISTMAS

# You are what you wear on your wrist

YOUR WATCH says more about your wealth than your clothes ever will. In the first of a series giving you the low-down on what every man wants in his Christmas stocking, here are five to consider asking Santa for...

**Name:** Nike Triax 250

**Price:** £95 (0800 0561640 for stockists)

**Description:** All the rage in the style press at the end of last year, and its appeal has yet to wane. Like the Mercurial football boot, Nike makes an asset of the inherent plastic nature of its products: the snug-fitting polyurethane strap is sold on its resistance to cracking, the ergonomically angled face has brazen Janet & John-sized digits and an Electrolite which glows aquamarine in the dark. And despite five buttons, it is remarkably straightforward (eg green for start lap-counter, red for stop). Love or hate it, people will always have an opinion about it.

**Water resistance:** 100m

**Functions:** Time (two zones), date, alarm (up to seven/day), timer, data storage (for previous runs) and repeat timer (for interval training).

**Label hipness:** After dominating the Nineties, the Nike label seems to be suffering pre-millennial angst. Profits are down and FR took a caning over "Ronaldgate" in the wake of the World Cup final. Plus even your dad probably owns something made by Nike now. Tread gingerly.

**Style rating:** ★★☆☆☆  
**Suitable for:** The bloke who says "brilliant" on *The Fast Show*. And his girlfriend. Others in the range worth considering: If you're planning to do a marathon, the Triax 26 (£85) is tailor-made for you.

**Name:** ck Calvin Klein Tech K217

**Price:** £170 (01703 646800 for stockists)

**Description:** The discreet ck logo is almost unnecessary. The design of this stainless steel Swiss-made watch silently screams Calvin Klein, exuding that tell-tale minimalist style. The strap clasp, however, leaves something to be desired.

**Water resistance:** 50m

**Functions:** Standard chronograph stop-watch function.

**Label hipness:** It may be good branding but Calvin Klein's sexual ambivalence occasionally seems to verge on the characterless. There is still a certain cachet to the name Calvin Klein but how many more product extensions can it withstand?

**Style rating:** ★★☆☆☆

**Suitable for:** Men who like simple pleasures - Gap T-shirts, combat trousers and One2One adverts featuring Kate Moss. Others in the range worth considering: White-faced ck Calvin Klein Dress K4111 (£150) for your partner - if you're going down the ck route, there is no point doing it by halves.

**Name:** Breitling B-One

**Price:** £1,595 (0171-636 5200 for stockists)

**Description:** The B-One's rear casing is modelled on an aeroplane's turbine and is the epitome of class. The front is a sensory overload: gold wings, loads of technical-looking numbers for doing things professional pilots do, and a digital 24-hour clock, for when you give up trying to find the precise location of the minute hand. If a watch's worth were measured by its weight in gold, this Swiss-made monster would require a chunk of Fort Knox to house it. Comes with a leather, sharkskin

or chunky stainless steel strap.

**Water resistance:** 50m

**Functions:** Time (two zones), glare-proof glass, chronograph split and add functions, alarm, NVG-compatible backlighting, alarms (one per time zone) and an "over-drive" pinion mechanism which operates the slide rule disk by rotating bezel.

**Label hipness:** If you number Second World War pilots among your friends, you will be the proverbial Snoopy's testicles.

**Style rating:** ★★☆☆☆

**Suitable for:** Rich flyboy wannabes with big mits.

**Others in the range worth considering:** If you want something smaller and simpler, and plan to go searching for shipwrecked treasure, then opt for the Breitling SuperOcean Automatic, which is brighter (a bright orange face, more tasteful than it sounds) and goes deeper (1,000m) at less expense (£980).

**Name:** Omega Speedmaster Professional

**Price:** £1,475 (01703 646800 for stockists)

**Description:** As chronograph watches go

this is a classic. Comprising a crisp black face with no extraneous Arabic numerals to clutter up its functions, the Speedmaster Professional has the distinction of being the watch which Neil Armstrong was wearing when he stepped on the moon.

**Water resistance:** Forget the moon. The Omega is built to survive an intergalactic battering and operates in temperatures from -18°C to 93°C (so it will work if you fall into a freezer but will go pear-shaped if you attempt to remove chips from vats of boiling fat with your bare hands).

**Functions:** Standard chronograph functions and a tachometer, which was used to time Scott and Irwin's moon-buggy race in the lunar rover.

**Label hipness:** If approval from NASA's rocket scientists fails to impress you, then I doubt endorsements from Cindy Crawford, Field Marshal Montgomery and James Bond are going to impress upon you the importance of the brand.

**Style rating:** ★★☆☆☆

**Suitable for:** Tom Hanks, Bruce Willis, Buzz Lightyear. Others in the range worth considering: If you want something more contemporary, the Speedmaster Professional X-33 (£1,575) is the watch Omega is touting as the timepiece that will make it to Mars.

The journey there seems to have been literally interpreted since one option is a gaudy red strap. The watch itself has a circular digital centrepiece, programmable to show elapsed mission time and a countdown facility - essential for those touch-downs on the dark side of Safeways.

**Name:** Tag Heuer Kiriun Chronograph

**Price:** £1,325 (0171-734 3801)

**Description:** For those who like the curvaceous, streamlined advances of Nineties auto technology, then look no further than the Tag Heuer Kiriun Chronograph. The tasteful hue of its face even manages to rescue the colour burgundy from the wilderness (where it has been languishing since being identified as the pre-

ferred trouser colour of Tetley beer drinkers over a decade ago).

**Water resistance:** 200m

**Functions:** Chronograph, tachometer and an "unidirectional turning bezel" to measure lengths of dives (blind us with science, why don't you?).

**Label hipness:** Well, that depends on whether or not you think Damon Hill is cool (hell, at least he likes leftfield boho American rockers Cake, unlike David Coulthard, Mika Hakkinen and Michael Schumacher, who all like Phil Collins).

**Style rating:** ★★☆☆☆

**Suitable for:** Formula One fans who drive spotted Ford Pumas. And Alan Partridge.

**Others in the range worth considering:** The 2000 Collection and the Steve McQueen Monaco (£1,595), based on the watch the actor wore in *Le Mans*.

SHAUN PHILLIPS

DEPUTY EDITOR, ZM MAGAZINE

The phone number for last week's Zero Halburton case is 0181 208 3080

## IF I WIN THE LOTTERY TONIGHT...

JILL DANDO, TELEVISION PRESENTER



I WOULD do something financially practical to help those charities of which I am patron: a couple of heart-related charities, a hospice in Weston super-Mare and a drugs project in Norwich. I cannot afford a great deal of time to help, so if I could afford something a little more practical that would be a priority. I would also make sure that people close to me were financially secure, particularly my brother and father. Once that was sorted I would thoroughly indulge myself.

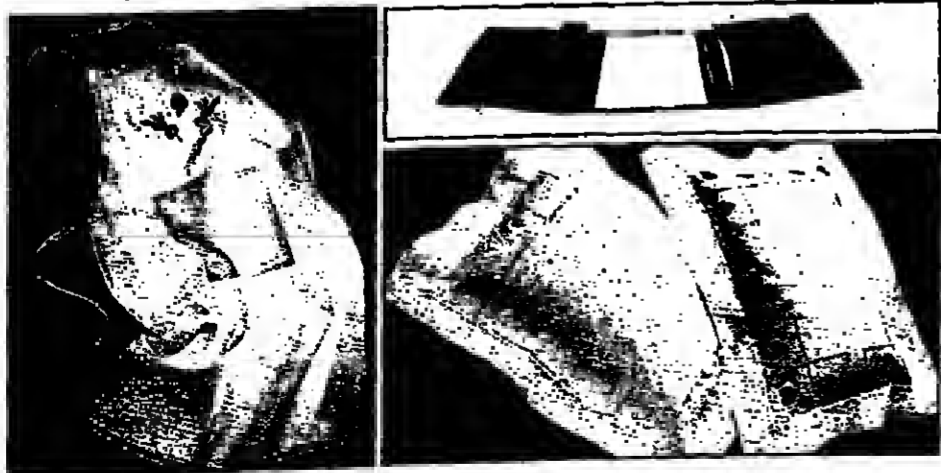
On a more flippant note I would buy the Jaguar XK8 I have always wanted as my town car. My country car would be a Range Rover, because I would have two homes, as one does. I would also indulge my passion for furniture and interior design. My London home would be a shrine to modernism. It would be a penthouse flat, with wide picture windows, a lot of light, and lots of white everywhere. I would like a river view, too, but no further east than Vauxhall Bridge.

My country house would have to be within an hour and a half's drive of London. I would furnish it with rosewood furniture - I am passionate about its rich grain and colour - building on my existing collection in my sitting room at home. It is just wonderful. I would spend my spare time trailing around antiques shops and auction houses looking for more pieces but I would still work, though not as regularly as I do now. I would like to work on individual projects, such as documentaries, with enough time to research and present my own programmes. I think I would be very bored as a lady of leisure.

I would like to take four holidays every year. One would be a real adventure, canoeing up the Amazon or a safari in Africa. The second would be something in Europe, possibly Tuscany, in the summer. Then I would take a skiing holiday in a European resort such as Lech, and my fourth break would be at home, in my country house, entertaining friends for a week. I would go to Australia as well. I have been four times for work and once on a personal trip, but I would need to spend three months there to explore properly. I have never really been to the interior, just to the coast, and I would like to go to the area around Ayers Rock and Alice Springs and drive around the far north of Queensland in the rainforest area. Through my work I have done all my daredevil pursuits and fulfilled my ambitions around the world. Now I just want a nice time.

Jill Dando presents 'Holiday' on BBC1 every Tuesday at 8pm and the monthly programme 'Crimewatch', also on BBC1. She was interviewed by Diana Gregory.

## SHOP TALK



FOR ANYONE with more cash than time, Pemberton and Whitfield is definitely a phone number to scribble into your gift-edged address book. A saviour of the temporarily challenged shopper, or simply the downright lazy, this is the ultimate gift service, where you can choose from such covetable items, shown above, as a pair of hand-embroidered Egyptian "boudoir" pillows for £55, Italian hand-stitched leather document folders with pewter

clasps, £295, and hand-embroidered Egyptian-cotton aprons with radish designs, £45. With backgrounds in fashion and jewellery, Jane Whitfield and Sam Pemberton have set up shop together selling high-quality, often exclusive gifts through the small-but-perfectly-formed catalogue they have just launched. Gifts included in the catalogue range in price from £15 for a set of three bath-tub tea bags to £1,500 for a pair of diamond ear-rings set in 18-

carat white gold. The catalogue caters for almost anyone - but the best thing about it is that all the gifts are delivered to your door in a handmade box, having first been delicately wrapped in tissue and tied with satin ribbon. And if you still can't decide what to get, they'll happily wrap up a gift voucher. To place an order, or to request a Whitfield and Pemberton catalogue, call 0171-371 7454; or visit the website: [www.pandemon.co.uk](http://www.pandemon.co.uk)

## STOCKING FILLER OF THE WEEK



IMPRESS YOUR guests over Christmas with a set of sweet-smelling Spice Mats from The General Trading Company (0171 730 0411). Mug mats with a difference, these soft washable pouches give off a rich cinnamon scent and come in two horticultural designs - one being a tree and the other bunches of herbs. For £11.95 for a set of four, you get to protect your table - and your reputation as a style guru.

## OUT WITH THE OLD IN WITH THE NEW

CHRISTMAS JUST wouldn't be Christmas without someone getting a cardigan under their Christmas tree. If you can't bear to be different this year, then at least do your shopping with style and make sure you buy this pink crew-neck cardigan from Gap (0800 427789 for stockists). It's practical, pretty and, with the satin trim beneath the buttons, a fashionable little number and costs £34...



...on the other hand, you could be wild and treat that person to something totally different this year. *Gran Turismo*, the swish and sultry new album from Swedish popsters the Cardigans, could be just the thing. The CD costs £13.99 from HMV (enquiries 0171-432 2000) and will keep your feet a-tapping and your hips a-swaying right through into 1999.



# A dampener on any deal

A flooded house is a nightmare, especially if you are about to sell - or buy - it. By Penny Jackson

It is bad enough clearing up the mess left by receding flood waters, but if a house is just about to change hands, matters are a great deal worse. Some of those who are still drying out their homes may well have a buyer to keep sweat on top of all their other problems.

The owner of a little terrace cottage in the Sturminster area, which was badly affected by the recent floods, had to deal with a foot of water inside his house, and an unhappy purchaser. Bad luck saw the river Severn break its banks between exchange of contracts and completion. Roger Whittles, who is on the Sturminster branch committee of the National Association of Estate Agents, says the owner is to all intents and purposes being held over a barrel. "He has taken a reduction of about 5 per cent to keep the sale on course, otherwise the buyer would have been lost altogether. Fortunately, everybody was properly insured."

Legally, the purchaser becomes responsible for a building on exchange of contracts and will insure it from that date, although solicitors often agree that the responsibility should remain with the vendor. Certainly, solicitors and estate agents would be unlikely to advise a vendor to cancel their insurance in case the purchaser turned out, as one agent said, to be a man of straw.

It is quite usual for a property to be covered twice during the period before completion. In common law, though, if a house should suffer a disaster, the buyer is liable. While this may seem a far-fetched scenario, for Ronald and Juliet Plant it became a reality a few years ago when one of the most treasured features of the small estate in Cornwall they had agreed to buy collapsed in burraco-force winds.

The 18th-century farmhouse in Stoke Climsland has two spectacular walled gardens of nearly an acre each. "On the day after we exchanged con-



Ronald and Juliet Plant with their restored wall, destroyed by a falling tree

Marc Hill/Ape

tracts, we received the news that a large tree had brought down some 150ft of the massive walls. Nothing prepared us for that," says Ronald Plant. "Without really thinking about it too much, I had fortunately asked my surveyor what sort of cover we would need. Emotionally, we didn't really feel that we had bought the property or that we would really need to claim on the insurance. The vendor was very worried that the sale would be aborted and we both consulted our insurers. The bill for repair was calculated to be in the region of £17,000. To their enormous relief, the Plants' insurers agreed to

meet the costs. "The walls were listed and it couldn't be rebuilt in any old fashion," explains Ronald Plant. The loss of the walled gardens to a historic property of this kind would have been irreparable. The Plants, who have gradually restored the estate and are soon to put it on the market, say that it would not be the same without the walls, which now look as they did in their best days.

Around her home along the river Severn, Vikki Heath is pinning her hopes on a new wall. She and her husband have just returned to their 300-year-old cottage after 10 days in a hotel while the flood subsided. "The water was predicted to come but it was an absolute nightmare waiting for it to happen. We have a free-standing kitchen and tiled floors so we could rescue most of our things. It does make you think hard about selling. But it is very beautiful here and we wouldn't want to live anywhere else. Once everything is back to normal, you see that the river is only two fields away from the house."

Nick Tart, who runs estate agencies in Bridgnorth and Ironbridge. "But it is a price people are prepared to pay to live in such lovely places. One current purchaser was very anxious about floods, but although water did eventually come into the house, he wasn't deterred. Even in areas where ground movement and risk of flooding make it impossible to get mortgages or insurance, there are always people who will buy there because they are such idyllic spots."

In Shrewsbury, Jonathan Lovegrove-Fielden of Balfour Burd & Benson has seen acres of his clients' farmland, rather than homes, disappear under water. Insurance companies, he finds, have become much sharper in recent years.

"Clients can get as much as 30 per cent discount on their properties if they are confident about cutting out flood cover," he says. "But a bigger risk during the period between exchange and completion is from burst pipes. If a property is empty it can be days before the problem is found and the damage done to a house is far greater than from flood water."

But in the minds of purchasers, the drama of floods seems far more of a peril than domestic negligence. In Sussex, even though the river Lavant flooded a few years ago for the only time this century, buyers constantly refer to it.

A listed cottage in the village of Singleton, on the market with Henry Adams and Partners, was flooded then, which has undoubtedly put off a few purchasers, says Richard Willis-Croft. A new environmental awareness means that in some areas, new houses are being built on higher ground than five years ago. But bad weather is not always such a sales disaster. "Until Selsey was struck by a freak tornado, nobody much had heard of it. Now its notoriety has put it firmly on the map," adds Willis-Croft.

## STEPPING STONES

ONE FAMILY'S PROPERTY STORY

PENNY DRAPER has bought three properties since 1982. She now lives in a four-bedroom house with her husband and son in Bexleyheath, Kent.

Bexleyheath seems to hold a special charm for Penny - all her purchases have been within a mile of each other.

Buying their first home was inevitable: "Everyone was doing it so we went with the flow, we didn't dither." This first house was a two-up, two-down cottage which cost £42,000. "We chose it because it was Victorian. It was nice, but freezing and infested with cockroaches."

The busy road made parking problematic but Penny devised an ingenious solution: "We bought a washing machine from the shop next door. They were so grateful they let us park in their private road."

After five years the favour wore thin and a growing son made their home feel small. The Drapers sold for £57,000 and "decamped", literally down the road, to a new town house, which cost

camouflaged in the front garden on a Friday night was a weekly ritual.

In 1997, unable to stamp out crime, the Drapers sold for £25,000 and bought another new property, again in beloved Bexleyheath, but this time a four-bedroom, detached house for £171,000, which they spotted one night while out walking the dog.

Their faithful pet misses the regular supply of chicken bones he enjoyed in his last garden, but otherwise the family are happily settled and eagerly awaiting the completion of their conservatory. "It suits us here. It lacks the social aspirations of Blackheath and Greenwich, and it's suburban and boring, but we love it."

Marni Humble, Halifax's area manager, has herself bought three properties in Bexleyheath and endorses Penny Draper's passion for the place: "I've never fallen foul of any price drops. It sounds sad but I can't imagine living anywhere else either."

GINETTA VEDRICAS



Penny Draper at her home in Bexleyheath

£76,000. The extra space allowed Penny's husband the luxury of his own study. "He likes to while away the time on the computer and listen to Radio 4. A sad case," says Penny, who in turn found relative tranquillity "in the company of a teenager and a deranged canine".

Ten years on, tranquillity became even more elusive: "People from the pub up the road would urinate and throw beer bottles in our garden." Did the Drapers devise another ingenious solution? "That's when my husband turned vigilante," says Penny. "Trying to persuade him not to lie

THOSE MOVES IN BRIEF  
1982 - bought two-up, two-down for £42,000, sold for £57,000.  
1987 - bought three-bed town house for £76,000, sold for £85,000.  
1997 - bought four-bed detached house for £171,000, now worth £200,000.

If you would like your moves to be featured in this space, write to: Nic Cicutt, Stepping Stones, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. £100 will be awarded for the best story.

## Don't come a cropper on the Costa Lotta

BLAME MIKHAIL Gorbachev if house prices in Spain are too high for your liking. Helen Parker was an estate agent in Mallorca for several years shortly after the Berlin Wall came down. "When East and West Germany merged, some worried, wealthy Germans bought property in Spain, which they viewed as a safe haven. The result was rapid inflation."

In Ms Parker's experience, the stereotype of British expats in Spain - golfers and retirees - needs updating to include middle-aged businessmen successful enough to retire early. Another group is even younger: "Mallorca has a massive community of foreigners who work as professional crews on the private yachts of the super-rich, and they buy properties in rural Mallorca and Barcelona."

Ms Parker advises would-be buyers to "make sure your agent is reputable, shop around for a good lawyer or gestor [a legal adviser, pronounced 'gestor'] and get advice from expat Britons. "Make sure you get the vendor's receipts, because the current owner of the property is responsible for unpaid taxes and bills."

Recently a British couple lost their holiday home because the official register had not been amended to reflect the new ownership. Their vendor was still recorded as the owner. He owed huge sums, and the court sold the house for a pittance of its true value without informing the owners; the house has a new owner who can't be budged. Case closed.

Before you sign the escritura on the dotted line, make sure you know your



Spanish house prices are high

notario from your abogado and familiarise yourself with the idiosyncrasies of Spanish law.

Any professional who stops you falling into the notorious todos los gastos trap will repay his fee. British buyers are often advised to underdeclare the purchase price on the title deed, but "this practice is illegal, and people who lie in this way incur larger capital gains-tax liabilities later."

In the £40,000 to £80,000 range, Graham Balgout of World of Property recommends "northern Costa Blanca around Moraira or inland, but you might need closer to £80,000 for a reasonably small villa. Further south, Torrevieja offers excellent value."

World of Property contains many advertisements for developers, agents and advisers for all of Spain, and the

first copy of the magazine is free.

In Mallorca, the third phase of the 136-unit Ses Olivares is under way on the Bendinat Estate near Palma. Prices start at £185,000 for apartments and £280,000 for townhouses. Knight Frank has homes on Marbella, Mallorca and Ibiza ranging from £880,000 top £7m. Hampton's International has affiliates in Spain and handles villas with prices starting at £85,000 and rising to £1m. Pricey Spanish properties are also represented by Sotheby's International Property.

Hampton's International 0171-493 8787; Knight Frank 0171-629 8171; Ses Olivares (00-34-971) 676024; Sotheby's International 0171-293 6443; World of Property 01323 726040

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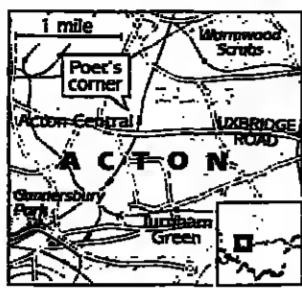
Acton wasn't always a bedroom community for people whose first, second and third choices were Chiswick, Ealing and Hammersmith. In the 1800s and lasting into the present century, Acton was convenient for workers in various industries which, thanks to local wells, came to include more than 200 hand laundries. Then, it was known as Soapworks Island.

Now, "Acton is a place you drive through unless you have business here," says Nicola Liddiard, manager at estate agent Rolfe East. "It's a stepping stone. Young couples sell flats in Ealing and Chiswick, buy in Acton, then when they have children move back to Ealing or Chiswick because of the schools."

But for certain groups the schools here are the lure, such as the King Fahad Academy on Bromyard Avenue, the Japanese school on Creffield Road, the Greek Embassy School on Pierpoint Road, and the Barbara Speake Stage School on East Acton Lane.

Ms Liddiard recommends leafy Acton Town and Poets' Corner, and the often-overlooked but money-making homes around the South Acton Estate. The Goldsmiths Almshouses on East Churchfield are particularly picturesque.

Enjoying a degree of credibility unusual for an estate agent, Ian Stone of Bushells has put his money where his mouth is in recommending Acton; he recently bought a house in Poets' Corner. "It has easy access to central London and to lovely restaurants in Chiswick, and the council is regenerating the High Street."



tree planting are included in the Conservation Area Partnership involving Ealing Council, English Heritage and the Heritage Lottery Fund. Grants are available to repair and renovate buildings of historical and architectural interest, including shopfronts.

When Tony Carey lived in Acton in the Seventies, "I could buy a house in Acton instead of a flat elsewhere." Now a property developer whose High Street flats, Coopers Gate, are nearing completion, he is attracted to the area for the same reason: "Acton represents good value, so we could afford to buy and build and offer excellent value. Our flats would cost 30 per cent more in Chiswick, Shepherd's Bush or Ealing."

Prices are currently stable, but the long-term future looks bullish. Mr Stone says that, until the recent slowdown, Acton enjoyed above-average price increases of approximately 25 per cent over the previous 18 months.

The stigma typifying gentrification - growing numbers of German automobiles, a Korean restaurant at Coopers Gate - are beginning to appear. Critical mass will eventually be reached, and then buyers will begin to choose Acton for itself alone and not its prestigious neighbours.

ROBERT LIEBMAN



24-carat Acton... one of the Goldsmiths Almshouses

Emma Boam

## THE LOW-DOWN

**Prices:** House sizes and styles vary enormously. In Poets' Corner, £350,000 buys three or six bedrooms. Two-bedroom converted flats range from £100,000 to £150,000. At Coopers Gate, £99,950 buys one bedroom and £132,950 gets two. Underground parking and CCTV are included with every flat.

**Transport:** Buses on Uxbridge Road link Acton to Ealing and Shepherd's Bush, and North Acton (Central Line) and Acton Town stations (District) are on the

edges of Acton. Acton Central is on the North London Line, a semi-circular wonder between Richmond and Woolwich.

**Council Tax:** Band A on £229 and Band H on £1,286 put Ealing at the low end for London council tax.

**Poets' Corner:** Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Cowper and Goldsmith roads are in Poets' Corner, the latter referring not to Oliver but to the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths

**Shopping:** "Lousy," is Ms Liddiard's verdict. Safeway and Homebase are the biggest, and the only, draws.

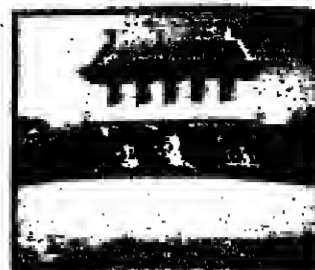
**Outdoors:** Acton contains many small parks and recreation grounds and is equidistant between Gunnersbury Park and Wormwood Scrubs. Golf, tennis, swimming and bowls are handy.

**Estate agents:** Bushells, 0181-993 6767; Rolfe East 0181-993 7755; Coopers Gate 0181 896 9828.

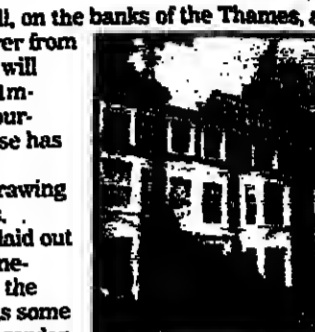
THREE TO VIEW:  
FOR BIG SPENDERS

OFFERS over £1m will put you in with a chance to buy the Old Rectory at Doynton, near Bath in Gloucestershire, a Grade II-listed house priced at considerably more than the average vicar could afford. But two reverends have lived in the house, including the 25-year old Rector Louis Balfour-Clutterbuck in 1847. The Church sold the three-reception, six-bedroom house in 1939.

The current owners have completely renovated the Georgian house, standing in three acres of gardens and grounds, including walled garden, paddocks and outbuildings which have been converted into three offices. Details from Knight Frank (01285 679771).



NUMBER 46 Upper Mall, on the banks of the Thames, a quarter of a mile up-river from Hammersmith Bridge, will also set a buyer back £1m-plus. The four-storey, four-bedroom Victorian house has two reception rooms, including a first-floor drawing room, and two kitchens, because it is currently laid out to provide a separate one-bedroom apartment on the ground floor. As it needs some modernisation and the garden is small, the price reflects the views from all the main rooms - and a good-size garage under the house - rather than any ritzy decor. Details from Hamptons (0181 940 0070).



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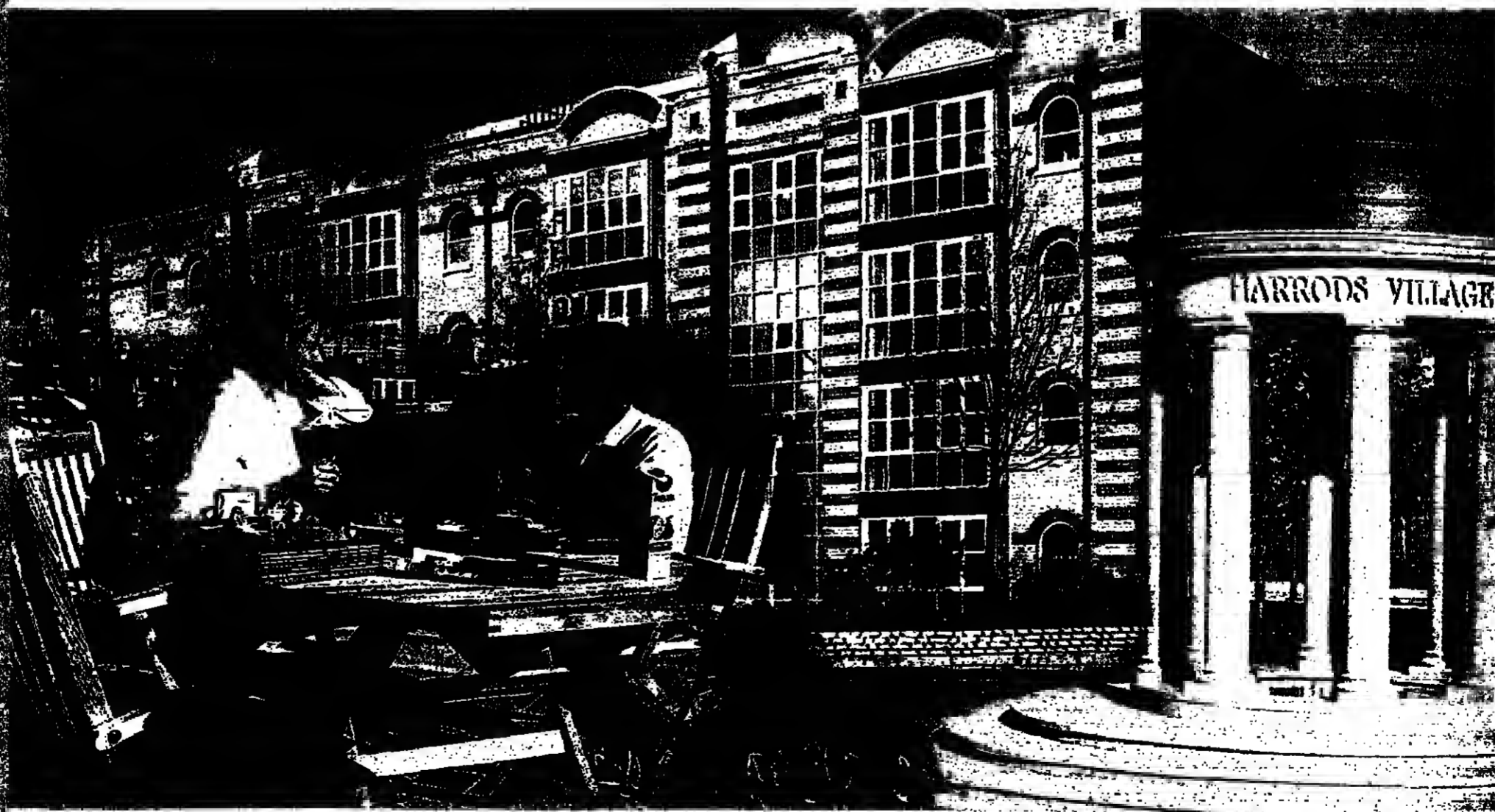
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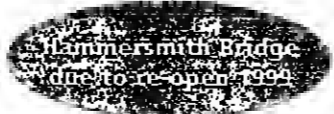
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